

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: MAY, 1854.



THE VICAR MEETING HIS FAMILY.

Towards the end of the week, we received a card from the town ladies: in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening, they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus:

"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."

"Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I; "though you need be under no uneasiness about that—you shall have a sermon whether there be or not."

"That is what I expect," returned she; "but

I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?"

"Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance at church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene."

"Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible, not altogether like the scrubs about us."

"You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins."

"Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking,

and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this,—there are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past; they are both grown fat and lazy: why should they not do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more general than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as was expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when I got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church—my son, my wife, and the two little ones, exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters on the other. I demanded the cause of their delay, but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it in his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clear do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

DEPENDENCE.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

"Well, Mary," said aunt Frances, "how do you propose to spend the Summer? It is so long since the failure and death of your guardian, that I suppose you are now familiar with your position, and prepared to mark out some course for the future."

"True, aunt; I have had many painful thoughts with regard to the loss of my fortune, and I was for a time in great uncertainty about my future course, but a kind offer, which I received, yesterday, has removed that burden. I now know where to find a respectable and pleasant home."

"Is the offer you speak of one of marriage?" asked aunt Frances, smiling.

"Oh! dear, no; I am too young for that yet. But cousin Kate is happily married, and lives a few miles out of the city, in just the coziest little spot, only a little *too* retired; and she has persuaded me that I shall do her a great kindness to accept a home with her."

"Let me see. Kate's husband is not wealthy, I believe?"

"No: Charles Howard is not wealthy, but his business is very good, and improving every year; and both he and Kate are too whole-souled and generous to regret giving an asylum to an unfortunate girl like me. They feel that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"A very noble feeling, Mary; but one in which I am sorry to perceive that you are a little wanting."

"Oh! no, aunt Frances, I do feel it deeply; but it is the curse of poverty that one must give up, in some measure, the power of benefiting others. And, then, I mean to beguile Kate of so many lonely hours, and perform so many friendly offices for her husband, that they will think me not a burden, but a treasure."

"And you really think you can give them as much comfort as the expense of your maintenance could procure them in any other way?"

"Yes, aunt; it may sound conceited, perhaps, but I do really think I can. I am sure, if I thought otherwise, I would never consent to become a burden to them."

"Well, my dear, then your own interest is all that remains to be considered. There are few blessings in life that can compensate for the loss of self-reliance. She who derives her support from persons upon whom she has no natural claim, finds the effect upon herself to be decidedly narrowing. Perpetually in debt, without the means of reimbursement, barred from any generous action which does not seem like 'robbing Peter to pay Paul,' she sinks too often into the character of a sponge, whose only business is absorption. But I see you do not like what I am saying, and I will tell you something which I am sure you *will* like—my own veritable history.

"I was left an orphan in childhood, like yourself, and when my father's affairs were settled, not a dollar remained for my support. I was only six years of age, but I had attracted the notice of a distant relative, who was a man of considerable wealth. Without any effort of my own, I became an inmate of his family, and his only son, a few years my elder, was taught to consider me as a sister.

"George Somers was a generous, kind-hearted boy, and I believe he was none the less fond of me, because I was likely to rob him of half his fortune. Mr. Somers often spoke of making a will, in which I was to share equally with his son in the division of his property, but a natural reluctance to so grave a task led him to defer it from one year to another. Meantime, I was sent to expensive schools, and was as idle and superficial as any heiress in the land.

"I was just sixteen when my kind benefactor suddenly perished on board the ill-fated Lexington, and, as he died without a will, I had no legal claim to any farther favors. But George Somers was known as a very open-handed youth, upright and honorable, and, as he was perfectly well acquainted with the wishes of his father, I felt no fears with regard to my pecuniary condition. While yet overwhelmed with grief at the loss of one whom my heart called father, I received a very kind and sympathizing letter from George, in which he said he thought I had better remain at school for another year, as had been originally intended.

"Of course," he added, "the death of my father does not alter our relation in the least; you are still my dear and only sister."

"And, in compliance with his wishes, I passed another year at a very fashionable school—a year of girlish frivolity, in which my last chance of acquiring knowledge as a means of future independence was wholly thrown away. Before the close of this year I received another letter from George, which somewhat surprised, but did not at all dishearten me. It was, in substance, as follows:

"My own dear Sister:—I wrote you, some months ago, from Savannah, in Georgia, and told you how much I was delighted with the place and people; how charmed with Southern frankness and hospitality. But I did not tell you that I had there met with positively the most bewitching creature in the world—for I was but a timid lover, and feared that, as the song says, the course of true love never would run smooth. My charming Laura was a considerable heiress, and although no sordid considerations ever had a feather's weight upon her own preferences, of course, yet her father was naturally and very properly anxious that the guardian of so fair a flower should be able to shield it from the biting winds of poverty. Indeed, I had some difficulty in satisfying his wishes upon this point, and, in order to do so, I will frankly own that I assumed to myself

the unincumbered possession of my father's estate, of which so large a share belongs of right to you. I am confident that when you know my Laura you will forgive me this merely nominal injustice. Of course, this connection can make no sort of difference in your rights and expectations. You will always have a home at my house. Laura is delighted with the idea of such a companion, and says she would on no account dispense with that arrangement. And whenever you marry, as girls do and will, I shall hold myself bound to satisfy any reasonable wishes on the part of the happy youth that wins you. Circumstances hastened my marriage somewhat unexpectedly, or I should certainly have informed you previously, and requested your presence at the nuptial ceremony. We have secured a beautiful house in Brooklyn, and shall expect you to join us as soon as your present year expires. Laura sends her kindest regards, and I remain, as always, your sincere and affectionate brother,

GEORGE SOMERS."

"Not long after the receipt of this letter, one of the instructresses in the institution where I resided requested the favor of a private interview. She then said she knew something generally of my position and prospects, and, as she had always felt an instinctive interest in my fortunes, she could not see me leave the place without seeking my confidence, and rendering me aid, if aid was in her power. Though surprised and, to say the truth, indignant, I simply enquired what views had occurred to her with regard to my future life.

"She said, then, very kindly, that although I was not very thorough in any branch of study, yet she thought I had a decided taste for the lighter and more ornamental parts of female education. That a few months' earnest attention to these would fit me for a position independent of my connections, and one of which none of my friends would have cause to be ashamed.

"I am deeply pained to own to you how I answered her. Drawing myself up, I said, coldly—

"I am obliged to you, madam, for your quite unsolicited interest in my affairs. When I leave this place, it will be to join my brother and sister in Brooklyn, and, as we are all reasonably wealthy, I must try to make gold varnish over any defects in my neglected education."

"I looked to see my kind adviser entirely annihilated by these imposing words, but she answered with perfect calmness:

"I know Laura Wentworth, now Mrs. Somers. She was educated at the North, and was a pupil of my own for a year. She is wealthy and beautiful, and I hope you will never have cause to regret assuming a position with regard to her that might be mistaken for dependence."

"With these words, my well-meaning, but perhaps injudicious friend, took leave, and I

burst into a mocking laugh, that I hoped she might linger long enough to hear. 'This is too good!' I repeated to myself—but I could not feel perfectly at ease. However, I soon forgot all thoughts of the future, in the present duties of scribbling in fifty albums, and exchanging keepsakes, tears and kisses, with a like number of very intimate friends.

"It was not until I had finally left school, and was fairly on the way to the home of my brother, that I found a moment's leisure to think seriously of the life that was before me. I confess that I felt some secret misgivings, as I stood at last upon the steps of the very elegant house that was to be my future home. The servant who obeyed my summons, enquired if I was Miss Rankin, a name I had never borne since childhood.

"I was about to reply in the negative, when she added, 'If you are the young lady that Mr. Somers is expecting from the seminary, I will show you to your room.'

"I followed mechanically, and was left in a very pretty chamber, with the information that Mrs. Somers was a little indisposed, but would meet me at dinner. The maid added that Mr. Somers was out of town, and would not return till evening. After a very uncomfortable hour, during which I resolutely suspended my opinion with regard to my position, the dinner bell rang, and the domestic again appeared to show me to the dining room.

"Mrs. Somers met me with extended hand. 'My dear Miss Rankin!' she exclaimed, 'I am most happy to see you. I have heard George speak of you so often and so warmly that I consider you quite as a relative. Come directly to the table. I am sure you must be famished after your long ride. I hope you will make yourself one of us, at once, and let me call you Fanny. May I call you cousin Fanny?' she pursued, with an air of sweet condescension that was meant to be irresistible.

"As you please," I replied coldly.

"To which she quickly responded, 'Oh, that will be delightful.'

"She then turned to superintend the carving of a fowl, and I had time to look at her undisturbed. She was tall and finely formed, with small, delicate features, and an exquisite grace in every movement; a haughty sweetness that was perfectly indescribable. She had very beautiful teeth, which she showed liberally when she smiled, and in her graver moments her slight features wore an imperturbable serenity, as if the round world contained nothing that was really worth her attention. An animated statue, cold, polished and pitiless, was my inward thought, as I bent over my dinner.

"When the meal was over, Mrs. Somers said to me, in a tone of playful authority:

"Now, cousin Fanny, I want you to go to your room and rest, and not do an earthly thing until tea-time. After that I have a thousand things to show you.'

"At night I was accordingly shown a great

part of the house; a costly residence, and exquisitely furnished. But, alas! I already wearied of this icy splendor. Every smile of my beautiful hostess, (I could not now call her sister,) every tone of her soft voice, every movement of her superb form, half queen-like dignity, half fawn-like grace—seemed to place an insurmountable barrier between herself and me. It was not that I thought more humbly of myself—not that I did not even consider myself her equal; but her dainty blandishments were a delicate frost-work, that almost made me shiver; and when she touched her cool lips to mine, and said 'Good night, dear,' I felt as if even then separated from her real, living self, by a wall of freezing marble.

"Poor George!" I said, as I retired to rest—'You have wedded this soulless woman, and she will wind you round her finger.'

"I did not sit up for him, for he was detained till a late hour, but I obeyed the breakfast bell with unfashionable eagerness, as I was becoming nervous about our meeting, and really anxious to have it over. After a delay of some minutes, I heard the wedded pair coming leisurely down the stairs, in very amicable chatter.

"I am glad you like her, Laura,' said a voice which I knew in a moment as that of George. How I shivered as I caught the smooth reply, 'A nice little thing. I am very glad of the connexion. It will be such a relief not to rely entirely upon servants. There should be a middle class in every family.'

"With these words she glided through the door, looked with perfect calmness in my flashing eyes, and said:

"Ah, Fanny! I was just telling George here how much I shall like you.'

"The husband came forward with an embarrassed air; I strove to meet him with dignity, but my heart failed me, and I burst into tears.

"Forgive me, madam," I said, on regaining my composure—'This is our first meeting since the death of our father.'

"I understand your feelings perfectly,' she quietly replied. 'My father knew the late Mr. Somers well, and thought very highly of him. He was charitable to a fault, and yet remarkable for discernment. His bounty was seldom unworthily bestowed.'

"His bounty! I had never been thought easy to intimidate, but I quailed before this unapproachable iceberg.

"I made no attempt from that moment to vindicate what I was pleased to call my rights, but awaited passively the progress of events. After breakfast, Mrs. Somers said to the maid in attendance:

"Dorothy, bring some hot water and towels for Miss Rankin.'

"She then turned to me and continued, 'I shall feel the china perfectly safe in your hands, cousin. These servants are so very unreliable.'

"And she followed George to the parlor

above, where their lively tones and light laughter made agreeable music.

"In the same easy way, I was invested with a variety of domestic cares, most of them such as I would willingly have accepted, had she waited for me to manifest such a willingness. But a few days after my arrival, we received a visit from little Ella Grey, a cousin of Laura's, who was taken seriously ill on the first evening of her stay. A physician was promptly summoned, and, after a conference with him, Mrs. Somers came to me, enquiring earnestly,

"Cousin Fanny, have you ever had the measles?"

"I replied in the affirmative.

"Oh, I am very glad!" was her response, for little Ella is attacked with them, and very severely; but, if you will take charge of her, I shall feel no anxiety. It is dreadful in sickness to be obliged to depend upon hirelings."

"So I was duly installed as little Ella's nurse, and, as she was a spoiled child, my task was neither easy nor agreeable.

"No sooner was the whining little creature sufficiently improved to be taken to her own home, than the house was thrown into confusion by preparations for a brilliant party. Laura took me with her on a shopping excursion, and bade me select whatever I wished, and send the bill with hers to Mr. Somers. I purchased a few indispensable articles, but I felt embarrassed by her calm, scrutinizing gaze, and by the consciousness that every item of my expenditures would be scanned by, perhaps, censorious eyes.

"What with my previous fatigue while acting as Ella's nurse, and the laborious preparations for the approaching festival, I felt as the time drew near, completely exhausted. Yet I was determined not to so far give way to the depressing influences that surrounded me, as to absent myself from the party. So, after snatching an interval of rest, to relieve my aching head, I dressed myself with unusual care, and repaired to the brilliantly lighted rooms. They were already filled, and murmuring like a swarm of bees, although, as one of the guests remarked, there were more drones than workers in the hive. I was now no drone, certainly, and that was some consolation. When I entered, Laura was conversing with a group of dashing young men, who were blundering over a book of charades. Seeing me enter, she came towards me immediately.

"Cousin Fanny, you who help everybody, I want you to come to the aid of these stupid young men. Gentlemen, this is our cousin Fanny, the very best creature in the world." And with this introduction she left me, and turned to greet some new arrivals. After discussing the charades till my ears were weary of empty and aimless chatter, I was very glad to find my group of young men gradually dispersing, and myself at liberty to look about me, undisturbed. George soon came to me, gave me his arm, and took me to a room where

were several ladies, friends of his father, and who had known me very well as a child.

"You remember Fanny," he said to them, and then left me, and devoted himself to the courteous duties of the hour. While I was indulging in a quiet chat with a very kind old friend, she proposed to go with me to look at the dancers, as the music was remarkably fine, and it was thought the collected beauty and fashion of the evening would make a very brilliant show. We left our seats, accordingly, but were soon engaged in the crowd, and while waiting for an opportunity to move on, I heard one of my young men ask another—

"How do you like *la cousine*?"

"I lost a part of the answer, but heard the closing words distinctly—'*et un peu passée*.' 'Oui, *decidément*!' was the prompt response, and a light laugh followed, while, shrinking close to my kind friend, I rejoiced that my short stature concealed me from observation. I was not very well taught, but, like most school-girls, I had a smattering of French, and I knew the meaning of the very ordinary phrases that had been used with regard to me. Before the supper-hour, my headache became so severe that I was glad to take refuge in my own room. There I consulted my mirror, and felt disposed to forgive the young critics for their disparaging remarks. *Passee!* I looked twenty-five at least, and yet I was not eighteen, and six months before I had fancied myself a beauty and an heiress!

"But I will not weary you with details. Suffice it to say, that I spent only three months of this kind of life, and then relinquished the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Somers, and removed to a second-rate boarding-house, where I attempted to maintain myself by giving lessons in music. Every day, however, convinced me of my unfitness for this task, and, as I soon felt an interest in the sweet little girls who looked up to me for instruction, my position with regard to them became truly embarrassing. One day I had been wearying myself by attempting the impossible task of making clear to another mind, ideas that lay confusedly in my own, and at last I said to my pupil—

"You may go home now, Clara, dear, and practise the lesson of yesterday. I am really ill to-day, but to-morrow I shall feel better, and I hope I shall then be able to make you understand me."

"The child glided out, but a shadow still fell across the carpet. I looked up, and saw in the doorway a young man, whose eccentricities sometimes excited a smile among his fellow-boarders, but who was much respected for his sense and independence.

"To make yourself understood by others, you must first learn to understand yourself," said he, as he came forward. Then, taking my hand, he continued,—"What if you should give up all this abortive labor, take a new pupil, and instead of imparting to others what

you have not very firmly grasped yourself, try if you can make a human being of me?"

"I looked into his large, grey eyes, and saw the truth and earnestness shining in their depths, like pebbles at the bottom of a pellucid spring. I never once thought of giving him a conventional reply. On the contrary, I stammered out—

"I am full of faults and errors; I could never do you any good."

"I have studied your character attentively," returned he, "and I know you have faults, but they are unlike mine; and I think that you might be of great service to me; or, if the expression suits you better, that we might be of great aid to each other. Become my wife, and I will promise to improve more rapidly than any pupil in your class."

"And I did become his wife, but not until a much longer acquaintance had convinced me, that in so doing, I should not exchange one form of dependence for another, more galling and more hopeless."

"Then this eccentric young man was uncle Robert?"

"Precisely. But you see he has made great improvement, since."

"Well, aunt Frances, I thank you for your story; and now for the moral. What do you think I had better do?"

"I will tell you what you *can* do, if you choose. Your uncle has just returned from a visit to his mother. He finds her a mere child, gentle and amiable, but wholly unfit to take charge of herself. Her clothes have taken fire repeatedly, from her want of judgment with regard to fuel and lights, and she needs a companion for every moment of the day. This, with their present family, is impossible, and they are desirous to secure some one who will devote herself to your grandmother during the hours when your aunt and the domestics are necessarily engaged. You were always a favorite there, and I know they would be very much relieved if you would take this office for a time, but they feel a delicacy in making any such proposal. You can have all your favorites about you—books, flowers, and piano; for the dear old lady delights to hear reading or music, and will sit for hours with a vacant smile upon her pale, faded face. Then your afternoons will be entirely your own, and Robert is empowered to pay any reliable person a salary of a fixed and ample amount, which will make you independent for the time."

"But, aunt, you will laugh at me, I know, yet I do really fear that Kate will feel this arrangement as a disappointment."

"Suppose I send her a note, stating that you have given me some encouragement of assuming this important duty, but that you could not think of deciding without showing a grateful deference to her wishes."

"That will be just the thing. We shall get a reply to-morrow." With to-morrow came the following note:—

"My Dear Aunt Frances:—Your favor of yesterday took us a little by surprise. I must own I had promised myself a great deal of pleasure in the society of our Mary; but since she is inclined, (and I think it is very noble in her,) to foster with the dew of her youth the graceful but fallen stem that lent beauty to us all, I cannot say a word to prevent it. Indeed, it has occurred to me, since the receipt of your note, that we shall need the room we had reserved for Mary, to accommodate little Willie, Mr. Howard's pet nephew, who has the misfortune to be lame. His physicians insist upon country air, and a room upon the first floor. So tell Mary I love her a thousand times better for her self sacrifice, and will try to imitate it by doing all in my power for the poor little invalid that is coming."

"With the kindest regards, I remain

"Your affectionate niece,

"KATE HOWARD."

"Are you now decided, Mary?" asked aunt Frances, after their joint perusal of the letter.

"Not only decided, but grateful. I have lost my fortune, it is true; but while youth and health remain I shall hardly feel tempted to taste the luxuries of dependence."

"AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

When a mere lad, we were struck with the remark of an eminent physician, and have thought of it hundreds of times since. His collector, in making returns, reported as valueless an account against a gentleman who had recently failed in business.

"The bill is good for nothing," said the collector. "M— has sunk everything, and is now with his family on the world penniless."

The physician took the bill, quietly tore it in pieces, and then, turning to the unfortunate debtor's account, wrote across it—"settled."

"Rather a losing business, that," remarked the collector.

"I hope to be able to say the Lord's Prayer as long as I live," was the physician's calm reply. "'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' When we say that prayer, my friend, it behooves us to look into our hearts, and ask ourselves *how* we forgive our debtors. With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Yes, hundreds of times since then, in our world-experience and contact with men, have we thought of that physician's remark. But very few have we met, who, like him, could say the Lord's Prayer without asking for a curse instead of a blessing; for, if the Lord forgave their debts as they forgive their debtors, their chances of eternal salvation would not be worth the fraction of a mite.

This defect of forgiveness is not confined to the non-professor—to him whose lips repeat

not daily the holy words of that holy petition. So far as our experience and observation go, they who profess to have "had much forgiven, because they had sinned much," are as rigid in their exaction of the uttermost farthing, as the men who assume no sanctity of life or conversation. We speak here in general terms. There are noble exceptions in both classes; but not, we are inclined to believe, in one more than in the other. With an individual of the former class we have now to deal. We do not intend to be hard with him—we shall not exaggerate his defects; for his purposes are good, and when he sees what is evil, he honestly strives to overcome it. But self-love and self-interest blind us all. They blinded Mr. Harvey Green, notwithstanding he had passed from "death unto life," and had the evidence of the change in the fact that he "loved the brethren."

Harvey Green was a shrewd man of business—honest in all his dealings, yet ever exacting his own. He took no advantage of others, and was very careful not to let others take advantage of him. While acting on the precept, "Owe no man anything," he never lost sight of a debtor, nor rested while the obligation remained in force. A very natural result was that Harvey Green prospered in the things of this world—not that he became very rich, but so well off as to leave no reasonable want unsupplied.

It so happened, a few years ago, that a man, named Wilkins, after an unsuccessful struggle with fortune, continued through six or seven years, failed in business. Few men had toiled harder, or suffered more; and when, at last, he yielded to the pressure of iron circumstances, he sunk down, for a season, prostrate in mind and body. Everything that he had was given up to the creditors—the property paid out a small per centage on their claims—and then he went forth into the world, all his business relations broken up, and, under the heavy disadvantage of his situation, bravely sought to gain for his large dependent family things needful to their sustenance and growth in mind and body.

Among his creditors was Green. Now, Wilkins belonged to the same church that numbered Green among its members. When the latter heard of the failure he was a good deal disturbed, although the sum owed to him was not over three or four hundred dollars. On reflection, he grew more composed.

"Wilkins is an honest man," said he to himself. "He'll pay me, sooner or later."

It did not take long to sell off, at a ruinous sacrifice, the stock of goods remaining in the hands of the debtor, for he threw no impediment in the way of those who sought to obtain their due.

"Ah! my friend," said the latter, on meeting with Green, a few days after the closing up of his insolvent estate, "this is a sad business! But, if God gives me strength, I will pay off every dollar of this debt, before I die.

An honest man can never sleep soundly while he owes his neighbor a farthing."

"The right spirit, brother Wilkins," answered Green; "the right spirit! Hold fast to that declaration, and all will come out straight in the end. Though I can't very well lie out of my money, yet I will wait patiently until you are able to pay me. I always said you were an honest man; and I am sure you will make good my words."

"God helping me, I will," said the debtor. His voice trembled and his eyes grew moist. Oh! how dark all looked in the future! What a cloud was on his path! What a weight of grief, mortification and dependency on his heart!

The two men parted, and each took his homeward way—the debtor and the creditor. The one with countenance erect, self-complacent feelings and elastic step; the other sad and depressed.

That night Mr. Green prayed, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Yet scarcely had the words died on his lips ere he was musing on the chances in favor of his ever receiving from the penniless Wilkins the few hundred dollars owed him by that unhappy individual. There was no sympathy for him in his heart; no thought of his terrible prostration of spirit; nothing of pity and forgiveness. A selfish regard for his own interest completely absorbed all humane considerations.

Time passed on. Mr. Wilkins was no drone. An earnest, active man, he soon found employment—not very remunerative at first, but still sufficiently so to enable him to secure many comforts for his family, and to provide for their education.

One, two, three years glided by. With the growth of his children, his expenses increased, and kept so close a tread upon his income that he had not been able to pay off any of the old obligations; although he never lost sight of them, and never ceased to feel troubled on account of their existence.

"O, debt, debt, debt!" he would often sigh to himself. "What would I not give to be able to say, 'I owe no man anything!' But with my large family and limited income, what hope is there?"

This was his depressed state of mind one day when Mr. Green called in to see him. Many times before this the unhappy man had been reminded of his debt.

"How are you getting on?" inquired the creditor, fixing his eyes steadily upon poor Mr. Wilkins, who felt a sense of suffocation, and slightly quailed before his tyrant.

"I have much to be thankful for," meekly answered the debtor. "My health has been good; and I have had steady employment."

"You are living very comfortably."

"And we are grateful to a kind Providence for our blessings."

"Your salary is one thousand dollars?"

"It is; and I have six children to support."

"You ought to save something. I've been easy with you a long time; it's three years now, and you haven't offered me one cent. If you'd paid me five or ten dollars at a time, the debt would have been lessened. I wish you would begin to make some arrangement. You ought to save at least two hundred dollars from your salary. I know plenty of men who get only eight hundred dollars a year, and have as large families as yours."

The eye of Mr. Wilkins fell wearily to the floor; he felt as if a heavy weight had been laid upon his bosom. He made no reply, for what could he say?

"I have always upheld you as an honest man," remarked Green, in a tone of voice that implied an awakening doubt as to whether this view of the debtor's character was really correct.

"That is between God and my own conscience," said Wilkins, lifting his eyes from the floor and looking with some sternness into the face of his persecuting creditor.

"For your own sake, I trust you will keep a clear conscience," returned Green. "As for the present matter between us, all I wish to know is, whether you mean to pay my debt; and if so, when I may expect to receive something."

"How much is the debt?" asked Wilkins.

"It was three hundred and seventy dollars at the time of your failure. Interest added, it now amounts to four hundred and fifty," said Green.

"There were other debts beside yours."

"Of course there were; but I have nothing to do with them."

"The whole amount of my indebtedness was twenty thousand dollars. The yearly interest on this debt is more than my whole income. I cannot pay even the interest, much less the principal."

"But you can pay my small claim if you will; you could have paid it before this time, if the disposition had existed. You talk of conscience, but I'm afraid, brother Wilkins, in your case there is a very narrow foundation of honesty for conscience to rest upon. I don't put much faith in the professions of men who live after the fashion you live, and yet refuse to pay their debts. I'm a plain-spoken individual, and you now have my mind freely."

The tone and manner of the creditor were harsh in the extreme.

"Perhaps," said Wilkins, with forced calmness, "there may be less of dishonesty in my withholding than in your demanding."

"Dishonesty! Do you dare?" The creditor's face flushed, and his lips quivered with indignation.

"There are ten creditors in all," said Wilkins, with regained composure. "Let me put you a question. I owe John Martin six hundred dollars. Suppose I had six hundred dollars, and little prospect of ever getting any more, and were to pay the whole of it over to John

Martin, instead of dividing it equally between you and all the creditors, would you deem the act right on my part? Or, would you think Martin really honest, if he were to crowd and chafe me until, in very desperation, as it were, I gave him the whole of what mainly belonged to others? Would you not say that he had possessed himself of your property? I know you would. And let me say to you plainly, that I do not think your present effort to get me to pay off your claim entire, regardless of others equally as much entitled to be paid as yourself, at all indicative of unselfishness, or a spirit of genuine honesty. If I have any money to pay, it belongs equally to all my creditors—not to any one of them exclusively."

To be turned upon thus by a man who was in debt to him—to be charged with a dishonest spirit by the poor creature whose relation to society he regarded as essentially dishonest—this was too much for the self-complacency of Mr. Green. He rose up quickly, saying, in a threatening tone—

"You will repent of this insult, sir! I have forbore for years, believing that you were really honest; but for this forbearance I now meet with outrage. I shall forbear no longer. You are able enough to pay me, and I will find a way to compel you to do so."

Left alone with his troubled thoughts, poor Mr. Wilkins felt not only humiliated and wretched, but alarmed for the integrity of his household. There was no way in which his creditor could extort the sum due him, except by seizing upon his household furniture. That Green would do this, he had but too good reason to fear; for he had done it in other cases. His fears proved not altogether groundless. On the very next day, a sheriff's writ was served on him at the suit of Harvey Green.

"What do you purpose doing?" asked Wilkins, on meeting with his creditor a few days afterwards.

"Get my money," was answered sternly.

"But I have nothing."

"We will soon see about that! Good morning!"

Mr. Green imagined that the indignation felt toward Wilkins was directed against his dishonest spirit, was, in fact, a righteous indignation, when its spring was in cupidity and wounded pride.

It was the day before the trial of his cause against Wilkins, when he expected to get judgment by default, as no answer had been made by the defendant in the case. And it was his purpose, as it had been from the beginning, to order an execution so soon as the matter was through the court, and seize upon any property that could be found.

Evening came, and Mr. Green sat, with his children around him, in his pleasant home. A sweet little boy knelt before him, his pure hands clasped in prayer, while from his lips came, musically, the words taught by the Lord

to His disciples, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

There seemed a deeper meaning in the words, murmured by innocent childhood, than had ever before reached his perceptions. His thoughts were stirred; new emotions awakened. The prayer was said, the little one arose from his knees and lifted his rosy lips for the good night kiss.

"Father," said he, turning back after going across the room, "I'm not going to let Harry Williams pay me for that sled. It got broke all to pieces the next day after I let him have it."

"He bought it from you," said Mr. Green.

"I know he did; but Harry's mother is poor, and he only gets a penny now and then. It will take him a long, long time to save a dollar; and then the sled is broken, and no good to him. I have a great many more nice things than he has, and why should I want his pennies when he gets so few?"

"What made you think of this?" asked the father, who was touched by the words of his child.

"It came into my mind just now when I was saying my prayer. I prayed, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' Now, Harry Williams is my debtor, is he not?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, if I don't forgive him his debt, how can I expect God to forgive me my debt? If I pray to Him to forgive me as I forgive Harry, and I don't forgive Harry at all, don't I ask God not to forgive me, father?"

The child spoke earnestly, and stood with his large, deep, calm eyes fixed intently on his father's face. Almost involuntarily Mr. Green repeated the words:

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses," said our Saviour, "neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

"I'll forgive Harry the debt, father. I'm sure he isn't able to pay for the sled; and I have a great many more nice things than he has. If I don't do it, how can I ever pray that prayer again?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Forgive him the debt by all means!" replied the father, kissing his boy.

That evening was spent by Mr. Green in closer self-communion than he had known for many years. The words of his child had come to him like rebuking precepts from Heaven, and he bowed his head, humiliated and repentant, resolving to forgive in the future as he would be forgiven.

On the morning that followed, as Mr. Williams, from whose mind the cloud had not lifted itself—who was yet trembling for the home of his children—was passing from his door, a lad placed a letter in his hand. He knew the face of the boy from its likeness to that of Mr. Green.

"More trouble," he sighed to himself as he thrust the note into his pocket.

An hour afterwards he opened it, and, to his

bewilderment and surprise, found within, his account fully drawn out, and receipted with the signature of Harvey Green. Below the receipt was written, "I stand rebuked. I must forgive, if I hope to be forgiven."

It was with difficulty that Wilkins could restrain a gush of tears, so great was his instant revulsion of feeling. Ah, if Harvey Green could have seen his heart at that moment, his debt would have been paid fourfold. No amount of money poured into his coffers could have produced such a feeling of heavenly delight.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

MARGUERITE.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

The wild March wind comes o'er the hill,
And shakes the holly tree;
Around our hearth are gathered now,
A joyous company;
And one, a soft-eyed, fair-haired girl,
Half brings thee back to me.

One little year ago, and thou
Wert here beside them all;
Since then, thy beaming, golden hair
Hath shone beneath a pall,
And on thy grave the sudden rains
Of this new spring-time fall!

They are all happy in their loves,
But mine—oh, never more
I see thy sportive, gentle face
Peep through my study door,
Or trace the prints of thy small feet,
Upon the sanded floor!

I sit among the merry ring,
A shadow, mid their light;
I laugh but faintly when they laugh,
For tears have dimmed my sight,
To think how clear thy voice rang out,
One year ago to-night!

'Twas but a moment since, that they
Brought up a childish game,
But when, with boisterous glee, they sought
To make me join the same,
I started back—my partner there
Bore thy own gentle name!

And now I sit apart from them,
And pen these lines to thee,
Forgetting for a time that thou
Art no more here to see,
And half expecting, in thy seat,
When I look up, thou'lt be!

Ah, I have looked and looked again—
I ne'er shall see thee there!
The grave is more beloved by thee,
Than this old carved chair,
Where I have knelt so many hours,
And praised thy beauty rare!

The wild March wind sings in thy ear!
I bid it say to thee,
That since thy sweet eyes closed in death,
No joy has come to me—
That night and day, and day and night,
I weep and mourn for thee!

NOCTURNAL BEE-ROBBING.

BY A TRAVELLING NATURALIST.

There is a code of laws on the frontiers, relative to bee-trees, that is of the laws of the Medes and Persians, irrevocable. One rule is, that the discoverer of a bee-tree, putting some mark upon it to denote possession, no other person may cut it down, although years may elapse before the claimant chooses to take possession.

A tree of this sort was pointed out to me many years ago, by the side of the main road that led into Memphis, Tennessee, which had stood for years, guarded only by the discoverer's mark; although none but himself knew who the discoverer was. I saw a bee-tree near Juliet, Illinois, in 1836, that had been left in the centre of a clearing from a period that the memory runneth not beyond, nor could the owner's name be established, save by some very illegible initials. It used to happen frequently, and probably does to this day, that an expert bee-hunter could go out alone from some settlement along the borders, say of Illinois, Tennessee or Louisiana, and spend a month or two in the woods with his rifle and axe, *lining* bee-trees. As fast as found, and that was pretty often, for their colonies occupied every eligible cavity in the timber, and sometimes in the cliffs, the axe made the title clear by a rude indentation of the hunter's name, and but few instances are known where this fee-simple was ever disregarded. Weeks and months might elapse, nay, even years in some cases, would roll by before the owner came back to claim his property, and, as in the events of life, death reaches hunters as surely as other people, many a marked tree was never claimed at all. Yet the bees worked on, slaves as they were, sent forth their annual swarms, and filled the large hollows with their luscious stores.

The borders of society receding year by year, brought the white man to their very doors, his plough crushing their wild flowers and his axe echoing through their tree tops, yet the old hunter's sign-manual was respected, and the branded servants toiled on undisturbed.

Such was forest law, respected yet, where other and worse codes have not been introduced. Another law in the bee code is, that of several persons *lining* a bee-tree, the man who first struck the track, if the term be admissible, is entitled to the wax and the swarm, while the honey is otherwise equally divided. Have I ever given a description of cutting a bee-tree? If not, the following incident will be both amusing, and, to that extent, instructive.

A good many years ago, long before Torrey and Gray published their Botanical works, I was on a hunt for new species of plants, or to investigate old species in a virgin soil, and finding a party of hunters about to start for a week's sport to a thinly settled quarter of the State, I seized the opportunity to go with them. The truth confessing, I had some difficulty at

first to get permission. Not one of the company could understand how a sane man would go into the woods without gun or knife, merely to fill a tin box full of plants. Fortunately, however, one of them had formerly been cured of a severe rheumatism by a root doctor, and a private whisper that I probably "was arter mendicaments," not merely gained me the coveted permission, but also the title of *doctor*, which I bear all through those precincts to this blessed day! The hunt was successful both in a scientific and practical point of view, the Nimrods carrying home loads of *bar* and venison—while your humble servant astonished the keen eyes of his friend Rafinesque, (alas! keen no longer) with a *hortus siccus*, unequalled from those parts.

But the bee-tree, shall we not get to that? One night we were encamped about a mile from a settlement. It was starlight, the underbrush was thick; we were strangers in the country: it was not the sort of night that men generally leave camp, unless it is to go to town for a bottle of liquor. But after some sly whispering over the remnants of supper, it was announced by Tom Derrickson that he had found a bee-tree, just before night, only a couple of hundred yards from camp, and he proposed a party to go cut it down. The thing looked suspicious, it must be confessed, for Tom was anything but a bee-hunter, and it was by no means the season for *lining* bees. Likewise there was ground for hesitation in the conduct of several of the party, and the audible remark of old Benjamins, the real leader of the hunt, "that he would have nothing to do with it."

The reader has already suspected that it was a *marked tree* Tom Derrickson had found, and it was only in violation of forest laws that it could be cut. But I was not so old or so suspicious then as I am now; therefore I loudly expressed my willingness to settle my heavy meat supper by a good bait of honey. So we started, half a dozen of us, with axes, a chunk of fire, and the whole pack of dogs for company.

Did the reader ever observe how many more grubs—or are they phantoms of grubs?—rise up in a forest path by night than day? and if so, what enormous steps a party of footmen will take as they fly from the obstruction that flattens their corns to the obstacle that barks their shins?

There is a special providence guarding the eyes of night-walkers through such underbrush as we found that night before we reached the bee-tree aforesaid. Vegetation never before appeared to me in so unfavorable an aspect. The developments of trunk, branch and leaf, were never so uninteresting. It seemed as if the distance was interminable. But led on by Tom Derrickson and the love of honey, we burst through all entanglements, and with the loss of many horn buttons, at last arrived at the spot. The treasure was contained in a big

black-oak tree, some twenty inches through, with bark ragged and dead, and many a capacious hollow in the trunk and limbs. One side near the ground had been seared with the annual forest fires, scarred so deeply that the old tree had never found vigor enough to hide the wound with sheets of new bark.

Here the boring worms and the woodpeckers, upon their track, had scooped out pecks of the dead wood, thus lightening our labor in chopping down the tree.

Tom Derrickson was a brag chopper, so was Bill Winnipeg, and the two sent the steel through that twenty inches of black oak with a force like that displayed by the Black Knight at the gate of Front de Beauf's castle. Down thundered the tree, shaking off a large limb in the descent, that pitched right amongst us, knocking a dog *hors du combat*, and a hole in young Hatcher's head. But accidents will happen, and we rushed, all but young Hatcher and the dead dog, to grab the honey. It was there, lots of it, and as good as ever was stored by a bee, wild or tame. Our appetites were keen enough to disregard all dangers of stings, and we incontinently thrust our hands into the cavity, as Sampson did into his lion, and fell to eating. But the consequences involved several specifications—viz: that some of us found ourselves devouring young bees, others were working upon the unpalatable bee bread, while none escaped the stings of the infuriated workmen, both in our hands and mouths.

Now a bee sting is a small matter, unless it be in the eyelid or in the mouth. Did not Israel Pickens, on the very day that he *popped the question* to Miss Peninah, didn't he, endeavoring to aid her father in saving a swarm of bees, get a poisoned lance in his left optic, that quite closed that organ for the day and rendered him absolutely hideous!

Didn't Col. Matthews, while on the way to a district caucus that was to decide whether the party would run *him* for governor, or some other aspirant, didn't he get a shaf in his tongue while eating some fresh honey for breakfast, that stiffened that usually flexible member, so that he was quite unable to express a sentiment, save by signs? And didn't his party, justly exasperated by his silence, drop the Colonel, henceforward and for ever, and drive him over to the Whigs?

Ah, there is many an incident hanging upon this seemingly small affair of a bee-sting. The first surfeit of feasting being satisfied, one part of us commenced filling a bucket for our friends in camp, while the other betook themselves to the nearest branch for water. Now it is presumed that everybody knows how thirsty one gets after eating much honey, but perhaps every one does *not* know that drinking water is the very worst way to quench such a thirst.

The proper course is to eat a few bites of bread, drink nothing at all, and in half an hour the thirst wears off of itself. Our party were

quite disregardful of this fact, however, and the consequence was, that when they returned to us from the branch, a gallon or so heavier than when they went, but a few minutes sufficed to set them upon a course of vomiting that would have delighted the soul of a steam doctor. Nothing in all my experience of sea-sickness ever gave me so clear an appreciation of the expressive phrase, *throwing up*, as this: if the organ was not ruptured, it was from physiological causes beyond my soundings. By the time the cargo was discharged, and a general agreement to return to camp manifest, our condition as a party of bee-robbers was a queer one. Tom Derrickson was entirely blind: smooth soft cushions of swelled flesh being puffed from above and below, to meet just before his eyes. So he was led by the primitive mode of a stick. Winnipeg was one of those who had suffered from his trial of hydropathy—the first and last trial of it, I'll be bound, that *he* ever made—and in his weakness he was constrained to pray for help. As I was the only member of the party not seriously insolvent, I took command, and gratified him, recollecting the school-boy tale, by putting the burden of the weak upon the shoulders of the blind, and Derrickson *toted* Winnipeg to camp. The other three were somehow got along, and after a great while we fetched harbor. That was not exactly the end of the story, for Tom didn't entirely recover his sight for two days, and by that time the real owner of the bee-tree had come upon us, got whipped by Frank Borum, brought two constables with a warrant, and as I was the only man in the party who had any money, I was forced to compromise by paying over twenty dollars, or the whole party would have seen the inside of a jail.

So much for bee-robbing by night.

A VISION.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

My pulse goes thrilling to the clasp of unseen
fingers,
And on my trembling lips the sacred honey
lingers;
For, 'neath dim leaves, within the sunny forest
glade,
I met a presence from the mystic land of shade.
I gazed up lingeringly into her large blue eyes,
Like sunlit pools at noon, where yet a shadow
lies;
And gathering in my hand the tresses of her
hair,
Bound them with wreaths of water-lilies large
and fair.
The earth grew sunny, as I stood beside her
there,
And her low whispers hushed and stilled me like
a prayer,
Until, from the dim silences within my soul,
A love went struggling upward to its Heavenly
goal!

Elmwood Cottage, Pomfret, Conn.



AWFUL APPEARANCE OF THE DOCTOR, ON THE MORNING AFTER THE PARTY.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

There are two kinds of parties for children—one a mere fashionable display, made to gratify the vanity of parents; the other projected and carried out with a sincere desire to render the little ones happy, and cultivate in them truly social feelings. The end always gives quality to the act, and the operation of this law is clearly seen in the matter of the children's parties. Where these are given from parental vanity and love of display, the children are feasted to repletion on rich confectionery, and kept up until a late hour in the night

—but where the innocent pleasure and social good of the little ones are alone regarded, there is little display, a moderate and healthy supply of refreshments, and early hours for returning home.

Punch has hit off, with some exaggeration, in the picture we have given above, the consequences of a fashionable children's party. The appearance of the doctor is "awful" enough. He is no Homœopathist by the way; there would be little consternation among the juveniles were such the case.

AUSTRIAN MUSIC.

There is not in Europe a more musical city than that of Vienna. Not only every female, but every man in respectable life, is capable of taking a part in a concert. In making up parties for the purpose of this delightful amusement, no kind of formality or ceremony is observed. A gentleman wishing for a quartet or a quintet in the evening, walks out in the morning for the purpose of inviting any friend he may chance to meet; and as the slightest previous acquaintance is sufficient, no difficulty occurs. The love of music is so general, and the ability to play on some instrument so common, that it is usual for a gentleman not to engage any man-servant who is not sufficiently master of some instrument to occasionally accompany him, and join him in his concerts, if wanted. The number of music-shops, and the rapidity of the sale of music in Vienna, are prodigious.

THE SOUND OF BELLS.

The nearer bells are hung to the surface of the earth, other things being equal, the farther they can be heard. Franklin has remarked that many years ago, the inhabitants of Philadelphia had a bell imported from England. In order to judge of the sound, it was elevated on a triangle, in the great street of the city, and struck, as it happened, on a market day; when the people coming to market were surprised on hearing the sound of a bell at a greater distance from the city than they ever heard any bell before. This circumstance excited the attention of the curious; and it was discovered that the sound of the bell, struck in the street, reached nearly double the distance it did when raised in the air. In air, sound travels at the rate of from 1130 to 1140 feet per second. In water, 4708 feet per second. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land.

THE MAN-TRAP AT ASHDALE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Footsteps were heard—a form darkened the door—some one entered—but Mrs. Pratt did not look up, nor pause in her work. The sun had gone down, and twilight was gathering dimly. Mrs. Pratt leaned closer to the window that she might catch the fading rays, and a little while longer continue her work.

“Sarah!”

“Well?”

Mrs. Pratt did not turn nor look towards the speaker. Her voice was a low, sad murmur.

“Sarah!”

The hand of the speaker now rested lightly on her shoulder.

With a quick movement, and with some surprise in her manner, Mrs. Pratt turned herself from the window.

“O, Edward!”

Her voice choked and her eyes filled with tears.

“Sarah.” And Mr. Pratt seated himself beside his wife, placing his hand gently on hers, as he did so, and looking earnestly and tenderly in her face. “Sarah, I have a little good news for you; if good news can come in just such a shape. Old Killigrew is dead.”

“Dead!”

Light and shadow were blended on the face of Mrs. Pratt. Death is an awful thing, come in almost any shape it will; and in the case of a man like Killigrew, it was awful in the extreme. Yet, the intelligence caused a throb of pleasure in the heart of Mrs. Pratt.

“Yes; he fell dead about two hours ago, while standing behind his bar. He died with the toddy stick in his hand, and a glass of liquor before him. I wouldn’t like to go into eternity with all the sins against humanity that lie on his conscience.”

And Mr. Pratt shuddered as he spoke.

“Is the tavern to be closed?” asked Mrs. Pratt; hope and anxiety blending in her voice.

“I saw Parker, old Killigrew’s son-in-law, as I came along, and he told me that not another drop of liquor should be sold there while he lived. He means to farm the place himself. It’s first rate land, though neglected and run down.”

“Will he keep his word?”

“Parker! Yes, indeed. If he says a thing, you may depend on his doing it. He has always been opposed to the old man’s keeping bar.”

“And what a curse to Ashdale that bar has been! O, Edward!”

No wonder Mrs. Pratt was overcome by her feelings. No wonder she said that bar had been a curse. Ten years before, as she stood beside her young husband, she had the proudest, happiest heart in Ashdale. Since then, alas! none was so humbled and grief-stricken; for, in that bar, her loved and honored husband had trailed his manhood in the dust of a debasing sensuality.

Vol. III.—No. 5.

2

Than Edward Pratt, a kinder-hearted man could not be found. But, he had neither a decided will, nor strength of purpose. The current in which his life-boat happened to be, usually bore him along; and even when conscious that it was gliding towards a dangerous sea, he opposed to it only a slight resistance.

Very soon after their marriage, Mrs. Pratt discovered in her husband a fondness for stimulating drinks. A prompt yet gentle and loving remonstrance accomplished all she had hoped to gain. The dangerous tempter was banished from their house. All would have been well, from that time forth, had not the tavern of old Killigrew, the only one in Ashdale, stood directly on the way along which Mr. Pratt daily went to the store where he was employed as a clerk.

Often, in returning home, he would be in company with young men who never passed Killigrew’s without a word with the companionable landlord, and a taste of his well mixed liquor. It was not in the amiable and compliant Mr. Pratt to say “no” on these occasions.

Soon his wife became aware of the temptation that was in his way; and of his almost daily yielding to its enticements. She talked with him soberly, yet gently and lovingly as before. Her words aroused no impatience—no anger—no stubborn self-will. He loved her too well to pain her with even a frown.

“I’ll not darken old Killigrew’s door again if it troubles you, Sarah. I don’t care for his liquor. As you say, it does me no good.”

“I shall be so happy!” sobbed Mrs. Pratt, hiding her tearful face on the breast of her husband. “There is nothing else in life to trouble me.”

On the next morning, as Mr. Pratt was passing the tavern, old Killigrew, who, if not behind the bar, mixing up his tempting compounds, was sure to be at his door watching out for customers—called out:

“Hey! Neddy, my boy! What’s your particular hurry?”

“I’m a little late,” replied the young man, evasively, keeping on his way.

“Stop, stop,” called the landlord. “Here! Why, my dear fellow! one would think you had the business of the world on your shoulders. A man should never be in too great a hurry to speak a word with an old friend. What’s become of Phillips? I haven’t set my eyes on him for a week.”

“The truth is,” said Pratt, who now paused, “it is the opinion of his friends, that he has been coming here a little too often.”

“Pooh! Nonsense! Too often! I never saw him when I thought he’d been drinking too much. It’s ridiculous! And he’s silly enough to mind them. Well, well. If he thinks he’s in danger he’d better stay away. He must have a weak head!”

Killigrew spoke contemptuously. Pratt felt the landlord’s sneering manner almost as much

as if it had been applied to himself. It cost him no light effort to say, "good morning," and pass on without taking a drink at the bar.

"I wish this old man-trap was on the other side of Jericho!" he muttered, as soon as he was fairly beyond the sphere of its dangerous attractions; "or that I didn't have to pass it three or four times every day. If old Killigrew lays hold of me after this fashion, I'm afraid my good resolutions are not going to be worth much. O, dear! I wonder what good ever comes of this rum-selling and rum-drinking? As to the harm, one needn't go far to look for that."

Musing thus, Pratt went on his way. At dinner time, both in coming home and returning to the store, he succeeded in getting past old Killigrew's "man-trap" without being hailed by the watchful landlord. But his good resolutions were not proof against the influences that assailed him in the evening. Later than usual he lingered at the store, in order to avoid, by so doing, the company of one or two young men who always stopped to drink at Killigrew's. He thought he had escaped them; but it was not so. They were in the tavern porch as he came along, and, having taken their cue from the landlord, who was keen-sighted enough to see what had been passing in the mind of Pratt, and feared to lose a customer, assailed him with influences that he had not strength of mind to resist. Just to "satisfy" them, as he said, he consented to drink a single glass. But that did not satisfy either them or the tavern-keeper. A second glass was almost forced upon him; then followed a third; which, purposely made stronger than usual, completed the overthrow of his reason.

Could those thoughtless young men have seen the ashen, agonizing face of the waiting, anxious wife, when her husband came staggering in that evening, they would not have boasted so gleefully of having "sent Pratt home as merry as a fiddler."

From that time the weak young man stopped almost daily at the tavern to drink. The temptation was in his way, and he had not sufficient strength of purpose to resist its allurements. This was continued for months, until, under the gentle, yet often tearful solicitations of his wife, he again resolved to stand up firmly against the pressure of a current that was too steadily bearing him onwards to the sea of destruction. And he did stand up firmly for a time. But, in this contest, the odds were against him. Old Killigrew saw the struggle that was going on in his mind, and took a wicked pleasure, apart from his love of gain, in assailing the young man's good resolutions on every occasion that was presented. Sometimes, after alluring him into his bar, either through personal influence, or by means of gay young men who frequented his house, Killigrew could not induce him to take anything but a glass of water. Oftener, however, he gained his purpose more fully, and mad-

dened the young man's brain with his fiery potations.

And so the work went on. There was a pitfall in Pratt's way, and ever and anon he stumbled therein. Ah! if the pitfall could only have been removed. It served no use whatever; gave nothing to the common good; was a constant source of annoyance, injury, and loss to the people of Ashdale. It had been dugged by Killigrew, and was always kept deep and dangerous by him, in order that he might profit by the weakness and injuries of those who weakly or unwarily stumbled over the half-concealed brink.

"Why did not the people of Ashdale cause the pitfall to be closed up? Why did they not remove this man-trap?" is asked, in a tone of surprise.

They had no power to do so, we answer.

"No power!"

You may look surprised, but it is even as we say. Killigrew had the law on his side.

"The law!"

Yes, for all you seem so incredulous. The law of the State in which Ashdale was situated, provided, by special enactment, for the digging of just such man-traps as the one maintained by Killigrew. And any person, not having the love of man nor the fear of God before his eyes, could, by the payment of a few dollars into the State treasury, obtain the right to make for himself such a pitfall in any highway or street in any village, town, or city in the Commonwealth.

"Preposterous!"

It is true—alas! too sadly true. Witness the crowded jails, almshouses and insane asylums; witness the crime, destitution and squalid misery that rest like black clouds over all parts of that State where population clusters thickly—and those licensed man-traps are to be found by the score in every neighborhood. It is true, alas! too sadly true!

But for this pitfall in his way all might have been well with Pratt; but his feet were ever stumbling on its fatal brink. Steadily, for nearly ten years, had he been going down, down, down; and at the period when he came home sober, for the first time in many months, and announced to his wife the death of Killigrew, he was almost helpless in the power of his adversary. All manly strength was gone when the temptation was before him. It was in vain that he went out in the morning strong in his purpose to keep sober through the day; the sight of Killigrew's tavern fired his appetite to a degree that left him no power of resistance. It was in vain that he started homeward in the evening, promising himself that he would meet his wife and children without a stain on his lips. Alas! he could not bear onward against the whirlpool of desire that instantly encompassed him when he came within fatal proximity to Killigrew's.

Well might his sorrowing, despairing wife feel a thrill of pleasure in every heart fibre at

the announcement of Killigrew's death. He had been doing an accursed work in Ashdale for years. Broadcast had he sown the seeds of anguish and desolation; and in her heart and home had many of these evil seeds fallen, taking quick root, springing up and bearing bitter fruit. Nor did she attempt to stifle this pleasure, as unseemly, in view of the passage of a fellow mortal to his great account in eternity. She was glad the tavern-keeper was dead—so glad, it was useless to affect concealment.

The promise of that hour did not prove vain. The tavern was closed, and Edward Pratt went daily to his business and returned home at evening a sober man. If, as was often the case, he felt a desire for stimulating drink, he quenched the desire in draughts of pure cold water. Yet, even as he passed the old tavern stand, around which soon waved fields of ripening grain—the ground had run to waste before—he felt a desire to enter. But there was no bar there now: so the morbid desire was fruitless of evil consequences.

Thus it went on for three years. In that time not a drop of anything intoxicating had passed the lips of Edward Pratt. How striking the change in all around him. Worn out furniture was renewed: abundance of good clothing for children as well as parents, gave an air of thrift and comfort. Cheerful happy faces were seen, where before was sadness, pallor, want and tears.

Three years of sober industry! How, in that short time, had the wilderness been made to blossom as the rose.

One day, about this time, Mr. Pratt came home with a serious countenance and a dejected air. His wife noticed the change, but said nothing at first—waiting until her husband should speak of what troubled him. He seemed to recover a little at the tea table, and talked pleasantly; but, after supper withdrew to himself, and sat most of the evening in deep thought, with his head resting on his bosom. Several times his wife, whose anxious attention was removed from him scarcely for a moment, heard a low sigh escape from his lips. A little while before retiring he said to her, speaking abruptly and with something so strange in his voice that the sound caused a thrill to run along her nerves:

"Parker sold his place last week."

"He did! To whom?"

Mrs. Pratt spoke in a startled manner.

"To a man from Brookville, who is going to open the tavern again."

If a heavy blow had fallen on the poor woman she could not have sunk down more gloomily. If a death pang had entered her heart, the groan from her lips could not have been more fraught with agony.

"He opens to-morrow," said Pratt, in a boding voice.

"O, Edward!"

The unhappy wife arose, and moving to the

side of her husband, flung her arms around him, saying as she did so: "Let us go from here."

"Where?" was responded, gloomily.

"O, anywhere. Death and eternal destruction are opening at your feet. Come! come! Let us flee for our lives! Let us go this hour! I will bear hunger, cold, anything that may come upon us so that we escape this evil."

"I have thought it all over, Sarah," replied the poor victim, sadly. "We cannot go anywhere and be free from the curse. The law sanctions the evil, and under the protection of law it throws out its allurements everywhere. O, that I was strong enough to resist. Heaven knows how earnestly I have sought to overcome this fatal desire; but the moment I come within sight of the accursed tempter my whole being is inflamed. Reason is obscured—restraint grows weak—and I fall under the luring gaze of a serpent."

O, what a night was that; spent watchfully in prayer and weeping—a night, the anguish of which years would fail to cover with the dust of forgetfulness. Morning dawned at length. To one condemned to die it scarcely had broken more drearily.

"I will strive to be a man, Sarah. I will look up for strength," said Mr. Pratt, as he pressed the hand of his wife and parted from her at the door. "Pray for me."

Tears were in his eyes as he turned away; and her cheeks were wet. The voice of Pratt was not confident. He spoke rather to assure his wife than his own heart. He felt that he was too weak for his enemies.

And he was too weak. Evening brought him home with all his bright manhood obscured. One short month sufficed to do the work of ruin. Then his poor wife stood pale, tearless and heart-broken above his grave! He fell so low that he made no effort to rise again—and died in drunkenness and despair.

The poor widow was not long from his side; and now his children's home is the almshouse. The "man-trap" in Ashdale is open still. And for the privilege of scattering ruin and death around him the new owner pays the State fifty dollars a year; and the State takes the money with an eager hand, and seems to think her bargain a good one.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

GOD'S WATCHFUL CARE.

The insect, that with puny wing

Just shoots along one summer ray,

The flowret which the breath of Spring

Wakes into life for half a day,

The smallest mote, the tenderest hair,

All feel a Heavenly Father's care.

E'en from the glories of His throne

He bends to view this earthly ball;

Sees all as if that all were one,

Loves one as if that one were all;

Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,

And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

COUSIN HETTIE AND HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

I have just been writing a long, long letter to cousin Hettie. I do not think it advisable to send more than three closely filled sheets at once, so I will indulge my present mood by writing of her.

Hettie is a darling creature—I wish I might be as good and lovable. She is not beautiful—she has a quiet, unobtrusive face, which you might, and probably would, pass unnoticed at first sight; yet she has such a sweet voice, and when she becomes animated in conversation, her face is so full of expression that many a beauty might envy her the admiration which, all unconsciously to herself, she calls forth.

Left an orphan at an early age, she was received into my father's family, and we considered her as quite one of ourselves. She certainly was a treasure to us, so active, so cheerful, so ever attentive to the wishes of those around her. Sensitive almost to a fault, she studied her own quick feelings that she might avoid wounding those of others—but, pardon me, I did not intend to write of Hettie in her relation to us.

Last June, on her eighteenth birth-day, she was married to Henry Huntington, whom we considered fully worthy of her. I could not bestow higher praise. He wished to take his bride to his parental home, immediately on their marriage, but she desired to take a long tour in the opposite direction. He very readily yielded to her wishes, though I think he would not have done so, had he known that it was not so much a wish to visit friends in C—, which made her so anxious to go there, as a dread of meeting his mother.

Three years before, with a heart brimful of romantic feeling—as what maiden's is not at fifteen?—she read Miss Bremer's *Neighbors*. It was one of the first novels she had been allowed to read, and every character was to her a reality, whose personal appearance was almost as clearly defined, in her mind, as that of the friends about her. *Ma chere mere*, with her overpowering dignity, made a strong impression upon her; she loved to think of her and imagine how nicely she could plan to get behind that mantle of dignity—she thought she could succeed even better than Franziska.

When she learned to love Mr. Huntington, she brought his mother before her mental vision as the long known *ma chere mere*. He is a tall, noble-looking man, with a naturally dignified bearing—she looked upon him as almost a being of a higher order, and had many a time half-wondered that she was not afraid of him. When he talked to her of his mother, she found little difficulty in receiving everything he said, as only a part of the description of the ideal she had known so long as a whole. He told her he resembled his mother; that he was

the youngest of the family, having a niece older than himself. Adding years only added dignity to this new *ma chere mere*, and poor Hettie disliked to meet her very much—she told me she doubted not her ultimately feeling at ease in the dreaded presence, provided she were not annihilated by the first glance. When her mother-in-law should find what a useful little woman she could be, she was sure she would unbend to her; but the first meeting—the more she thought of it, the more she wished to delay it. It seemed very natural that Henry should love his mother so well, without any of the undue reverence she felt, because she thought him so superior to others. She knew she could not do justice to herself should she make her first appearance among her new relatives as an expected bride—she thought she could do better were she to wait till she could form a slight acquaintance by corresponding.

In consequence of Hettie's concealed cogitations, they went to C—, where she introduced her husband with no more pride than he would have felt in presenting her to his mother. After their return, Hettie received a brief note from her mother-in-law, which was cardually worded, for old Mrs. Huntington was not sure of the reception her epistle might meet at the hands of her city-bred daughter.

In early October, Mr. Huntington found that he could leave his business for a week or two, and he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to visit his friends. Hettie saw how delighted he was at the prospect, and she tried to feel as elated herself. She was not now anxious to delay the visit; because she wished to know and love those so dear to her husband. She examined her wardrobe most critically to select the dresses which would be most suitable. She consulted me on the occasion, and showed her opinion of my advice by leaving every dress. I wished her to take, at home, except her travelling dress. I wished her to dress showily; she did not forget that there would be little opportunity for display in country farm-houses.

Their first day's ride was in the cars and was very like other days spent travelling thus, stupid and tiresome. The next morning proved unpleasant—it did not rain, but the clouds portended it.

Mr. Huntington said they would remain where they were that day, if Hettie wished, but she saw very plainly that the nearer he was to his early home, the more impatient he became to be there; and she urged their going on, even if it must be, as he assured her, in an awkward, uncovered stage, over a very rough road.

Even from this unpromising day's ride, Hettie extracts mirthful recollections. There was but one passenger in the stage besides themselves—he was a clownish, unrefined fellow, who gave her new ideas of humanity. She was listening, with amusement, to an account he was giving the driver of a visit he made "his woman," when she was a "gal," when

he was suddenly interrupted by Jehu's leaving his side most unceremoniously. The king-bolt had broken, leaving the forward wheels totally unconnected with the remainder of the wagon. The burly driver went headlong over the front of the box, hallooing to his horses to stop; but they dragged him on to the foot of the hill. Hettie looked frightened as they were thus left in the middle of the road, till she saw the driver shaking himself at the side of his quiet horses—then she laughed heartily at the ludicrous scene.

The rustic was so efficient a helper in this emergency, that very soon all was made safe again, and they travelled on. He did not finish his story, as probably he did not think of it till he reached his home, which was near the place of the accident.

During the afternoon, there was a constant, light, drizzling rain, not rendering it necessary to keep an umbrella spread, since that was so difficult a task amid the tumblings of their clumsy vehicle, but they rode gaily on over hills which Hettie would have called mountains had they been anywhere else. She thinks she never enjoyed any other kisses quite so well as those she stole when the driver was wholly engaged with his horses, going down those long hills—they were kisses accompanied by such pleasant shower-baths from Henry's saturated whiskers.

When the stage stopped for the night, both were weary, though Henry would not acknowledge it.

"To-morrow night we shall see mother!" he exclaimed, as he entered the cosy little room he had secured for them. Hettie was too much fatigued then to tell him how much she dreaded the time.

The next morning the weather was fair and the coach full, but Henry was too impatient to be very willing to stop at all the little post-offices. After dinner he succeeded in obtaining a horse and carriage for the remainder of their journey. The roads did not seem so rough then—Hettie was not impatient to reach her destination; her husband sat beside her, looking so noble, so good—he talked to her so pleasantly of the old times, when he knew the occupants of every house they should pass that afternoon, he seemed so much more boyish himself than he had ever done before, that she thought it would be very pleasant to ride thus through life.

Just at sunset they were passing a most beautiful scene—the road was a little ascending, but it did not seem a common, unromantic road—there was a grove of beautiful trees on each side—the ground all about was thickly strewn with the bright-colored leaves, and there was such a softened light over all, it was enchanting. They stopped as Henry said,

"This was our half-way spot when going to school: many a time have I rested with my brother on that old rock."

"Might we sit there together now?" whispered Hettie, as though she feared a loud word

might break the enchantment; she need not have feared.

Quietly they walked to the old rock—how much each lived while they sat there! Did they not love each other better, now that the sweet spot was so bright with associations in the memory of each? When riding again, Henry talked more of those old school-mates, and Hettie was so happy to listen.

Darkness began to steal on as they rode up to a large farm-house, and Henry exclaimed,

"This is home!"

Hettie's heart beat almost audibly she thought. The girl who answered his inquiries, said his father and mother were four miles farther on, at his youngest sister's.

"More riding, that is all," said Hettie, and was quiet. Some time elapsed before a manly arm stole round her, and Henry asked what she were thinking. Then she told him all her foolish fancies—all her dread of meeting *ma chere mere*—her fear that she should not behave quite properly—her wonder whether she should be most like Fanny, Maria or Ebbe. Before she finished the moon rose, and as she looked to her husband's face, she saw an expression of mischief: but he said nothing.

Very soon after, they rode into a large yard: again Hettie's heart beat—how would they receive their unlooked-for guest? Henry exclaimed,

"Take care of your chickens, or I will run over them!"

A good humored voice instantly replied, "You have come, have you! We killed them for you."

Then Hettie was lifted out, she hardly knew how, and immediately some large, soft arms were round her—a motherly or grandmotherly face was looking in hers, and saying—

"This is our Hettie, is it?"

There was a heartiness in this first greeting, which made Hettie feel perfectly at ease. She could only wonder that she had ever thought of this good, kind, motherly-looking old lady as like *ma chere mere*. She was ready to join Henry in laughing at her own foolish little self, when she saw that same mischievous expression in his face a few moments after.

Supper for the travellers was soon upon the table, not such a supper as Hettie had been accustomed to—the table was loaded with substantial viands. For an instant, she thought, shall I ever be able to entertain them like this at our home? Then she forgot all care for the future credit of her housekeeping, and enjoyed the evening very much. Was it wonderful she did, with such happy, pleasant companions? There was her husband, looking so satisfied, so proud, and appearing so interested in everything about him. His father, with his honest face and silvery hair, full of anecdotes, which seldom failed to raise a laugh. His mother, seeming so delighted to see her youngest son again and welcome his little wife, whom she had learned to love from his descriptions. His

sister, so full of matronly cares that all should have every wish promptly gratified, and so glad that her father and mother had happened to be there, that she might thus secure the first visit from her young sister. The brother-in-law evincing sound sense and sturdy good humor. The children, the younger ones very shy, yet all so unaffectedly glad to see their uncle and his pretty wife. Then there was last, but not least, if we should judge by the amount of attention Henry bestowed on him, old Brock, the house dog who had frolicked with him as a child, and now, though grown old and lazy, knew him immediately.

Hettie was hardly conscious of any effort to please her new relatives, yet it required no very deep knowledge of human nature, to see that all were as much pleased with her as she was with them.

The next morning she went over the orchard, delighting her companions, the old gentleman and all the youngsters, by the zest with which she entered into the business of the day—apple-picking.

Soon after breakfast, all started for the old homestead—Henry was as impatient to bethere as his parents were to have him under their own roof. How much Hettie enjoyed the week they remained there! She helped her father at his husking, her mother in the pantry; she went over the orchard and pastures with Henry, listening while he told her the flavors of the apples before tasting them, or of the games he had played in this corner, the berries which used to grow in that field, and of his boyhood's companions, memories of whom were connected with every spot.

Early every afternoon the wagons were at the door, that the old couple and the young might go together to visit other brothers and sisters, or old neighbors. Everywhere old Mrs. Huntington preserved that protecting, motherly air, so grateful to Hettie among strange faces. Everywhere she was the same happy, lively old lady, frequently saying such comical things with so demure a face, that Hettie hardly dared laugh all she wished, till she saw, by the twinkling eye, that she might without giving offence. Hettie was delighted with everything, she was as a pet child to all about her—her wishes were to be consulted first, lest she should be home-sick. Very little danger of that, she thought. It came time to return home all too soon. She left her relatives with hopes that she should see them at her own home right early, promising to pass a month with her mother-in-law next summer.

They had pleasant weather for their journey home. The next morning after their arrival there, Mr. Huntington brought me the following brief note:

"DEAR EM.—With no very deep grief, I inform you of my sudden loss of an ideal mother-in-law. If you wish to learn the particulars, I advise you to visit very soon, your loving cousin,
HETTIE.

MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.

"Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

The peace of the world, prosperity and success, and the gratification of the senses, is not what Our Lord has promised to His followers. There is another kind of peace—which is His peace—it flows from Him into the soul of man by an inner way. It consists in mental states, not of outward circumstances. Often times these states of inner peace are perfected and increased by external sorrows and privations—for we have two lives, one of the spirit and one of the body. The two were created to harmonize and make a one—but man has sundered what God has united, and from loving the things of the body more than those of the spirit, he has to be forcibly torn away from the life of the external senses by afflictions—hence it is said, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

We easily recognize in what consists worldly peace. But the peace which the Lord calls "My peace," is worthy of our most earnest study.

How often has my mind pondered over it—and I have said to myself in *what* does this peace consist? For I surely can never attain to it, until I know what it is. And I found my answer to this earnest query in that same chapter which contains the promise.

Our Lord is talking with His disciples—He is seeking to elevate their thoughts and hopes above the earth—He knows that His crucifixion is at hand, and that they will be filled with tribulation and anguish at their worldly disappointment in His career. So He exhorts them as they have heretofore believed in God, that even so they are to believe in Him—for He is going to Heaven to prepare places for them.

And having lifted up their thoughts from the earth, He reveals to them His Infinite, Divine nature. "If ye had known Me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know Him and have seen Him. He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father."

I picture to myself those wondering and astonished Jews—standing before that Divine Being, whom they had regarded as a mere man—Heaven sent—but a man, finite and created as they also were. And now He stands before them in a material, bodily presence, and says to them "If ye had known Me, ye should have known my Father also." Had they not known Him? had they not wandered with Him through Galilee and Judea, and heard Him preach and saw Him perform wonderful miracles? Yes, all this they had done, and yet they knew Him only as to the body—they knew not His heavenly, Divine spirit.

But now He seeks to unveil to them the fact that it is God with whom they speak—but He would not force conviction—He wishes them to see the truth as a rational perception of a fact.

and says to them, "Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works sake."

A friend, whom I dearly love, once asked me: "You believe that Christ was the very God of the Universe?" I answered "Yes." "If so," she said, "why did He not come in such an overwhelming blaze of glory, that there could be no doubt of the fact? Why did He come to man, only to leave the world full of doubters?" But I answered, "If God had thus manifested Himself to the world, He would have compelled men to believe upon Him through their outward senses—whereas He came to purify their hearts internally—to teach them to love Good for its own sake—and not because it was clothed in power and great glory to their outward senses. And there is a spiritual beauty, that touches the warmest affections of our hearts—when we realize that the Highest and Holiest Being in the universe assumed our fallen and degraded humanity, and lived through all of its sorrows and temptations, and taught man to conquer and overcome them all.

The Greeks, the most intellectual people on the face of the earth, believed in the possible incarnation of their imaginary deities—even down to the times of the Apostles. But no Greek had ever dreamed of an incarnate God subjecting Himself to the weakness and ignorance of infancy—and dwelling for a series of years, in a heavy, coarse, material body, for the sake of raising fallen humanity. No, with them the gods walked the earth, to confer temporary blessings. But our God descended, that He might draw all men up to Him, and bless them with His whole Heavenly Divine Life.

This is the "Peace" which He would give us. He would have us open our inmost souls to Him, and recognise Him as the God of the universe. It is not enough, under trials and temptations, that we should believe in the outward man, Christ Jesus. But we must see in the visible form the invisible God. We are thus brought into the very presence of God; and to know God, who He is, and what He is, and how we are to be reconciled or made at peace with Him, is the highest and most beautiful happiness of which man is capable. It is a rest of the mind—it is peace to the weary spirit, that has long lived in doubt, and the Lord has left to us a pattern of regeneration. In His life upon earth, we see how He contended with earthly ambition and all worldly mindedness—how pure and gentle and good He was. How, for Himself, He never raised the voice of defence and contention. How He bore all scoffs and sneers, and sought only to develop, in His assumed humanity, the Divine Soul, from which it had its birth. God glorified His humanity, and made it eternal—that man might ever have a way of access to Him. He became the "way, the truth, and the life;" and now we have, in our mind, an image of

the Deity, before which we can worship with the full concentration of our affections. To have something to love, which is absolutely perfect, is peace to the human soul—it is the fruition of all desires; and when we realize that this Infinite Being watches over us, leads us, guides us, and guards us every instant of our existence, all cold and chilling anxieties melt away from our hearts as snow does before the warm and genial rays of a Spring sun; and flowers of fancy, and fruits of love, spring forth in our teeming mind, making them Edens of beauty, of celestial peace and love.

ONE OF THE WAYS TO SPOIL CHILDREN.

My friend, Mary Emmett, had been married nearly three years, when I resolved to pay her a visit. She was the daughter of an old and much-esteemed acquaintance of mine, who had died when a younger sister of Mary's was but a child. Soon after, the father was laid upon a dying bed, and his last request was, that I would take the two girls into my house, and extend to them a mother's care. This request I complied with to the best of my ability, until another guardian was chosen by Mary in the person of Harry Emmett, a young man in whom I had every confidence, and who, I believed, was well fitted for the companion, as well as the guardian, of my dear child. They were married, and the day after left the city for a little village some twenty miles distant, which was to be their home. Mary would not consent to be separated from Helen, her sister, and thus I was at once deprived of both my young companions.

As I have already said, Mary had been married nearly three years, when I resolved to pay her a visit. True, I never received a letter from either of them, in which I was not urged to come and spend some time at Roseville. But, somehow or other, although I had been talking, or rather writing, about it for a long time, the third year of their married life had almost passed, and still my visit was delayed. But, at length, I determined to go, and, accordingly, one bright Summer's morn, set out on my intended journey. I had not written to my friends that I was coming, wishing to take them by surprise. When I arrived at Roseville, Mary was absent from home, on a visit to a sick friend, having left her sweet babe in the care of Helen.

"Isn't he a sweet little fellow, aunt?" asked she, almost the next moment after I first beheld him.

I was no relative to them, yet they always called me aunt.

"He is a fine child," I answered; "but I'm afraid you'll spoil him."

"No danger of my spoiling him, aunt: I dislike spoilt children too much," was Helen's reply. Then, turning to the child, she playfully continued, "Aunt Wilson's afraid we're

going to spoil it. Just tell her, dear, that, if we do, it's none of her business. Tell her you're to be the only one, and we can afford to have one spoilt child in a family. Just tell her so, dear: tell her she never spoilt your aunt Helen by too much indulgence, and now your aunt Helen will spoil you, just out of spite. *Shan't she, dear?*"

The little fellow looked very earnestly at his aunt whilst she was talking thus, and had he been a few months older, would, no doubt, have tried to repeat a part, at least, of what she told him.

"And, pray, what are you doing, now, Helen?" I asked.

"Really, aunt, you don't think he understands what I say to him?"

"Keep on with it a few months, and you will soon find out whether he does or not. Nothing keeps him from repeating it now but his inability to talk."

"Pshaw! nonsense, aunt. Why, he's only sixteen months old!" Then, turning to the child again, "Aunt Wilson's scolding aunt Helen, dear. Shake your fist at her."

The little fellow obeyed.

"He understands that, you see, at any rate, Helen," I replied.

The child drooped his head on his aunt's shoulder, as though he perceived that I disapproved of what he had done.

"Never mind, dear," persisted the thoughtless girl, "we'll whip aunt Wilson, *won't we?*"

The little hand was raised ready for action. I looked steadfastly at him for a moment or two; the hand dropped; the babe hid his face in his aunt's bosom, and burst into tears.

"You ought to be ashamed, Helen," I said, "to teach that child so much badness. You'll be sorry for it some of these days."

"But he doesn't know that it is wrong, aunt, to do so?"

"No; but you do. Then why teach him that which you know to be wrong? Why not teach him good? The bad will enter quickly enough."

"Oh! but it's so amusing to see him do such things."

"I cannot see that it is, Helen. At any rate, it will not be so five or six years from now."

"Yes; but I would not let him do it then. I would break him of it as soon as he got old enough to know it was wrong."

"A false idea, Helen. Recollect bad habits are much more easily formed than broken. Would you call him a wise man that would sow his ground with weeds, and then justify himself by saying that, as soon as they began to grow, he was going to pluck them up and plant good seed?"

"No; I should not. No man in his right senses would do such a thing as that."

"And yet there would be as much wisdom in it as there is in the course you are pursuing."

Helen made no reply, and thus the subject

was dropped. In the course of a couple of hours, Mary came in. After affectionately greeting me, she asked if I had seen her boy.

"Oh! yes," I replied, laughing, "you don't suppose Helen would omit that, do you?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Helen, who entered the room, just as Mary asked the question, with little Harry in her arms, he having just awoke from his afternoon's nap.

"Been a good boy while ma was away?" said Mary, addressing her child.

"Ask ma if she ever knew you to be anything else," answered the aunt.

"See how you've dirtied your frock," said the mother; "that looks like it was put on clean, this morning, doesn't it?"

"Harry, dear," spoke aunt Helen, "tell ma there's plenty of soap and water in the house, and that you intend to dirty just as many frocks as you please."

"Mary, you'll have to whip this girl," I exclaimed; "she'll ruin that boy for you. She is teaching him to be impudent, now; and, after a while, she'll be the first to cry out against him."

"Just what Harry and I both tell her, aunt. No one dislikes bad children more than she does, I know."

"And yet she does all she can to make them so."

I remained nearly a month with my young friends, and, during that time, had frequent occasion to expostulate with Helen, and warn her of the danger there was in the course she was pursuing. But it was to no purpose. She still persisted that the child was too young to receive any impression, either for good or evil.

The following Summer, I again visited my friends at Roseville. Harry was then in his third year, and was still the only one. He was, indeed, an interesting child, and it was not to be wondered at that he was a great pet both with his parents and aunt. I was sorry, though, to perceive that Helen still considered him incapable of receiving any impressions: so I judged, at least, from her conduct. The child, perhaps, would be at play with some trifling toys, when she would steal behind him and purposely disarrange or remove some of them. This would make him angry, and seizing hold of the first thing that came to hand, he would throw it at his aunt. Then, perhaps, something like the following dialogue would ensue:—

"Come here, you young rogue! and let me whip you. How dare you throw anything at me?"

"Ont, ont, *come* at all."

"Come here, I say, I want to whip you."

"*Sant*. I whip you."

"Well, now, I'd just like to see you. You're a great one to talk about whipping any one, ain't you?"

"Es; I will whip you, too."

"I'll whip you, if you do."

"Do, if you dare."

Not only did Helen permit the child to talk thus to her, but actually taught him to do the same to others. The father, the mother, and myself, reasoned and entreated in vain. She only laughed at us, declaring that the child was yet too young to know better. Besides, she said—

"It was so amusing, to see him. It did her good to hear him talk so!"

Silly girl! I really felt ashamed of her. Five years passed away before I was again able to visit Roseville. Mary was then the mother of three children. I had not been there long before I perceived that Harry was not as great a favorite with his aunt as formerly. Nay, I even thought (if I must use the expression) that she hated him. She seemed as if she couldn't bear the sight of him. I felt sorry to see this, for notwithstanding he was impudent and disrespectful to his aunt and even his parents (does any one wonder that he was so?) he was a boy of a very affectionate and generous disposition, and I thought, with judicious treatment, might yet be cured of his bad habits. But Helen's conduct towards him was, in my opinion, only calculated to make him worse. I said to her, one day—

"Helen, you do not appear to be as fond of Harry as you used to: how is it?"

"How is it, aunt! how can any one like him? the impudent little rascal!"

"You should be the last one, Helen, to use such language as that," I replied. "Did I not tell you, years ago, it would be so? If we sow tares, we must not expect to reap wheat."

"But he is old enough now, and has been told often enough of it, to know better. It is time he stopped it."

"Perhaps, if you were to take as much pains to break him of it as you did once to teach it to him, he would quit it."

"But I have tried, aunt."

"But you don't try the right way. You get into a passion; whip and scold; tell him you'll knock his head off, or break his neck, or something of the kind, never intending to do either all the while, which he knows as well as you. This is not the way to reform him."

"But would you let him give you impudence, and say nothing to him?"

"Not at all, Helen: but then you should reprove him in a different manner. Another thing in which you are wrong is, that you let the child see that you don't love him. You don't manifest the same kindness towards him that you do to the others. You speak and act differently towards him, and he feels it."

"But how can I help it when he is so bad? Who can love a bad child?"

"Helen, you profess to be a child of God. Do you always act towards Him as you ought?"

"No, aunt; I am far from being perfect."

"And yet His love and goodness are ever the same. Now, you profess to be a Christian; yet do you not sometimes find it very hard to

govern yourself; to keep down evil thoughts; to master that unruly member, the tongue?"

"I must confess, aunt, that I do."

"Well, then, if you find it so hard, how do you suppose it is with that child? He is young, and one would hardly think he ever tried to do better, but something that I heard, the other day, has given me a different opinion of him. You recollect he was sent to his room for bad conduct. I passed his door soon after, and, as I cast my eyes in, I saw the little fellow kneeling beside his bed. I listened, and heard him ask God to make him a good boy. The next morning, his mother was talking with him about his bad behavior, and his reply was—

"Well, ma; I try all the time to be good, but I can't."

"Dear little fellow! No doubt, like one of old, he felt 'that when he would do good evil was present with him.'"

I left Roseville the next day, and, as I have not since visited there, I cannot tell what effect my words had upon Helen. Thinking it quite probable, Mr. Arthur, that, among the numerous readers of the Home Gazette, there are, at least, some few aunts like Helen, I, with your approbation, respectfully submit this little sketch for their consideration.

TRIFLES—A FRAGMENT.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

Just a vine with tiny blossoms,
Creeping up the tower high;
Yet it shed a gracious fragrance
On the weary passers by.

Just a slender, little brooklet,
Flowing down the meadow green;
But I saw a thirsty pilgrim
Drinking from its crystal stream.

And from these I learned a lesson,
On that pleasant Summer morn,
Walking home with silent musings,
Through the fields of waving corn.

'Twas a lesson full of beauty,
And I give it to the wise—
Let no scornings for the lowly
Ever in thy heart arise.

Every one, though poor and humble,
Has a mission to fulfil;
Every hand, though small and feeble,
Can work out some good or ill.

Springing from the faintest causes,
Grand results have often shown
That there is a power in trifles
To the thoughtless and unknown.

Like the wide and pleasant fragrance,
From the tiny blossoms shed,
Influences sweet and precious,
From the weakest sources spread.

BLIND JAMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

In the month of December, in the neighborhood of Paris, two men, one young, the other rather advanced in years, were descending the village street, which was made uneven and almost impassable by stones and puddles.

Opposite to them, and ascending this same street, a laborer, fastened to a sort of dray laden with a cask, was slowly advancing, and beside him a little girl, of about eight years old, who was holding the end of the barrow. Suddenly, the wheel went over an enormous stone, which lay in the middle of the street, and the car leaned towards the side of the child.

"The man must be intoxicated," cried the young man, stepping forward to prevent the overturn of the dray. When he reached the spot, he perceived that the man was blind.

"Blind!" said he, turning towards his old friend. But the latter, making him a sign to be silent, placed his hand, without speaking, on that of the laborer, while the little girl smiled. The blind man immediately raised his head, his sightless eyes were turned towards the two gentlemen, his face shone with an intelligent and natural pleasure, and, pressing closely the hand which held his own, he said, with an accent of tenderness—

"Mr. Desgranges!"

"How!" said the young man, moved and surprised, "he knew you by the touch of your hand."

"I do not need even that," said the blind man: "when he passes me in the street, I say to myself, 'That is his step.'" And, seizing the hand of Mr. Desgranges, he kissed it with ardor. "It was, indeed, you, Mr. Desgranges, who prevented my falling—always you."

"Why," said the young man, "do you expose yourself to such accidents, by dragging this cask?"

"One must attend to his business, sir," replied he, gaily.

"Your business?"

"Undoubtedly," added Mr. Desgranges: "James is our water-carrier. But I shall scold him for going out without his wife to guide him."

"My wife was gone away. I took the little girl. One must be a little energetic, must he not? And, you see, I have done very well since I last saw you, my dear Mr. Desgranges; and you have assisted me."

"Come, James, now finish serving your customers, and then you can call and see me. I am going home."

"Thank you, sir. Good-bye, sir; good-bye, sir."

And he started again, dragging his cask, while the child turned towards the gentlemen her rosy and smiling face.

"Blind, and a water-carrier!" repeated the young man, as they walked along.

"Ah! our James astonishes you, my young friend. Yes, it is one of those miracles like that of a paralytic who walks. Should you like to know his story?"

"Tell it to me."

"I will do so. It does not abound in facts or dramatic incidents, but it will interest you, I think, for it is the history of a soul, and of a good soul it is—a man struggling against the night. You will see the unfortunate man going step by step out of a bottomless abyss to begin his life again—to create his soul anew. You will see how a blind man, with a noble heart for a stay, makes his way even in this world."

While they were conversing, they reached the house of Mr. Desgranges, who began in this manner:—

"One morning, three years since, I was walking on a large dry plain, which separates our village from that of Noiesemont, and which is all covered with mill-stones just taken from the quarry. The process of blowing the rocks was still going on. Suddenly, a violent explosion was heard. I looked. At a distance of four or five hundred paces, a grey smoke, which seemed to come from a hole, rose from the ground. Stones were then thrown up in the air, horrible cries were heard, and springing from this hole appeared a man, who began to run across the plain as if mad. He shook his arms, screamed, fell down, got up again, disappeared in the great crevices of the plain, and appeared again. The distance and the irregularity of his path prevented me from distinguishing anything clearly; but, at the height of his head, in the place of his face, I saw a great, red mark. In alarm, I approached him, while from the other side of the plain, from Noiesemont, a troop of men and women were advancing crying aloud. I was the first to reach the poor creature. His face was all one wound, and torrents of blood were streaming over his garments, which were all in rags.

"Scarcely had I taken hold of him, than a woman, followed by twenty peasants, approached, and threw herself before him.

"James, James, is it you? I did not know you, James."

"The poor man, without answering, struggled furiously in our hands.

"Ah!" cried the woman, suddenly, and with a heart-rending voice, "it is he!"

"She had recognized a large, silver pin, which fastened his shirt, which was covered with blood.

"It was, indeed, he, her husband, the father of three children, a poor laborer, who, in blasting a rock with powder, had received the explosion in his face, and was blind, mutilated, perhaps mortally wounded.

"He was carried home. I was obliged to go away the same day, on a journey, and was absent a month. Before my departure, I sent him our doctor, a man devoted to his profes-

sion as a country physician, and as learned as a city physician. On my return—

“‘Ah! well, doctor,’ said I, ‘the blind man?’”

“‘It is all over with him. His wounds are healed, his head is doing well, he is only blind; but he will die; despair has seized him, and he will kill himself. I can do nothing more for him. This is all,’ he said: ‘an internal inflammation is taking place. He must die.’”

“I hastened to the poor man. I arrived. I shall never forget the sight. He was seated on a wooden stool, beside a hearth on which there was no fire, his eyes covered with a white bandage. On the floor, an infant of three months was sleeping; a little girl of four years old was playing in the ashes; one, still older, was shivering opposite to her; and, in front of the fireplace, seated on the disordered bed, her arms hanging down, was the wife. What was left to be imagined in this spectacle was more than met the eye. One felt that for several hours, perhaps, no word had been spoken in this room. The wife was doing nothing, and seemed to have no care to do anything. They were not merely unfortunate, they seemed like condemned persons. At the sound of my footsteps, they arose, but without speaking.

“‘You are the blind man of the quarry?’”

“‘Yes, sir.’”

“‘I have come to see you.’”

“‘Thank you, sir.’”

“‘You met with a sad misfortune there.’”

“‘Yes, sir.’”

“His voice was cold, short, without any emotion. He expected nothing from any one. I pronounced the words ‘assistance,’ ‘public compassion.’”

“‘Assistance!’ cried his wife, suddenly, with a tone of despair: ‘they ought to give it to us; they must help us; we have done nothing to bring upon us this misfortune; they will not let my children die with hunger.’”

“She asked for nothing—begged for nothing. She claimed help. This imperative beggary touched me more than the common lamentations of poverty, for it was the voice of despair; and I felt in my purse for some pieces of silver.

“The man then, who had till now been silent, said, with a hollow tone—

“‘Your children must die, since I can no longer see.’”

“There is a strange power in the human voice. My money fell back into my purse. I was ashamed of the precarious assistance. I felt that here was a call for something more than mere almsgiving—the charity of a day. I soon formed my resolution.”

“But what could you do?” said the young man to Mr. Desgranges.

“What could I do?” replied he, with animation. “Fifteen days after, James was saved. A year after, he gained his own living, and might be heard singing at his work.”

“Saved! working! singing! but how?”

“How! by very natural means. But wait,

I think I hear him. I will make him tell you his simple story. It will touch you more from his lips. It will embarrass me less, and his cordial and ardent face will complete the work.”

In fact, the noise of some one taking off his wooden shoes was heard at the door, and then a little tap.

“Come in, James.” And he entered with his wife.

“I have brought Juliana, my dear Mr. Desgranges, the poor woman—she must see you sometimes, must she not?”

“You did right, James. Sit down.”

He came forward, pushing his stick before him, that he might not knock against a chair. He found one, and seated himself. He was young, small, vigorous, with black hair, a high and open forehead, a singularly expansive face for a blind man, and, as Rabelais says, a magnificent smile of thirty-two teeth. His wife remained standing behind him.

“James,” said Mr. Desgranges to him, “here is one of my good friends, who is very desirous to see you.”

“He is a good man, then, since he is your friend.”

“Yes. Talk with him; I am going to see my geraniums. But do not be sad, you know I forbid you that.”

“No, no, my dear friend, no!”

This tender and simple appellation seemed to charm the young man: and after the departure of his friend, approaching the blind man, he said:

“You are very fond of Mr. Desgranges.”

“Fond of him!” cried the blind man, with impetuosity: “he saved me from ruin, sir. It was all over with me, the thought of my children consumed me, I was dying because I could not see. He saved me.”

“With assistance—with money?”

“Money! what is money? everybody can give that. Yes, he clothed us, he fed us, he obtained a subscription of five hundred francs (about one hundred dollars) for me; but all this was as nothing; he did more—he cured my heart!”

“But how?”

“By his kind words, sir. Yes, he, a person of so much consequence in the world, he came every day into my poor house, he sat on my poor stool, he talked with me an hour, two hours, till I became quiet and easy.”

“What did he say to you?”

“I do not know; I am but a foolish fellow, and he must tell you all he said to me; but they were things I had never heard before. He spoke to me of the good God, better than a minister; and he brought sleep back to me.”

“How was that?”

“It was two months since I had slept soundly. I would just doze, and then start up, saying—

“‘James, you are blind,’ and then my head would go round—round, like a madman; and

this was killing me. One morning he came in, this dear friend, and said to me—

"James do you believe in God?"

"Why do you ask that, Mr. Desgranges?"

"Well, this night, when you wake, and the thought of your misfortune comes upon you, say aloud a prayer—then two—then three—and you will go to sleep."

"Yes," said the wife, with her calm voice, "the good God, He gives sleep."

"This is not all, sir. In my despair I would have killed myself. I said to myself, 'You are useless to your family, you are the woman of the house, and others support you.' But he was displeased—'Is it not you who support your family; if you had not been blind, would any one have given you the five hundred francs?'"

"That is true, Mr. Desgranges."

"If you were not blind, would any one provide for your children?"

"That is true, Mr. Desgranges."

"If you were not blind, would every one love you, as we love you?"

"It is true, Mr. Desgranges, it is true."

"You see, James, there are misfortunes in all families. Misfortune is like rain; it must fall a little on everybody. If you were not blind, your wife would, perhaps, be sick, one of your children might have died. Instead of that, you have all the misfortune, my poor man; but they—they have none."

"True, true." And I began to feel less sad. I was even happy to suffer for them. And then he added—

"Dear James, misfortune is either the greatest enemy, or the greatest friend of men. There are people whom it makes wicked; there are others made better by it. For you, it must make you beloved by everybody; you must become so grateful, so affectionate, that when they wish to speak of any one who is good, they will say, good as the blind man of the Noisemont. That will serve for a dowry to your daughter." This is the way he talked to me, sir; and it gave me heart to be unfortunate."

"Yes; but when he was not here?"

"Ah, when he was not here, I had, to be sure, some heavy moments. I thought of my eyes—the light is so beautiful. Oh, God! cried I, in anguish, if ever I should see clearly again, I would get up at three o'clock in the morning, and I would not go to bed till ten at night, that I might gather up more light."

"James, James!" said his wife.

"You are right, Juliana; he has forbidden me to be sad. He would perceive it, sir. Do you think, that when my head had gone wrong in the night, and he came in the morning, and merely looked at me, he would say—'James, you have been thinking that;' and then he would scold me, this dear friend. Yes," added he with an expression of joy—"he would scold me, and that would give me pleasure, because he tried to make his words cross, but he could not do it."

"And what gave you the idea of becoming a water-carrier?"

"He gave me that also. Do you suppose I have ideas? I began to loose my grief, but my time hung heavy on my hands. At thirty-two years old, to be sitting all day in a chair! He then began to instruct me, as he said, and he told me beautiful stories. The Bible—the history of an old man, blind like me, named Tobias: the history of Joseph; the history of David; the history of Jesus Christ. And then he made me repeat them after him. But my head, it was hard, it was hard, it was not used to learning; and I was always getting tired in my arms and my legs."

"And he tormented us to death," said his wife, laughing.

"True, true," replied he, laughing also, "I became cross. He came again, and said—

"James, you must go to work."

"I showed him my poor, burned hands."

"It is no matter; I have bought you a capital in trade."

"Me, Mr. Desgranges?"

"Yes, James, a capital into which they never put goods, and where they always find them."

"It must have cost you a great deal, sir."

"Nothing at all, my lad."

"What is then this fund?"

"The river."

"The river? Do you wish me to become a fisherman?"

"Not at all; a water-carrier."

"Water-carrier! but eyes!"

"Eyes, of what use are they? do the dray-horses have eyes? If they do, they make use of them; if they do not, they do without them. Come, you must be a water-carrier."

"But a cask."

"I will give you one."

"A cart."

"I have ordered one at the cart-maker's."

"But customers."

"I will give you my custom, to begin with, eighteen francs a month; (my dear friend he pays for water as dearly as for wine.) Moreover, you have nothing to say, either yes or no. I have dismissed my water-carrier, and you would not let my wife and I die with thirst. This dear Madam Desgranges, just think of it. And so, my boy, in three days—work. And you Madame James, come here; and he carried off Juliana."

"Yes, sir," continued the wife, "he carried me off, ordered leather straps, made me buy the wheels, harnessed me; we were all astonishment, James and I; but stop, if you can, when Mr. Desgranges drives you. At the end of three days, he we are with the cask, he harnessed and drawing it, I behind, pushing; we were ashamed at crossing the village as if we were doing something wrong; it seemed as if everybody would laugh at us. But Mr. Desgranges was there in the street."

"Come on, James," said he, 'courage.

"We came along, and in the evening he put into our hands a piece of money, saying," continued the blind man, with emotion—

"James, here are twenty sous you have earned to-day."

"Earned, sir, think of that! earned, it was fifteen months that I had only eaten what had been given to me. It is good to receive from good people, it is true; but the bread that one earns, it is as we say, half corn, half barley; it nourishes better, and then it was done, I was no longer the woman, I was a laborer—a laborer—James earned his living."

A sort of pride shone from his face.

"How," said the young man, "was your cask sufficient to support you?"

"Not alone, sir; but I have still another profession."

"Another profession?"

"Ha, ha, yes, sir; the river always runs, except when it is frozen, and, as Mr. Desgranges says, 'water-carriers do not make their fortune with ice,' so he gave me a Winter trade and Summer trade."

"Winter trade?"

Mr. Desgranges returned at this moment—James heard him—"Is it not true, Mr. Desgranges, that I have another trade beside that of water-carrier?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What is it then?"

"Wood-sawyer."

"Wood-sawyer? impossible: how could you measure the length of the sticks? how could you cut wood without cutting yourself?"

"Cut myself, sir," replied the blind man, with a pleasant shade of confidence; "I formerly was a wood-sawyer, and the saw knows me well, and then one learns everything—I go to school, indeed. They put a pile of wood at my left side, my saw and saw horse before me, and a stick that is to be sawed in three; I take a thread, I cut it the size of the third of the stick—this is the measure. Every place I saw, I try it, and so it goes on till now there is nothing burned or drunk in the village without calling upon me."

"Without mentioning," added Mr. Desgranges, "that he is a commissioner."

"A commissioner!" said the young man, still more surprised.

"Yes, sir, when there is an errand to be done at Melun, I put my little girl on my back, and then off I go. She sees for me, I walk for her; those who meet me, say, 'Here is a gentleman who carries his eyes very high;' to which I answer, 'that is so I may see the farther.' And then at night I have twenty sous more to bring home."

"But are you not afraid of stumbling against the stones?"

"I lift my feet pretty high; and then I am used to it, I come from Noiesement here all alone."

"All alone! how do you find your way?"

"I find the course of the wind as I leave

home, and this takes the place of the sun with me."

"But the holes?"

"I know them all."

"And the walls."

"I feel them. When I approach anything thick, sir, the air comes with less force upon my face; it is but now and then that I get a hard knock, as by example, if sometimes a little handcart is left on the road, I do not suspect it—whack! bad for you, poor five-and-thirty; but this is soon over. It is only when I get bewildered, as I did day before yesterday. O then —"

"You have not told me of that, James," said Mr. Desgranges.

"I was, however, somewhat embarrassed, my dear friend. While I was here the wind changed, I did not perceive it; but at the end of a quarter of an hour, when I had reached the plain of Noiesement, I had lost my way, and I felt so bewildered that I did not dare to stir a step. You know the plain, not a house, no passers-by. I sat down on the ground, I listened; after a moment, I heard at, as I supposed, about two hundred paces distant, a noise of running water. I said, 'If this should be the stream which is at the bottom of the plain.' I went feeling along on the side from which the noise came—I reached the stream; then I reasoned in this way: the water comes down from the side of Noiesement and crosses it. I put in my hand to feel the current."

"Bravo, James."

"Yes, but the water was so low and the current so small, that my hand felt nothing. I put in the end of my stick, it was not moved. I rubbed my head; finally, I said, 'I am a fool, here is my handkerchief;' I took it, I fastened it to the end of my cane. Soon I felt that it moved gently to the right, very gently. Noiesement is on the right. I started again and I got home to Juliana, who began to be uneasy."

"O," cried the young man, "this is admirable —"

But Mr. Desgranges stopped him, and leading him to the other end of the room,

"Silence!" said he to him in a low voice—"not admirable, do not corrupt by pride the simplicity of this man. Look at him, see how tranquil his face is, how calm after this recital which has moved you so much. He is ignorant of himself, do not spoil him."

"It is so touching," said the young man, in a low tone.

"Undoubtedly, and still his superiority does not lie there. A thousand blind men have found out these ingenious resources, a thousand will find them again; but this moral perfection—this heart, which opens itself so readily to elevated consolations—this heart which so willingly takes upon it the part of a victim—this heart which has restored him to life. For do not be deceived, it is not I who have saved him, it is his affection for me, his ardent gratitude

has filled his whole soul, and has sustained—he has lived because he has loved!"

At that moment, James, who had remained at the other end of the room, and who perceived that we were speaking low, got up softly, and with a delicate discretion, said to his wife,

"We will go away without making any noise."

"Are you going, James?"

"I am in the way, my dear Mr. Desgranges."

"No, pray stay longer."

His benefactor retained him, reaching out to him cordially his hand. The blind man seized the hand in his turn, and pressed it warmly against his heart.

"My dear friend, my dear good friend, you permit me to stay a little longer. How glad I am to find myself near you. When I am said I say—James, the good God will, perhaps, of His mercy, put you in the same paradise with Ms. Desgranges, and that does me good."

The young man smiled at this simple tenderness, which believed in a hierarchy in Heaven. James heard him.

"You smile, sir. But this good man has recreated James. I dream of it every night—I have never seen him, but I shall know him then. Oh my God, if I recover my sight I will look at him for ever—for ever, like the light, till he shall say to me, James, go away. But he will not say so, he is too good. If I had known him four years ago, I would have served him, and never have left him."

"James, James!" said Mr. Desgranges; but the poor man could not be silenced.

"It is enough to know he is in the village; this makes my heart easy. I do not always wish to come in, but I pass before his house, it is always there, and when he is gone a journey I make Juliana lead me into the plain of Noiesmont, and I say—'turn me towards the place where he is gone that I may breathe the same air with him.'"

Mr. Desgranges put his hand before his mouth. James stopped.

"You are right, Mr. Desgranges; my mouth is rude, it is only my heart which is right. Come, wife," said he, gaily, and drying the great tears which rolled from his eyes, "Come, we must give our children their supper. Good-by, my dear friend, good-by, sir."

He went away, moving his staff before him. Just as he laid his hand upon the door, Mr. Desgranges called him back.

"I want to tell you a piece of news which will give you pleasure. I was going to leave the village this year; but I have just taken a new lease of five years of my landlady."

"Do you see, Juliana," said James to his wife, turning round, "I was right when I said he was going away."

"How," replied Mr. Desgranges, "I had told them not to tell you of it."

"Yes; but here," putting his hand on his heart, "everything is plain here. I heard about a month since, some little words, which had begun to make my head turn round; when,

last Sunday, your landlady called me to her, and showed me more kindness than usual, promising me that she would take care of me, and that she would never abandon me. When I came home, I said to Juliana, 'Wife, Mr. Desgranges is going to quit the village; but that lady has consoled me.'"

In a few moments the blind man had returned to his home.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MARY ANN WHITAKER.

Where is the Beautiful? 'Tis everywhere!

It permeates all life; its presence beams
On the glad earth, like some bright star
which seems

All glowing with the eloquence of prayer.

What is the Beautiful? A mystery!

Not man, but God alone its depths can sound;
Would'st thou among its worshippers be found?
Rise on the wings of Faith, where thought is free.

And thou shalt know the Beautiful—yet not

As one whom worldly wisdom fast enchains
Within the prison-house of self; whose claims
Are based on Pride, and therefore soon forgot.

But bow thy heart before the Beautiful

In simple, child-like love; content to feel
Thy greatest thought too feeble to reveal
God's secret workings, vast and wonderful.

So shall the Beautiful encircle thee

With a diviner radiance, whose light
Will fall, like silver moonbeams o'er the night
Of doubt and sorrow—soft and lovingly.

Or would'st thou woo the Beautiful, when joy

Rings her rich laughing music in thine ear,
And bids thee welcome to fair nature's cheer
'Neath sunny skies? Oh! let not sin destroy

The altar of the Beautiful, which lives,

Upared by angels, in each human heart;
But garland it with fadeless flowers, nor part
With one memorial truth or virtue gives.

Worship the Beautiful, in thought and deed!

Scorn not earth's symbols, for by them alone
Can we approach the mystic spirit-home
Where beauty from mortality is freed.

Seek, seek the Beautiful in nature! then,

Then thou wilt find upon her monuments
Of rock and mountain, records of events
Most wondrous—and prophetic words to men.

Love, love the Beautiful, when smiling earth

Presents a gentler face to greet thy kiss,
Like a young, blushing bride, whose purest
bliss

Is found in earnest trust, and honored worth.

Be worthy of the Beautiful! thy home,

Thy heart of hearts should be its resting-
place;

Oh! powerful be its ministry of grace!

Within each dwelling bid the angel come.

And God's own smile the Beautiful will bless;

Reminding us that He, the Giver, wills
All to claim freely the kind hand which fills
This world with purity and loveliness.

WONDERS IN ANIMAL LIFE.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The marvellous pleasures all; because if it interests the physiologist, it amuses others. Now then, since I have promised to do so, I will guide you for a short time through those thousand marvels which nature has scattered in her pathway without your having perceived them; I will show you those creatures so common, so fantastic, and yet so little known, who will change the face of the universe in your eyes, and metamorphose the globe which you inhabit, the country which has given you birth, the garden where you cultivate your tulips, into an enchanted world where nothing obeys the ordinary laws of nature, where animals, plants, and all that exists, are subject to the powerful laws of magic. For you I will make myself a magician, and evoke the most extraordinary beings, much more so than any you have read of in fairy tales. You shall see some, which, after a bloody combat, deposit to resume others, not their broken armour, but their mutilated limbs; others gravely promenading after having been decapitated. You will see some, like the fabulous hydra, creating to themselves new heads as fast as the old ones are cut off; some, more cunning than Proteus, eluding dangers by twenty successive metamorphoses; others dying when the beneficent rays of the sun strike them, and reviving when the storm threatens or desolates the earth. But let us not anticipate, and commence by an excursion to New Holland.

You know that ancient naturalists had formed a grand class of animals which they called quadrupeds, because all had four feet; but frogs, lizards, tortoises, have also four feet, whence they also must be classed among quadrupeds, which is contrary to all analogies; for the frog is found in the same class with the horse, the lizard, with monkeys, &c. They then gave the name of reptiles to all those which having four paws, creep, have bodies naked or covered with scales, and lay eggs. The class of quadrupeds was soon limited to those which have the body covered with hair, and bring forth their young living. Modern naturalists adopted these two classes, under the names of oviparous and viviparous quadrupeds. At last came the celebrated George Cuvier, who rejected the class of viviparous quadrupeds, to found in it a new division which he called that of the mammifera, or animals which give suck to their little ones.

We are now in New Holland, and are observing, near Port Jackson, some animals sporting in the waves and among the reeds of a marsh. At a distance we should take them for otters, for they are of about the same color and size; like those, they swim gracefully, and cleave the surface of the water with surprising rapidity. But let us approach, and as we study these singular creatures, we shall pass from

surprise to surprise, for these are *ornithorhines* (*Ornithorhincus paradoxians*.) Their head is the most singular part at the first glance; the back of it is covered with short and glossy hair; the smallness of the eyes and the want of ears, as well as the general form of the skull, give it a little the appearance of that of the mole; but this head is prolonged in front into a genuine duck's bill, long, flat, having its edges garnished with little transversal scales. Within this beak are found two tongues; one long, extensible, bristling with short and close hair; one short, thick, having in front two little fleshy tips. At the entrance of its throat are eight teeth, two at each jaw; but these teeth are without roots and composed of little vertical tubes.

The body of the ornithorhine, (known among the inhabitants under the name of water-rats,) is elongated, almost cylindrical like that of a seal, covered with reddish hair, thin and glossy, terminated by a tail, short but flattened like that of a beaver; its legs are short; its fore feet provided with a membrane, which not only unites the claws, but reaches far beyond the nails, and the result of this unexampled peculiarity is, that the claws seem as it were merged in a sort of fin. In the hind feet the membrane terminates at the roots of the nails; but they have another peculiarity not less remarkable; they are armed, like the claws of a cock, with a long pointed spur, which the inhabitants say produces a venomous wound. You see that this ambiguous animal resembles at once a bird and a fish, though it be a quadruped. Its classification did not, however, embarrass our naturalists, and they placed it unhesitatingly among the mammifera, in consideration of its feet, its body covered with hair, and some other characteristics. But, alas! this *ornithorhine* is a mammiferous animal which does not give suck—a viviparous quadruped which lays eggs! And now spend forty years of your life in studying the sciences to make a system! Besides, we know at present five or six species of animals similar to the one of which we have spoken.

Among fishes, there is one excessively common, spread over all parts of the globe, and which has equally made the despair of the scientific. It is the common eel (*Murana anguilla*, Lin.) All the researches which have been made to learn how it multiplies have failed. Whence then comes this animal which is caught in such abundance in the sea, in rivers, and even in the smallest streams? But here is a new fact which must also embarrass naturalists. Some years since, an engineer caused to be dug an artesian well in a village very distant from the sea, as well as from any body of water large enough to contain fish. The workmen dug it to some hundreds of feet; then, having reached an enormous depth, they withdrew their engineer's plummet. The water rose bubbling, reached the surface of the earth, darted into the air in a limpid and brilliant

jet, and fell back again to earth under the form of a rain of little eels. Formerly, people would have exclaimed, "A miracle!" The engineer contented himself with picking up five or six, which he put into a phial, and sent to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, where I have seen them. They differ in nothing from our common eels of the same size, which is about that of a quill, and are from five to six inches in length. Can the eel be a child of earth, like those fabulous animals of which the ancients have related to us such marvels?

Since we are upon the mysterious inhabitants of the bowels of the earth, I must show you one which, as well as the water-rat, gives the lie to science. Let us transport ourselves to La Carniole, and, provided with resinous flambeaux, penetrate those gloomy caverns whose sparkling stalactites are so much admired by mineralogists. Having reached the bottom of these humid vaults, our march will be suddenly arrested by a sheet of water, limpid as the purest crystal, and the distant sound of a cascade dies away in our ears. Such are the subterranean channels by which certain lakes of La Carniole communicate together. No living being can resist the sharp cold of these waters, for ever deprived of the gentle influences of the air and the light, except the proteus serpent (*Proteus anguinus*, Cuvier), which you see crawling slowly over the rocks at the bottom, or sometimes coming out and dragging itself over the micaceous sand of the banks.

The ancients believed in the existence of amphibious animals, that is to say, animals which could live equally well in the waters and on the earth, having an equal faculty for decomposing air and water to breathe. Our moderns have denied the possibility of such a faculty, because, they have said, the lungs are the only organs proper to decompose air, and the gills the only ones fitted to decompose water. As it is impossible that an animal should have at once lungs and gills, there is no amphibious animal possible.

Now let us examine the proteus, which we have caught in a cavern of La Carniole, and the first thing which meets our eyes is that it has lungs with which it decomposes the air when it comes out of the water and chooses to make itself a reptile, and gills, which form three pretty plumes on each side of the head, which serve to decompose the water whenever it pleases to live after the manner of fishes. Its body is eighteen inches long, and never larger than a finger. It terminates in a flat tail which serves at once as oar and rudder. Its muzzle is elongated, depressed, and its two jaws garnished with teeth. It is blind, for its excessively little eye is concealed beneath the skin. You will admire here the providence of Nature, which has deprived it of an organ entirely useless as long as it shall be condemned to live in the obscurity of these deep caverns; but it has given it germs to be developed in

case a geological revolution should throw it upon the surface of the earth. One would be tempted to believe that Nature had the same views in giving it its double respiratory organ, and four legs so short and small that they are almost useless, and that it is obliged to creep, after the manner of serpents.

The siren (*Siren Lacertina*, Lin.), which inhabits the marshes of Carolina, may be, perhaps, if we adopt this opinion, but a proteus, modified by the light of day and the element which it can no longer leave because of the heat of the sun. In fact, it differs from it only by its eyes, which are open, but which remain extremely small, and by its paws, still more obliterated, for only the forepaws remain, and so little that they are, so to speak, only rudiments. Its body is colored as that of all creatures exposed to the light of day, and from white it has become blackish. It has acquired strength, viracity, size, and may, in these respects, be compared with an eel three feet in length. But its lungs remain, and its three gills still float freely on each side of its head. I give you this only as a hypothesis, which you may look upon as like those nursery tales I have alluded to above.

These two animals belong to the family of *Batrachia* of Cuvier, a family which presents the most singular phenomena of vital force. Let us look in the ponds and gutters of limpid water in the neighborhood of Paris, and see whether chance or good fortune will not furnish us with a subject for our observations.

Here is a lizard swimming gracefully in the pond of Anteuil; its body is a clear brown above, and of a pretty red beneath, everywhere studded with little round black spots; its head is striped with the same color; and the back of the male is adorned, but only in the Spring, with a beautiful festooned crest. This is the punctuated salamander (*salamandra punctuata*, Cuv.) of the naturalists. It is upon it that we are about to make our experiments. Let us take this one, cut off one paw close to its body, and throw it into the little pond in your garden. A week afterwards we find the stump elongated, and presenting already an articulation about the middle, representing the joint. A few days afterwards this stump has assumed a more definite form, and we easily recognize the whole limb, which will soon exactly resemble the other. Finally, at the end of a month, more or less, according to the heat of the season, our salamander will have recovered his entire paw, absolutely like the others, wanting in nothing: muscles, nerves, veins, arteries, bones and ligaments, all complete. Let us see if we have exhausted this singular power of reproduction; we will cut off the paw anew; it grows again as on the first occasion, and as often as we please.

Let us cut off two at once; then three, then all four; the phenomenon of reproduction takes place as if we had cut off but one.

If we deprive it of one eye, the animal will

doubtless remain blind. This is nothing. See its eyelids, with which it shelters from contact with the air the frightful wound we have made, and which without opening, by degrees become prominent. Some fine morning, at the moment when the sun rises above the horizon throws upon nature its creative rays, the salamander, re-animated by a gentle warmth, makes an effort, opens its two eyelids, and turns towards the father of fruitfulness two eyes equally brilliant, and both reflecting the vivid light of day.

Since the eyelids have protected the miraculous formation of this new eye, let us again take out the eye: then with scissors cut off the eyelids. But behold, the wound covers itself with a white and purulent humor: this humor grows thicker, becomes a protecting membrane, which quickly acquiring strength is colored and metamorphosed into eyelids. The phenomena of reproduction no longer experiences any obstacle, and we have but delayed for a few days the formation of the new eye.

Our experiments shall now be made on a more essential organ, the brain. In man, as in all animals, the brain is the root of the nerves, and the seat of sensibility. The slightest lesion of this delicate part is followed by the gravest accidents, such as stupefaction, lethargy, paralysis and death. With a very sharp instrument we will open the skull of our salamander. Now let us empty its brain by means of a little ear-picker, and leave there absolutely nothing; we will see whether the accidents of which I have spoken above, will develop themselves progressively. Not at all. As soon as we restore the animal to the water, he continues to move about, to eat, and to fulfill all the functions of life as if nothing had happened to him.

How strong he is! Since we have not been able to kill him thus, let us end all at a blow, and cut off his head. The miracle of St. Denis was nothing to this. Our headless salamander moves tranquilly among the slime of the pond. Only his walk is uneasy, groping; for we see that he fears to strike the wound against surrounding bodies, and is careful, in order to avoid painful shocks, to move gently, and to feel with his forepaws. Every time he needs to breathe he rises to the surface of the water, and presents to the air his stump of a neck, just as the entire animal has just presented his nose. The air penetrates the lungs through the hole of the trachea, and the animal regains the bottom. But how does he eat? I cannot tell you. Probably the particles of organic matter, disseminated through the water, penetrate the stomach through the hole in his neck. What is certain is, that they live very well in this state, and have been preserved thus several months. But they have died by various accidents resulting from want of care, and we know not whether new heads would be formed. This is an experiment which may be easily made. The animal accustoms itself

readily to an earthen or glass vase, provided it be of a certain size, and the water changed every two or three days. You will see with astonishment that a short time after his head has been cut off, he will know his vase by heart and not strike against its sides.

NEW PROSPECTS OF LUNAR CONQUESTS.

The earth's geologists and the moon have not hitherto been upon good terms. The sages have wooed the lovely goddess of the night both assiduously and ardently, but she has never yet looked upon them as she did on the shepherd Endymion during his dream on the heights of Mount Latmus. Their most earnest suit has received no other answer than cold and silent reserve. It is not surprising, then, that the slighted suitors sometimes break through the bounds of patience, and express their irritation and disappointment in opprobrious epithets and bitter words. An amusing illustration of this weak side of philosophy occurred at the Ipswich meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in the year 1851.

An eloquent geologist, of high repute, there found occasion, under the show of paying compliment to the astronomer-royal for his presidential address, to speak of the moon as an "inconsistent jade, who never behaved as she ought, and who might be seen at one time threatening to reap down the stars with her ruthless sickle, and at another looking out derisively from the sky with a one-sided face." It is clear that no sage philosopher could, at years of discretion, have thus characterized the beautiful phases of the lunar aspect, unless his perceptions had been obscured, and his judgment warped by prejudice and angry feeling. We, ourselves, have no doubt that our guess is a shrewd one, and that "Rejected Addresses" were at the bottom of the affair.

But there is now strong reason for hoping that more intimate and amicable relations will soon be established between terrestrial sages and the moon. It has been determined that the suit of science shall henceforth be pressed discreetly, and in accordance with due and proper form. At the Belfast meeting of the British Association, a committee of "likely men" was appointed to the task of deliberating upon ways and means. This committee met in September, 1852, at the residence of Lord Rosse, and took a preliminary survey of the lunar face, from a cautious and respectful distance, through the great tube which his lordship kindly placed at their disposal for the purpose. This survey led to the framing of a well-considered plan for future operations, and the first-fruits appeared at the Hull sitting of the British Association, recently held. Professor Phillips there presented a drawing of the annular mountain Gassendi, as a model of the

form of delineation the band of confederated selenographers intend to adopt.

The professor stated, however, while exhibiting this sketch, that he had to communicate still higher promise of great results being soon attained. It will be remembered, that in 1851, Professor Bond, of Cambridge, United States, produced a photographic portrait of the moon, three inches across. That portrait was made within the tube of the Cambridge telescope, converted for the occasion into a photographic camera, by a lens possessing a diameter of fifteen inches. Since that period, a more sensitive material than M. Daguerre's plate of iodized silver has been discovered. By employing this substance, the iodized collodion spread in a thin film on a plate of glass, Professor Phillips has procured a very good image of the moon in five minutes, although the telescope he used had only a diameter of six inches and a quarter, and although the moon was at low southern altitude at the time. The professor has no doubt that the same result might be attained in one minute, instead of in five, when the moon is at its highest southern elevation in the sky.

But here again, if such a result was attained when a pigmy telescope of about six inches was used in the production of the picture, what might not be expected if Lord Rosse's giant instrument of six feet was engaged in the task! Professor Phillips has seen in this telescope a magnificent moon-image, six inches across, and so brilliant, that he is sure it would be able to stamp itself distinctly upon the film of iodized collodion, in fifteen seconds at the most; or even if it were again magnified to a diameter of twelve inches, by the introduction of proper optical apparatus, in one minute. But these photographic pictures are so exquisitely defined in their details, that they bear to be examined by means of amplifying lenses. The twelve-inch picture of the moon, sketched on iodized collodion, by Lord Rosse's telescope, might be magnified subsequently eight times at least, without the limit of increased distinctness being reached. Such a magnified view would present a map of the moon upon a scale of one inch to twenty-two miles, and in which the form and outline of an object really 105 feet across, would be projected with the utmost distinctness. Indeed, bodies only thirty-seven feet across, and, therefore, of the dimensions of ordinary houses, would be perceptible in it as specks; and since streaks are much more readily discerned by the eye than spots, lines not exceeding ten feet in breadth would be visible as lines. A photographic picture of the moon, drawn by Lord Rosse's telescope, and subsequently magnified by appropriate contrivances, would, in fact, present a delineation of the lunar surface, analogous to that which the physical maps now in use present of the county of Yorkshire when held at the distance of ten inches from the eye. It would indeed be a representation of the moon as it

would appear if seen from a distance of twenty-four miles instead of twenty-four thousand. The discomfited geologists may therefore take heart; their turn is assuredly coming. The existing president of the British Association has declared his conviction, that the details of the moon's superficial structure will very soon be more fully and accurately known, than either the geology or geography of our own terrestrial sphere.

It may, however, be asked why Lord Rosse's telescope has not been already converted into a photographic camera, under circumstances of such rich promise. The answer is, that a series of preliminary difficulties of a mechanical nature have to be overcome before an accurate picture of the moon can be secured upon a sensitive photographic surface. Every one knows how essential perfect repose and stillness in the subject are, when an accurate daguerreotype miniature is to be taken. M. Claudet, after arranging the drapery of the sitter with artistic care, pins a flower on one of the curtains of his magical light-chamber, in order that the look may be fixed upon it during the exposure of the plate; and, not content with this precaution, he then also plants the ends of a curved iron holdfast on each side of the head, to preclude the possibility of any lateral movement. But none of this care can be taken in the case of the moon. She laughs at M. Claudet's art as much as she does at the geologist's science. No holdfast can be made to fix her restless head; no flower has fascination enough to stop her roving glance. The instant her face is caught on the sensitive plate of the photographer's camera it is found that, from moment to moment, she is stealthily sidling along the sky. Observe how the end of a noonday shadow travels over the surface of the ground. Exactly in this way the moon's image travels along the photographic plate; and the consequence is, that every detailed feature within it is blurred in the direction towards which the picture is moving. Nothing can be done in sketching the moon until the camera is made, by some means or other, to accompany her movements as she glides through the sky.

In the practice of lunar photography, this end is attained by attaching the telescope, which is used as a camera, to a train of clock-work. The several parts of the apparatus are then so adjusted that the telescope keeps lunar time—that is, moves round precisely as the moon progresses in the sky. But even this proves to be insufficient where a very accurate picture is to be made, for the moon does not go evenly along amid the starry host. She is always either getting on faster and faster, or lagging back more and more. Her movement is an accelerating or retarding one, and she is also constantly shifting her position a little upwards or downwards on the celestial surface. Mechanical compensations must, therefore, be provided to meet all these causes of irregularity,

and these compensations must be severally adjusted to the exact behavior of the moon at the time selected for the operation. Now, it will be readily understood from all this, that a vast amount of ingenuity must be brought into play before even a small telescope can be enabled to keep the moon's company during a portion of one of her nocturnal wanderings, but how much more must this be the case ere a very large instrument can be qualified for the same erratic fellowship. Let it be remembered, that before Lord Rosse can carry out his purpose of fixing the lunar face by means of his great speculum, an enormous tube fifty-six feet long and weighing fifteen tons, will have to be converted into a sort of clock-hand, and carried with an accurately adjusted accelerating or retarding movement! This wonderful work will no doubt be accomplished, but there is no room left for surprise if the thing be not done as rapidly as the idea of its possibility has been conceived.—*Chambers's Journal.*

HOPE.

Hope was a rosy maiden,
With laughing, merry eyes;
But she always shut them pretty close
When storms were in the skies.

"Pho! pho!" she cried, "'tis but a sham,
The sun is peeping out;
He has only been inquiring
What the moon has been about."

One day, she lost a treasure—
"I'll find it," was the cry;
"Or, if I don't, I'll do without,
Or know the reason why."

Her little lambkin sicken'd—
"Cheer up, my pet," she cried,
"I haven't heard, these dozen years,
Of any lamb that died."

The clouds at last have broken,
And it's raining very fast—
"Yes," sung the merry maiden,
"Too heavily to last."

Her rosebud droop'd unkindly—
"You naughty, little thing!
But still I have my lovely birds,
How charmingly they sing!"

The dead leaves lay by thousands—
"I would be very sad," said she,
"But I see the green buds breaking out
Upon the mother tree."

The coffin by the cradle
Told the struggle that was o'er—
Hope whispered in the mother's ear,
"'Tis but an angel more!"

Her bark upon the quicksands
Ten thousand floods o'erwhelm—
"Hope look'd above, 'This is the time
For God to take the helm."

Death is standing by her pillow,
She feels the icy kiss—
She lifts her arms, "I go to God,
Where Hope dissolves in Bliss."

POVERINA.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

An old mechanic lay upon his death-bed. He had lived an honest, pure and blameless life, and therefore awaited death with calm resignation.

He cast his eyes about him—the house was old, yet well built—it was filled with the comforts supplied by a moderate income. The lands were well tilled and rich in a Summer verdure.

The old man, as he thought how old companions had grown wealthy, built fine houses, and bought herds and jewels, smiled meaningly as he had done, when his old cronies cried, "Why, Hubert, man, thou must make more than thy expenses."

As the first shudder of death crept over his soul, he called unto his bedside three daughters, all young, fair and sensible.

"My beloved ones," he whispered, "I have passed my youth and later years in endeavoring to find the *best way to live*—I have found it in *moderation*. You, I cannot expect to be satisfied with my experience. You shall judge for yourselves.

"When I commenced to grow rich, I looked around me. Some friends had become wealthy in advance. They bought and built, added luxuries to comforts and replaced comforts with show. They were never satisfied: always grasping, hoping, wishing for more. I owned my farm. My business was prosperous. I founded a scheme I then believed the height of wisdom. I dug a trench in my cellar and placed therein all my overplus funds. It is astonishing how fast they multiplied; but I cared not for them. I had the means of living like my neighbors, and this rendered me satisfied.

"I feel now that this gold could have done much good in the world. I have retained bread from hungry mouths and clothing from suffering bodies. We have no right to hoard money; justice and right require that it be constantly passing and exchanging, that the poor may catch a glimpse of it, or the necessities it brings them. I leave to you, my children, the distribution of my earnings. Take it—seek ye each one the happiest life."

Soon after the old man expired.

His daughters truly grieved for so estimable a parent.

Three years after his death, they sate alone in the sitting room. The sun shone through the elm branches, and imaged a shower of golden coins upon the painted floor.

Reichen, the eldest, gazed upon them musingly.

"Sisters," she exclaimed, starting from a reverie, "the great wealth our father left us still lies buried in the earth. His last wish is unfulfilled. Let us this day choose our path and follow it. We can divide the gold, take

each her portion, and commence a search for happiness."

"I agree," replied Parnassa. "What say you, little one?"

"Our father's wish should be fulfilled," answered the youngest.

"Let us then make our choice," cried the enthusiastic Reichen.

"Commence then, thou art eldest."

"Well, I will seek the rich and fashionable, the lovers of fun and frolic, the leaders of mirth. They have always appeared to me happy as the day is long."

"And thou, Parnassa," said the younger.

"I will remain here in our old home. I will seek for knowledge and fame. Those whose name trembles on every lip with praise, must be supremely happy. I will exchange all my gold for a laurel wreath."

"Choose, our little one."

"I would try a lower path—a descent is often happier than an ascent. It is easier to rise than fall."

The sisters shook their heads and answered, "Thou hast chosen badly, Poverina. Reconsider, there is yet time."

But she smiled faintly and was steadfast.

All that week they passed in counting and dividing the gold; the next in making preparations for their departures.

One bright morning, Reichen, dressed in silks and jewels, stepped into an elegant carriage; her gold was in handsome trunks in the boot; a liveried servant held the reins, and another closed the door. As far as the other two could see her, her gay bonnet plumes waved in the air, and her laced pocket handkerchief fluttered a last farewell.

An hour after, little Poverina, in a grey hood and coarse blue gown, passed out on foot. She dragged behind her a little wagon filled with her share of the treasure, and covered ostensibly with carrots and cabbages for the market.

Parnassa watched the last fold of her dress as she turned down the hill, and wiping away her tears, cried, "Now for books, books," and went into the house, closing the door after her.

Ten years had passed since the sisters parted. The day had arrived upon which they had agreed to meet once more. In the old homestead all was unchanged, but that it looked grayer and more neglected. In the well remembered sitting room all wore a different aspect. Statues filled the niches, flowers breathed odors commingled—books lay upon chairs, tables and window seats—books everywhere. At a desk filled with writing materials, sat Parnassa, a laurel wreath was upon her brow; but that brow was livid, and the eyes beneath it dim and lustreless. Changes had been wrought on the finite here.

The door opened and a strange figure entered; a woman bowed and shrunk. Her still luxuriant hair was threaded with silver, and shone through the artificial ringlets. The rouge

upon her cheek and lip, the carefully pencilled eyebrow and richly fashioned robe, could not conceal the ravages of dissipation, or the meagre form, grown old before its time.

"Reichen," cried Parnassa.

"Parnassa," replied the mummy; and the sisters exchanged embraces in silence—too wonder-stricken for words.

At this moment, a little grey hood peeped in at the door. The face therein was fresh and youthful, the form round and the step elastic. Were not the cheeks much paler than of yore, the sisters would have thought that Poverina had not changed in the least since their separation.

"Sisters," she cried, hastening to greet them, "God has permitted us all to live to meet once more, blessed be His name!"

When they were composed, they seated themselves, and prepared to recount each their progress toward happiness during their ten years' search.

Parnassa, being the one who remained at home, and believing her life less eventful than her sisters, commenced—

"When my tears had ceased to flow at your departure, I came into the house, and taking a quantity of gold, sent it, with a list of books, by Gottlieb, to the city. By the next day, a large car of these valuables arrived. I had shelves placed around my room, and filled them. I then procured one thousand reams of paper, four gallons of ink and a huge box of pens. Thus supplied, I commenced writing and reading, leaving to Gottlieb and Hanna the domestic avocations. I spared myself neither time nor pains. I wrought early and late. I lost sleep, took no exercise, and scarcely allowed myself time to partake of my meals.

"When my first work was finished, with many hopes and misgivings, I published it. It pleased the public, that public whose name is legion, and whose voice is life or death. That public, so feared by a debutante author, was pleased to shower upon me golden opinions. They cried for my name. It was given. I was inundated with invitations and congratulations. I wrote again and again. I drank a full measure of fame; but in the empty goblet found no solace. I had worked, toiled, eight years for this laurel wreath; but when it became mine, and action was no longer necessary to secure it, life was all a blank page. Money filled the old vault in the cellar, but all was lonely. There was no one to love me; no one for me to love. Unsatisfied I lived—and longed to die, hoping, in another life, to find that rest I longed for. My health is impaired from constant sedentary habits and late vigils. I must now care as much for my ailing body as I have heretofore neglected it.

"I hope, dear Reichen, that your history will not be so sad in its termination. With me the belief lies that there is no happiness

on this earth. The endurance is here, the happiness in Heaven."

Reichen shook sadly her withered head.

"I drove far away from you, my sisters, to a distant city. I put up at the largest and most imposing hotel in appearance. The splendor of the interior of this house quite dazzled me. There were many articles that I did not know the use of, nor did I ever learn that they were put to any useful purpose. At the table, I met ladies in elegant attire. There was a preponderance of jewelry about them, and a want of appropriate selections for different forms and complexions. At the table, I was handed 'a bill of fare.' I think I am right in the term. There were many French words thereon, quite puzzling to one unacquainted with the language, but I managed to get through the courses very well until I arrived at the dessert. A gentleman beside me had a dish of a most delightful appearance, and I wished for some also. But, study my bill as I would, there was nothing that read as that appeared. I made, however, a bold stroke; and, pointing to an unpronounceable name, I requested a waiter to bring me some of that. It was a failure. I tried another and another; but, at length, frightened at the untouched dishes surrounding me, I desisted, and left the table.

"Having nothing to do but to amuse myself and assist many others, with whom I became acquainted, in passing the time as rapidly and giddily as possible, we walked out. I dressed as they did, in a most peculiar style. My robe of heavy silk dragged upon the ground. The day was muddy, and, to avoid being thrown down, I followed the example of those I met. I gathered my robe in my hands, displaying not only my elaborately embroidered skirts, but the new-fashioned gaiters then in vogue. I suspected, afterwards, that many of the ladies, accustomed to long robes, held them on high for the especial purpose of displaying their high-heeled Chinese junks; for they were so dear in price as to enable ladies only to purchase them. My bonnet was a Lilliputian, and stuck on to the back of my head with a wafer. My mantle was embroidered in Paris, and represented, in crimson thread, a family seal: a lion rampant on green fields, thirteen crosslets, and a turbot's head. I carried in my hand a 'lachrymal,' made of cobweb, just patented. Thus equipped, I walked or rode daily. Our carriages were made of a species of quicksilver, so shining and glasslike that they mirrored the poor, wretched beings who, with naked feet and shrunken forms, crawled by. I used to notice the poor much, when I first went there, but I imagine, afterward, they did not frequent the fashionable streets, for I do not remember of seeing them. Our coachmen we clothed in livery, with the most magnificent furs wrapped about them. Each one endeavored to surpass the others in equipage, and thus many mil-

lions were placed in the hands of wealthy financiers.

"Sometimes, a poor woman ventured to accost us, begging for aid; but most of the ladies would be so shocked at her want of manners, or knowledge of the language, that they frowned upon her in contempt. Some advised her to wear better shoes; but, when the half-frozen wretch asked how she could obtain them, cried—

"Work, work! Is the woman crazy?"

"The wretched creature turned her eyes to Heaven, and passed on.

"I will give you an idea of our manner of passing time. We all rose late, and threw on a rich morning-robe and elaborate cap. The one who appeared in the greatest disorder was pronounced to be in the most charming dishabille. We talked over much gossip and nonsense at our meals, lounged in the parlor, looked at the late fashions, or read any work that was quite the *ton*, (for you know one likes to be thought literary without the trouble of being so.) I generally skimmed over the story, then I asked the opinion of those who had read it carefully and adopted their opinion, generally remembering the language in which it was given.

"At eleven we rode—called later—shopped, met at —'s to gossip, pulled over goods, and gave as much trouble as we could, consistently with politeness. Our afternoons were engaged in joyous amusements. Our evenings passed at the opera, theatre, or any other fashionable places. When any celebrity lectured, we heard him. But we liked only the stars that were fixed planets, those that were rising, or those likely to set, we never troubled ourselves about.

"Parties were our great abominations, yet we never missed one, and dressed ourselves in rivalry as well as our coachmen. We wore long trains in the evenings, and might have been taken for peacocks by a casual observer. Having been called 'angels without wings,' we determined to have them, (the wings.) Emulating mercury's cap, we wore our hair puffed out to the last degree, filling all the spaces with green-houses.

"Had the flowers bloomed *within* our heads, rose-leaves of thought and lilly-bells of charity might have dropped from our lips, equal to the 'pearls and diamonds,' of the fairy tale. Here we smiled and chatted, danced, sang, played cards, and drank wine, returning to our homes at a very late hour of the night.

"It is needless to say, my dear sisters, that in this happy life I enjoyed myself to perfection, at first. But, after awhile, quarrels ensued. One friend spoke evil of another; some were less discreet and prudent than I could have wished. I became fatigued—there was nothing new to engage in. I was restless and unhappy. As my health gave way my beauty faded.

"When our prescribed limit of time drew

near, I was not sorry to return to my childhood's home. No one regretted my loss. I had no friend. I am firmly convinced, that as in these joys I found not happiness, there is no such reality. It is a chimera of the brain. One imagines they have found it often, but time disenchantments them. As for me, I detest it. I have lost health in seeking it. There is nothing in the future for me. In the next world I shall find none of my best loved joys. I can look back upon nothing that gives me comfort. Life is a stubble-field—death a desert. Speak thou, Poverina."

"Be not disturbed, my beloved Reichen," cried the tender Poverina, embracing her.

"It is never too late to learn goodness. When I left thee, Parnassa, looking with tearful eyes adown the road after me, I, too, journeyed to the city. I hired a cozy room in a small, plain house. I hid my gold in the hearth, and started forth, ostensibly to sell my little produce. Ah, sisters, how many wretched forms I met; not unhappy with ideal wants, but the lack of *necessaries* staring them in the face—driving them, they knew not, cared not, whither, to drown them. I wished to help all, but I waited to look well. The little children cried to my heart the most imploringly—those sent by parents to steal or beg, beaten by them, if unsuccessful, and beveraged on poisonous drinks if they brought in gains; those who have no childhood, but were born old—old in cunning and guilt. These little fire-brands I plucked from the burning. I built a house for them, tore them from their unnatural parents. I employed poor but educated girls to teach and oversee them. Daily I added to my number. Then I took by the hand the erring and intoxicated. I pointed toward a ray of escape; I watched over them, and when the cavern of despair ceased to cover them, and they stood in the free air, *men and women*, they blessed God and wept.

"I walked with the poor: I was of them. I toiled, suffered, grieved, and endured with them. I could always relieve. God knows, how I should have felt had I been unable to do so! I had my own pleasures, too, which they had not. I read—passed stolen hours with intelligent friends—interchanged confidences and hopes. When labor was numbing to my faculties, I sought some congenial amusement. When my gold had vanished, more poured in. I received contributions, and with economy and judgment it sufficed. I tore myself with pain from my beloved ones, to fulfil our compact. I have a monitor here," she continued, placing her hand upon her heart, "who bids me prepare for a long journey. I, sisters, have found happiness on earth, in doing good, in constant occupation in following in the footsteps of Him, who has said, 'I was hungered, and ye fed me; naked and ye clothed me.' I have lived—I leave in the hearts of many my monument. I die in peace with all, assured

of becoming happier in the next world than in this."

Here lived the sisters, all awaiting the angel of death.

Parnassa, cold, haughty, and passive, received, in silence, his summons.

Reichen, peevish, fretful and despairing, gazed at her own image in his polished scythe, as she was mowed into the outer field.

Poverina, smiling, patient, and hopeful, hailed with joy the rustle of his wings, and rose, with a song of praise upon her lip, into the glorious light of Heaven.

Stockbridge, Mass.

BENEDICITE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

God's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day!

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love—unchanging, pure, and true—
The Paraclete white shining through
His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou may'st hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

"ONLY FOR AMUSEMENT."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

What's that you're saying, miss? You, I mean, with the dark bright eyes and the smile hovering around the bed of dimples in your lips, like stray gleams of light. "Only for amusement, eh?"

The words come very musically from that little rosebud mouth, and the careless, coquetish toss of those brown ringlets, was certainly very bewitching. And so you have added another name to your list of conquests, and in order to gain this, you have for the last six months *been acting a lie*. You know you have, and that look of slandered innocence don't affect the matter one whit.

You meant to bring him to your feet; and you've done it. They said you couldn't—that his heart would be invulnerable even to charms like yours; and then you resolved, by fair means or foul, you'd achieve the thing. It was a hard matter at first though, wasn't it? But you smiled and sighed, you waltzed and walked, you beamed and blushed, you looked and languished, you flirted and fluttered, until at last you triumphed.

What glances—half meek, half-melting used to steal up from under the corners of your drooping lashes—what smiles, sudden and subduing, used to flash across that pretty face of yours; what low, sweet replies used to drop from your lips! You don't wonder when you look in the glass, that the fellow couldn't stand it.

Then how you managed to get next to him in the cosiest corner of the sofa, pretending that your eyes were weak and couldn't endure the light; or out in the garden where the breeze travelled down the flower-ruffled paths, and the stars looked with their meek, seraph eyes upon you, for the heat of the crowded rooms always gave you a headache.

Then somehow you could never pin your shawl. Your fingers were so clumsy with your gloves on, and your bonnet strings were always getting into a knot that you couldn't disentangle without *his* assistance; and *would* he be so kind as to hold the *bouquet* of roses and geraniums you were going to send to that darling friend of yours? How your little rosy fingers glanced among his, as you wound the blue ribbon around the stems.

But I can't begin to enumerate the thousandth part of your doings and manœuvres, and you were so innocent, so childlike withal. Goodness! A gray-headed diplomatist might have envied your skill.

Well, the *dénouement* came at last, and didn't you behave admirably! What a look of cool surprise you managed to call up and how very courteously you informed him that you never dreamed of his intentions being serious, you sincerely hoped nothing in your conduct had given him encouragement, and you should

always entertain for him a very high esteem. Didn't he look *blank* though. But you don't quite like to think of the expression which overswept his face the next moment. Even *your* heart was smitten with momentary self-reproach.

And so he has gone to California, leaving his widowed mother and sisters to mourn the absence of their only son and brother. What's that you're saying? It's nothing to you. You're not responsible for his movements. Yes, you are responsible, too, responsible in the sight of high Heaven for the true, noble heart you have wronged and wrecked; responsible for the faith in woman's truth and affection, which you have destroyed; responsible for the dishonor you have done to your sex; responsible for the love you called into being "only for your own amusement."

Woman's smile will beam and her beauty brighten around his pathway again, and these may once more win his fancy, but from the story of that truth and constancy which is her chief ornament, he will turn with the sneer of the sceptic, for he will carry the memory of yourself, *the deceiver*, to his grave.

And oh! beautiful lady, believe me, when you stand at that Bar from whose judgment there is no appeal, and your life record is laid open in the light of the All-searching Eye, you will find that for all these things it will not avail you to reply, "*Only for amusement.*"

MODERN SCEPTICISM.

SOME OF ITS CAUSES AND ITS CURE.

In the childhood of the human race, religion is a spontaneous sentiment and intuitive perception, in which, as in a surrounding atmosphere, the mind unconsciously draws its breath, and has its being. In the broad sunlight and the drifting cloud—in the roar of cataracts and the roll of thunder, in the fitful whispings of the forest-trees, and in the monotonous dash of the surge on the ocean-beach—the tenant of the primeval wilderness recognized a Presence and a Power which thrilled and awed his soul, and overwhelmed him with emotions that are the germ of adoration and worship. Such is the origin of a natural piety. It is the mind's instinctive acknowledgment of a kindred spirit in the outward universe. It is not the product of reasoning, for it is found strong and active, where the faculty of reasoning is hardly developed; but it lies deeply imbedded in those primitive tendencies of our nature, which all reasoning tacitly assumes and acts upon. Here is the hidden fount of faith, which must gush up within the man, and cannot flow into him from without. It is the interior sentiment which all religious teachers must appeal to and awaken, or their instructions will remain simple formulas—a mere rind of words without any core of vitality. It is the material, out of which the domestic affections, the

moral sense, and the usages of society, blending with the influences of external nature and stimulated by the inspirations of holy men and prophets—have elaborated all the various religious systems that have ever existed in intimate union with civilization—strengthening it with an energy of good, so long as any genuine faith subsisted at the heart of them—but withering, as soon as faith was gone, into hollow observances and senseless dogmas, the retreats of hypocrisy and corruption, prolific only of delusions that poison and cramp the soul. It has been the problem of ages—not yet completely solved—how to uphold this primitive faith—this faith in spiritual realities and omnipresent mind—in free and living harmony with the irresistible conclusions of science, the speculations of intellect, and the encroaching influences of material wealth.

On the hidden basis of this fundamental feeling, out of which faith in a Ruling Mind and a Divine government is naturally evolved, the activity of the speculative intellect has constructed a diversity of secondary doctrines. As these have been assailed and defended, religious controversy becomes, as it proceeds, predominantly intellectual, and retreats, at every step, further and further from the inner source of faith, out of which all vital results must issue. The devout fervor which was so strong in the early stages of the religious life, waxes faint and chill. Dry and intellectual natures, unable to behold any vital principle at work, begin to look on all theological questions as thorny disputes about words; and, yielding to the reactionary impulse of their time, turn away with absolute indifference from religion itself.

Collaterally with this, the sciences and arts usually make progress, and draw away the strength of thought from those spiritual elements of humanity, in the profound consciousness and earnest culture of which religion finds its nourishment and vigor. The accumulation of riches—the taste for luxury—the sense of elegance—the spirit of commercial enterprise—have the effect of weakening for a time the spiritual tendencies and aspirations of the soul. The high tone of ancient reverence is lowered. Self becomes too predominant in human aims. The ambition of personal distinction and social elevation takes the place of faith and a simple purpose of duty, as the guiding impulse of multitudes. Devout surrender of the heart to God is overpowered by the lust of human sympathy. Clouds of gold, rich, palpable and gorgeous, curtain round this little life of earth, and shut out the view of that distant shore, deep bosomed in eternity—to which the immortal spirit, when these pageantries are all dissolved, must take its silent and mysterious way.

Meanwhile, neither the solicitudes of wealth, nor the fascinations of voluptuousness, can banish all thought of spiritual realities. Ever and anon passing moods of inexplicable sad-

ness warn the worldly devotee that he wants the solace of an inward peace. He is conscious of a vicinity which outward things do not fill. He is a prey to mysterious disquietudes, and unaccountable apprehensions. If of a reflective turn, he feels himself lonely and desolate in the vast silence of a speechless universe.

Various are the expedients of unsettled minds, to still this inward craving for peace. To and fro they go in all directions, seeking rest and finding none. Some imaginative natures fondly retreat into the past, shaking the dust from old dogmas and old usages, and hoping they will inspire again the worship and trust of which they were once the object. Others take up some fashionable philosophy, and try to compound a religion out of its doctrines. Some again throw themselves into the fervors of fanatical excitement; dissolve reason in dreams and ecstasies; and exhibit to the contemptuous pity of sounder minds the revolting phenomena of arrogance and imbecility.

Such endeavors to lay hold of religion do not satisfy the conditions of the case, and cannot issue in a perfect peace. What course, then, must we take, to gain and secure this precious good? We must submit ourselves to the order indicated by Providence, and displayed in the experiences of the truly excellent ones of the earth.

This requires that we search and know ourselves, and deal fairly with ourselves. We must examine heart and life with an impartial eye. We must disguise no evil that we find lurking there. We must own it for what it is, and resolve to expel it. In aspiration and endeavor we must aim at the highest good which we can conceive, as the proper end and true glory of our being. By earnest and persevering efforts of this kind we will be purified in part, and silent affluxes of the Spirit of God will visit and refresh our souls. Let us cherish the persuasion, then, that we are in the mysterious embrace of a Father's love—that we dwell ever in the presence of a Spirit with which we may at all times and in all places have intercourse. This will be the beginning of religious life and peace; we will have prepared and spread the soil; and the seed we cast in will thenceforth grow.

Then it is of much importance that we cultivate the domestic and social affections. These will give richness and strength to religious veneration, and take a higher purity from it. Selfishness is the poison of a true devotion: love its only fitting nutriment. From the bosom of our homes ascends that ineffable sentiment which finds its loftiest object in God; and its final rest in Heaven. Not in the cells of anchorites or the joyless celibacy of the priest—but in the cheerful stir of the family life—in the generous charities which bind neighbors and fellow-citizens in one wide community of interest and endeavor—must we seek the discipline of that healthful piety which is the blessing and the consecration of our

earthly lot. The joys and sorrows of others—their successes and misfortunes—their sicknesses and trials—pervade life with a thrilling and ceaseless interest, and, far more than anything which touches ourselves alone, keep us strong and active within us the essential feelings of religion. The heart which glows with human charities, cannot in its depths be inde-
vout.

Above all, we must give ourselves earnestly to duty. Scepticism often has its source in the torpor of the active powers. The dreamer comes at length to doubt almost everything. Let us resolve to work out faithfully what we perceive to be the Sovereign will, and a more lively sense of God's presence will spring up within us. We will taste His blessing, and feel His strength; and our supplications for guidance, sustained by renewed endeavors to do right, will bring an answer of quiet trust and steadfast faith to our heart. Knowing that the fierce conflict of good and evil throughout the Universe is appointed for wise and good ends, let us grapple with evil in all its forms. Let us make war with all our energies on falsehood, ignorance, oppression and vice. Let us throw ourselves heartily into this great and noble warfare; and all clouds and doubts will pass away. Our minds will be cleared of all darkness: and we will now see all things plain in the light of God.

P. P.

"ONLY A BIT OF HARMLESS FLIRTING."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

That was all—was it, eh? How very complacently you speak it, my good sir, with that half-sneer curling your moustached lip, and that most approved twirl of your walking stick, which you learned with your Euclid last year.

And so it was "only a bit of harmless flirting," just by way of relaxation from your health-injuring studies, I suppose, when you sat night after night in the fire-shine of the pleasant little parlor, watching the blushes which drifted over the sweet, half-drooping face by your side? Nothing more than this, when you ringed those soft, flowing curls round your fingers, or your arm glided round the girlish waist, and the little trembling hand which was lifted with a deprecatory movement, was caught and held a half-unwilling prisoner in your stronger grasp? And then, (you remember it,) what low, sweet words you used to whisper in her ear, just before parting, as you stood together in the dimly lighted hall, and how full of grace and respectful fondness was the manner in which you bent down your lips to the fair young forehead!

And then (did you learn it by practising at your mirror?) what a language there was in your eyes, when the soft, dark ones of your companions were sometimes lifted to your own!

—a language such as your lips could never have spoken, for no words could recognize the love, the devotion which seemed telegraphed straight from your heart to your glances!

What charming moonlight rambles you used to have, too. How the light arm that lay on your own would tremble as you pressed it, and murmured sentimental scraps of poetry which you had gathered from Bryant and Byron, Longfellow and Landon! And I am not sure you did not at such times, for the moment, forget there was such a word as *flirting* in your vocabulary. There was somewhat in the serene, searching glances of those summer stars, somewhat in the white, solemn moonlight, which lay above and beneath you, that in spite of yourself, brought a gale of holier memories, a tide of higher and nobler emotions into your soul.

You haven't forgotten, either, those long summer afternoon rides, with the great, prayerful arms of the trees crossed above you—nor the twilights passed under the broad, vine-wrapped portico, nor the songs *she* sang you while you stood by the piano and turned over the leaves of her music, and solicited *one*, just *one* more of those exquisite little love lyrics of Moore's, saying with *that* glance of yours, and you know just the right time to give it effect, "that the sweet words would sound still sweeter if they came to your ear through the medium of *one* voice."

You know she loved you. There now, don't elongate your features with that look of innocent surprise or meek resignedness, just as though the idea had never entered your cranium, and the thought never tickled your vanity before. You know, I say that she loved you—that her heart would quicken at the sound of your footfall, and the blush that she could not conceal, flash into her cheek at the tones of your voice. You knew that during those long two years you were drawing tighter and tighter around the heart of your young and unsuspecting victim, the chains from which she could not release herself without suffering, which might be to her greater than that of death. Don't tell me your intentions were harmless, you never proposed, never told her you loved her, and all that sort of thing. You *did* tell her you loved her, aye, a thousand times you told this, by tone and deed, and look, just as emphatically as though your lips had sworn it.

And then, how calmly, how courteously at the last you said farewell to her, wishing her that life-time of happiness which *your* work had for ever blasted.

And now, sir, whatever be your social position, how broad soever be the lands of your fathers—how deep soever be the coffers of your gold, you have debased yourself and dishonored your manhood. Go forth into the world, and let your carriage be as proud, your air to woman as chivalric: your honor as untarnished as ever, but remember that the *stain* is on *your*

soul. You have done almost the foulest wrong to another that man can do. You have stolen, basely, deliberately stolen, the one priceless treasure of a woman's heart—its affections.

You have robbed her of her trust in human goodness and truth, and though, if she be a true woman, she will summon enough of pride to her aid, to hide from the world that never cicatrising heart-wound, its pain will not be the less terrible to be borne.

You have robbed another of the love and the confidence which should have been his, for that heart will never learn the sweet song of its youth again, and though the wife of his bosom, she sits in the shadows of his hearth-stone, still, the fountain from which you took the seal, will never yield its fresh, sweet waters as before.

And, sir, for those words, "HARMLESS FLIRTING," under which specious name you have silenced the still small voice of your conscience, and beheld with cool complacency and exultation, the ruin you have wrought, write down deliberate heart-breaking, and remember that "for all these things, God will bring you to judgment."

SEEING THROUGH AN OCULIST.

The following anecdote was translated from a French exchange for the "Northern Gazette," of Keeseville, N. Y.:—

Something of a farce was enacted at the office of a famous physician of this city, who owes a good deal to his reputation and cunning. A lady entered to consult him upon an affection of the eyes. Her sight was growing weak and dim, and the organ was suffering constant weakness. The lady used excellent language, dressed well, and bore every trace of high life.

"It is serious, very serious, indeed," said the M. D.

"Good gracious!" cried his patient, in alarm.

"I can cure you, madam; but it will be by a long course of treatment."

"What is the matter, doctor?"

"You are threatened with amaurosis."

The medical science has some names that make one shake in his shoes; and the lady did not understand this name which frightened her very much.

"What must I do?" she asked.

"You must place yourself under my care. You reside in Paris?"

"Ah, no, sir. I came expressly to consult you."

"I regret it, madam. The disease which threatens you must be treated with energy, and makes it necessary that I should see you almost every day."

"I must take apartments in Paris, then?"

"I advise you to do so. Constant attention will effect your cure, or I can promise you nothing."

The lady did as the physician recommended, and engaged a splendid hotel in the Chaussee

d'Antin; for, as the oculist had suspected, she was a lady of immense fortune.

Quite a while elapsed, during which the physician spared neither remedies nor visits. He was exceedingly attentive, and constantly recommending a thousand little prescriptions which he said would save his patient's eyes. But weeks passed by, and then months, and the much wished-for cure was still to come.

"When?" would the lady enquire.

"Very soon," the doctor would reply.—

"Wait a little longer," and he would place a new pair of colored spectacles upon her nose.

This treatment made the fair patient grow nervous, and one fine morning an idea popped into her head, and she formed a purpose which she resolved to carry into effect without delay. She ensconced her head within a "shocking bad" black bonnet; drew a dilapidated dress about her; flung a miserable shawl across her shoulders; put old and clumsy shoes on her feet, and with a faded umbrella in her hand, started for her physician's office.

She had been careful to conceal her dark hair beneath bands of flaxen hue, and dye her eyebrows and keep her face half hidden within tufts of antiquated ribbons and artificials in her bonnet. A lover's eyes would have been deceived by the change.

Thus accoutred she went to the physician, who naturally enough let her wait for her turn. When it arrived she passed into his consultation room with trembling steps, while her bended form and faded garments bespoke her a quite poor old woman.

"What is the matter, my good woman?" enquired the doctor.

"Sore eyes, dear doctor," she replied, in a shrill voice.

"Let us see," he exclaimed.

"Look," she added, approaching him boldly, and thrusting her face into that of the doctor, who never dreamed of seeing his rich patient in such toggery. He examined the eyes and said:—

"Go home, old mother. Nothing ails you."

"What—nothing at all?" cried the lady.

"Certainly not. Don't I know what I say?" rejoined the physician pettishly.

"That's strange," was her observation, "for some people told me of something like hammer—"

"Amaurosis?" interrupted the M. D.

"That's it," she cried.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed. "Your eyes are weak; that's because you are an old woman. That's all, and nothing can help them."

"That ain't what my doctor says," she observed.

"Your doctor's a fool then," he declared impatiently.

"Well, sir," she rejoined, in her natural voice; "you are that very doctor himself."

The chronicler of this Parisian episode adds that the oculist had no more visits to pay the lady, and she no bills for past attendance.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Concluded from page 286.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Beaufort, the widow of General Beaufort, a man of wealth who had attained considerable political distinction during his lifetime, was left with an only daughter, Edith, for whom she had large ambition. A very selfish and self-willed woman, she yet loved this child with an absorbing intensity rarely witnessed. Edith was a part of herself; and she loved herself in its reproduction in her child, with a largely increased vitality.

But very unlike her mother was Edith. In her, the milder, better traits of her father predominated, and this gave room for the acquirement, by such a woman as Mrs. Beaufort, of almost unbounded control over her. From the beginning, the most implicit obedience had been exacted; and as it was ever an easy sacrifice for Edith to give up her own will, the requirement of her mother came to be the law of her actions.

While Edith remained a child, the current of these two lives—that of the mother and daughter—flowed on together at the same velocity and in channels bending ever in the same direction. But there came a time when the surface of that gently gliding child life began breaking into ripples: when the heart claimed its freedom to love what its own pure instincts regarded as lovely.

From the earliest time, had the thoughts of Mrs. Beaufort reached forward to the period when Edith's hand would be claimed in marriage; but not once had qualities of mind and heart elevated themselves, in the prospective husband, above family, wealth, and high position in the world.

As Edith grew up, and the pure young girl expanded into lovely womanhood, her personal attractions, as well as her station in life, drew suitors around her; but all failed to win their way into her affections. Among these was a Colonel D'Arcy, a man of wealth and station, who in everything satisfied the ambition of Mrs. Beaufort. Well-educated, accomplished, possessing a fine person, and a large share of self-esteem, Colonel D'Arcy, on approaching the lovely heiress, felt like Caesar at Ziecla. But he came, he saw, and did not conquer. The heart of Edith was too true in its perceptions to make an error here. Utterly repulsive to her was this confident suitor. The sphere of his quality surrounded him like the subtle odor of a noxious plant, and her delicate moral sense perceived this quality the instant he approached. That he repelled instead of attracting her, D'Arcy saw at their earliest interview. This piqued his pride, and, in the first excitement occasioned by Edith's cool reception, he vowed that he would "win her and wear her."

It did not take long to satisfy the gallant colonel that the storming of a fort was an easier task than the storming of a heart. That of Miss Beaufort he found impregnable under all his known modes of warfare.

That the mother favored his suit, Colonel D'Arcy saw from the beginning; but a proud confidence in his own powers would not let him stoop to solicit her as an ally. Yet he had to do so in the end. Against their joint assault, aware, as he had become, of Mrs. Beaufort's influence over her daughter, he was certain there would only be a short resistance. Here again he erred. Edith unhesitatingly declared to her mother that no power on earth would induce her to accept the hand of Colonel D'Arcy, for whom she had the most intense repugnance. Never before had her daughter so boldly set at naught her will. The fiery indignation of Mrs. Beaufort burned fiercely for a time, and, in her blind passion, she did not hesitate to utter the maddest threats of consequences, if there was not an instant compliance with her wishes.

"I can imagine nothing so dreadful as to become the wife of that man," Edith would answer—shuddering as she answered—every intemperate appeal. And little beyond this did she say: for all her words, she knew, must fall idle on her mother's ears.

Meantime, at the house of a friend in the neighborhood, she met with a young man, named Percival, who was paying a short visit there. He resided in the city of B—, distant a hundred miles, where he was pursuing the study of law. He was poor, with few interested friends, and had the world all before him. At their first meeting, Henry Percival did not know even the name much less the social position of Miss Beaufort, and she was as ignorant of all that appertained to him. But, from the eyes of each looked forth upon the other a congenial spirit, that was seen and recognized.

The progressive steps of their intimacy we will not pause to relate. On the part of Percival, there was no design, in the beginning, to win the heart of Edith, and when he saw that it was his, and reflected on the wide disparity of their possessions, the discovery saddened his spirit, for he saw, darkening over both their futures, a stormy cloud.

On returning home to pursue his studies, he arranged with Edith for a regular correspondence, which was conducted for nearly a year, without becoming known to Mrs. Beaufort. At the end of that time he came back to Clifton, when he and Edith were secretly married. The precipitation of this act was caused by Mrs. Beaufort's acceptance of Col. D'Arcy in the name of her daughter, and the actual appointment of a day, some two or three months distant, when the nuptial ceremonies were to take place.

In order to free Edith from the martyrdom in which her life was passed, and to get for ever

rid of Col. D'Arcy, the young couple resolved upon this step. It was taken, and notice thereof at once communicated to Mrs. Beaufort, coupled with the intelligence that the bridegroom and bride would present themselves before her after the lapse of a week, and claim forgiveness and a blessing.

We will not attempt to describe the state of mind into which Mrs. Beaufort was thrown by this undreamed of intelligence. Her very life's love was assailed and threatened with extinction. No eye, but that of Heaven saw her, as, in the secrecy of her own chamber, she endured the wild conflict of passion that succeeded; but marks of the fearful storm were too plainly visible on her altered face, when she came forth in her stately composure.

The week passed, and then Edith and her young husband presented themselves. The first she received with icy coldness, the latter she overwhelmed with bitter denunciation and the most withering scorn.

"Come, Henry," said the young wife, laying her hand upon his arm, and drawing him away—"I will not hear you addressed in such language, even by my mother. You are my husband, and the wide world is ours."

There was a simple dignity, blended with unmistakable purpose in this, that confounded as well as surprised Mrs. Beaufort. Edith had already turned away, and was moving with her husband toward the door through which they had just entered.

"Edith! Girl!"

The voice of the mother arose almost into a cry of anguish.

Edith paused, and turning, looked back. Her face was colorless, and all its lines rigid from excessive emotion; but it was resolute.

"I have cast my lot in life, and with deliberation, mother," she said. "You left me no other course. Death I could have met calmly, but not the destiny you assigned me. This man is my husband, chosen from all other men, and with him I shall go through the world. If you receive not him, you cannot receive me."

"Mad girl! Mad girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaufort, as she staggered back a few steps, and sunk upon a chair. "How have you flung to the stormy winds every dearest hope of my life!"

Edith left her husband's side, and going quickly to her mother, laid her hand gently upon her hot forehead, on which the veins were swollen into chords. The touch of that soft hand thrilled magnetically along every nerve. For some minutes Mrs. Beaufort sat entirely passive.

Ah! She could not live without her child; and never did she feel that truth more deeply or more painfully. Indignant pride would have flung her off and disowned her for ever; but intense love clung to her even as the drowning cling to a straw.

"Oh, Edith! My child! What have you done?"

As these words came almost sobbing from her lips, Mrs. Beaufort arose and went from the room with unsteady steps.

When, after the lapse of two hours, she rejoined Edith and her husband, it was to meet them with a kindness of manner that took both by surprise. Below this assumed exterior, Percival, who had a quick, penetrating mind, saw concealed a sinister purpose; but Edith, too happy at so broad a concession, believed that her mother had resolved to make the best of circumstances, which no act of hers could change. The first enquiries made by Mrs. Beaufort were in reference to the publicity which had been given to the marriage. On learning that everything had been conducted with the strictest secrecy, and that the fact was only known to one or two pledged friends, who were to be relied upon, she expressed much satisfaction, and at once proposed further measures of concealment for the present.

To these proposals, Percival and Edith, after some persuasion, were induced to accede; and at an early day the young man returned to B— alone, to enter upon the practice of his profession, he having been just admitted to the bar.

Six or seven months elapsed, during which time Percival had twice visited Clifton, arriving by arrangement, late in the evening, and not showing himself to any visitor during the brief period he remained. To both himself and Edith, this secrecy was growing daily more and more oppressive and repugnant, and it was only maintained through the powerful influence of Mrs. Beaufort.

About this time, a gentleman from New Orleans called upon Percival, and made him liberal offers if he would go to the South. This person's name was Maris. He had been in correspondence for some two years with Percival's legal preceptor, and at his instance made the proposition to which we have referred. The opening promised to be so largely advantageous, that the young man felt bound to accept of it. Previously to doing so, he repaired to Clifton to consult with his wife and mother-in-law. Edith made some feeble objections; but Mrs. Beaufort was so decided in her approval, that she acquiesced, and immediate preparations for departure were made.

For three months letters came regularly from Percival, whose residence was New Orleans. He spoke with animation of his opening prospects, and shadowed forth, in ardent fancy, a future of brilliant success in his profession. Then came a longer silence than usual—then a letter from Mr. Maris, announcing Percival's dangerous illness with a Southern fever. Two weeks more—weeks of agony to the young wife—and the terrible news of his death came, with mournful details of the last extremity. In the midst of Edith's wild anguish, a babe was born, the sweet little Grace in whom the reader feels so tender an interest. Around this event, Mrs. Beaufort

threw every possible veil of concealment, even going so far as to bribe to secrecy by most liberal inducements every member of her household that became necessarily aware of the circumstances.

Weak in body and mind—prostrate, in fact, under the heavy blow that fell so suddenly upon her, Edith became passive in the hands of her mother, and obeyed her, for a time, with the unquestioning docility of a little child. Even her mind, in its feeble state, became impressed with the idea of secrecy, so steadily enjoined by Mrs. Beaufort, and, in presence of the few visitors whom she could not refuse to see, she assumed a false exterior, and most sedulously concealed everything that could awaken even a remote suspicion that she had been a wife, and was now a mother.

Meantime, under all the disadvantages of its position, the babe was steadily winning its way into a heart that, from the beginning, shut the door against it, with a resolute and cruel purpose. Mrs. Beaufort could never come where it was, without feeling a desire to take it in her arms, and hug it to her bosom; and the more she resisted this desire, the stronger it became; until the conflict occasioned, kept her in a constant state of excitement.

A few weeks after the news of Percival's death was received, Colonel D'Arcy visited Clifton. On being announced, Edith positively refused to see him; and her feeble state warranted, even in her mother's view, the decision. He remained only a short time; but, on leaving, placed in the hands of Mrs. Beaufort an epistle for her daughter, couched in the tenderest language, and renewing previous offers of his hand.

Percival out of the way, Mrs. Beaufort was now more than ever resolved to compass this darling scheme of her heart—the marriage of her daughter with Colonel D'Arcy. The first step in its sure accomplishment was to get the child out of the way. But, how was this to be done? It was a fine, healthy child, more than usually forward for its age, and in no way likely to die speedily, unless—unless?—Did thoughts of murder stir in the mind of that proud, selfish, cruel woman? Such thoughts were suggested, and even pondered! But other thoughts, of disgrace and punishment, came quickly to drive them out. The abandonment of Grace was next determined upon. To effect this, she first induced Edith, who, from grief, sickness, and incessant persecution, had entirely lost her mental equipoise, to write a letter of acceptance to Colonel D'Arcy. Passive hopelessness left her a mere instrument in her mother's hands. For her acts, she was scarcely responsible. The letter of acceptance passed speedily from her, and went on its mission beyond recall. This fact of acceptance was a great power gained over Edith; a power that Mrs. Beaufort, seeing her vantage ground, used with a heartless rigor, that,

finally led to the cruel act of desertion already known to the reader.

For two weeks subsequent to Edith's return home, after placing the basket containing her babe, at the door of Mr. Harding—she had resisted all persuasion, entreaty and command of her mother to leave that task for another—she retained but little consciousness of surrounding circumstances. The trial proved too great; and her over-tried spirit sought protection and repose in partial oblivion. Slowly recovering, her first sane thoughts were of her babe; and, though she said nothing of her purpose to her mother, she was fully resolved, the moment strength came for the effort, to regain possession thereof, publicly acknowledge it and her marriage, and, if that sad necessity were imposed, go forth from her mother's house into the world, alone.

The meeting at Harding's, was quite as great a surprise to Edith as to her mother, but it was all the better, as giving occasion for the unqualified declaration of her future purpose—a declaration that, as has been seen, she was prepared to sustain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"If the heart is not satisfied, mother, life at best is a heavy burden."

Mrs. Beaufort and her daughter were sitting together, on the day after their recovery of Grace, and talking calmly of the future. Hopeless of attaining her ambitious ends, the former had given up the struggle, so long continued. Even though but a few hours had passed since the unequal strife with Edith, she was becoming clearly conscious, that her course of action towards her child had been far from just, or humane—and that her position gave her no right to exercise so tyrannical an influence. No longer compelled, by her own selfish purposes, to cherish a feeling of antipathy towards Grace, she found her heart beginning to flow forth towards the lovely infant. Such was the nameless attraction possessed by the babe, that even with all her powerful reasons for wishing to annihilate her, if that were possible, Mrs. Beaufort had not been able to resist the sphere of her love-inspiring innocence. Now, when no barrier to affection reared itself, her heart turned towards the infant, and opened itself with eagerness to take her in. Quick to perceive the real change in her mother's feelings towards Grace, Edith placed the little one in her arms, and with a thrill of exquisite delight saw it drawn impulsively to her bosom. In that moment, the work of reconciliation was accomplished. Against the winning attractions of Grace, Mrs. Beaufort had striven, from the beginning, but never with perfect success. It was all in vain, that, to satisfy pride and ambition, she had cast her off; even in the separation, her heart had mirrored the babe's sweet image; turned ever and anon towards her; and yearned for her restoration. And now, when she came back to brighten, with

her seraphic presence, the darkness of their unhappy home, and no strong motive for thrusting her out remained, her heart leaped towards her, panting with its long-endured thirst to love, and receiving her therein with joy and gladness.

"Oh, mother," added Edith, as they sat together, each striving for, and feeling the way towards a truer reconciliation, "how vainly do we seek for happiness, if we seek it beyond the range of our own true wants. We must look inwards—not outwards. We must ask of our hearts, not of the world, how and where, and with what companionship we are to spend our life's probation. As for me, I desire nothing beyond my own home, and an entire devotion of all I have, and all I am to my child. If that will satisfy me, why should any one seek my unhappiness by dragging me into uncongenial spheres, or cursing me with associations against which my whole nature revolts with loathing. As for Colonel D'Arcy—I speak of him now, because you are better prepared to understand me than ever before—his friendship even oppresses me. But, when he seeks a nearer association—presumes to ask of me the love given but once and never to be given again—I am almost suffocated with disgust. Yield him my hand, mother! Never while I have strength to bind it to my side. I would brave a thousand deaths in preference. He is a bad man—I know it by the quick repugnance that fills my heart whenever he comes near me. Did he possess a single germ of true manliness, he would not pursue me after all that has passed."

A servant interrupted them by announcing that a strange man had called, and asked to see Mrs. Beaufort.

"What is his name?" enquired the lady.

"He wishes to see you a moment; but would not give his name."

"What kind of a looking man?"

The servant described him.

"Say that I will be down in a few moments." As the servant withdrew, the whole manner of Mrs. Beaufort changed. "It is Harding," said she.

Edith started, and turned pale, at the same time lifting Grace from her mother's arms.

"What is to be done? How did he find his way here?"

"We must see him," said Mrs. Beaufort, after a few moments of hurried reflection.

"Both of us?"

"Yes, Edith, both of us. And he must see Grace. Nothing is left, now, but to conciliate, and bring him, a certain degree, into our confidence. He and his wife proved faithful to the trust reposed in them. They loved our little Grace truly, and cared for her tenderly; and they must have their reward. There was a fine manliness about his conduct last night that raised him high in my estimation. I think he can be trusted."

"But he frightened me so, mother. He spoke so harshly, and seemed so cruel."

"Was he not right, Edith, in seeking to prevent our taking away the babe, strangers as we were, and refusing as we did to give any satisfaction as to our personality? He was right, and I approved his manly firmness at the time."

"I wish you would meet him alone, mother?"

"I do not think that will be best," replied Mrs. Beaufort. "We must not let him see that we are afraid of him. Our relations are very different from what they were last evening; and, if we show a consciousness of our real position, he will not be slow to perceive his own."

The room into which the carpenter had been shown was a large parlor, richly furnished, its six windows draped with heavy curtains of red satin damask. Around the walls were hung many pictures, among which his eyes soon recognized his two visitors of the previous night, Mrs. Beaufort and her daughter. The portrait of Edith had been taken some five years previous, and, while it still bore to her a striking resemblance, had all the innocent sweetness of gentle girlhood. As he gazed, with a kind of fascination, upon this pictured countenance, it seemed to change and grow life-like, and he almost started to his feet as he saw the eyes of dear little Grace looking down, with a loving expression, from the canvas. He was scarcely freed from the illusion when he became aware that footsteps drew near the door. Turning, he met the calm, dignified face of Mrs. Beaufort, and the pale, timid, half-frightened countenance of her daughter, who held the babe he had lost, closely drawn to her bosom.

"Mr. Harding!" said Mrs. Beaufort, speaking with entire self-possession, and giving her hand to the carpenter as she advanced to meet him. "So you have found us, my good friend," she added, "and it is, perhaps, as well. We had powerful reasons for desiring to remain unknown. Under the circumstances, this was hardly possible. You, at least, were not to be baffled in your search, as this early visit testifies. Sit down, Mr. Harding. We had better understand each other fully."

Harding was somewhat bewildered by the calmness of his reception. From the dignified countenance of Mrs. Beaufort, his eyes turned to the sweet babe that lay so closely drawn against the breast of its mother; as they did so, a softened expression passed over his rough face.

"Grace! Grace!" he said, tenderly, and, advancing, reached out his hands.

Edith moved off a pace or two; but the little one, the moment she heard the well-known voice, started up, and, with a glad murmur, fluttered her rosy fingers and leaned eagerly forward, while her whole face was lit up with a joyful recognition. Edith drew her back,

while an expression of anxiety and alarm dimmed her countenance.

"Let her come to me, ma'am," said the carpenter, in a respectful voice—it trembled with feeling.

Edith glanced towards the door, fearfully. Harding understood the meaning of this.

"You need not mistrust me, ma'am." He stepped to the door, and closed it. As he returned to where she stood, he continued, "Jacob Harding has gone thus far in life without a treacherous action, and he will not violate his honor now. Let her come to me; oh! let her come! Let me feel the dear one again in my arms, where she has lain so many, many times."

Mrs. Beaufort, seeing that her daughter still hesitated, took Grace from her arms, and paced her in those of the carpenter. As Harding received the precious burden, he clasped her, passionately, and spoke to her in the most endearing tones. The little one answered him with her sweet love-language, and even drew her tiny arms about his neck. How wildly he kissed her! Dim were his eyes as he restored her to her mother; and he spoke not, for emotion was too strong.

"I am foolish," he said, as he recovered himself. "It is not manly, I know; but that child has, from the beginning, softened my heart until it has become weak as a woman's. How you could ever have parted with her"—this thought restored his self-possession, and he spoke with something of a rebuking sternness—"passes my comprehension."

"And it passes mine! It passes mine!" murmured Edith, speaking to herself, as she bent lower over the babe, which the carpenter had restored to her arms.

"As for the past," said Mrs. Beaufort, she spoke with a calmness and self-possession that had its effect on Harding, "that must sleep, my friend, with its errors and sufferings, as far as memory will let it sleep. All I will say of it to you is, that I had ambitious views in regard to my daughter, which she frustrated by a secret marriage. The death of her young husband, a few months afterwards, and while I was yet able to prevent the fact from becoming known, revived all my ambitious hopes. The birth of this child I was able to conceal; and, moreover, succeeded in so overshadowing the mind of its mother, as to induce her, in a moment of partial derangement, to abandon it at your door—not yours by choice, but by accident. The rest you know. The mother's heart was too strong in my child. Her babe is again on her bosom, and there it must remain. Her grateful thanks are yours for the tenderness with which you have cared for the babe; and she will not let her gratitude, believe me, rest in her mind, a fruitless sentiment. For the present, all we ask of you is discretion. Let the knowledge of our personality in connexion with this matter, remain wholly with you and your wife. Of course,

the babe must now be acknowledged, and we shall proceed, without delay, to give public, indisputable evidence of my daughter's marriage. As to the abandonment of the child, with the circumstances attending it, if all becomes known in each minute particular, we shall suffer strong opprobrium. Very naturally, I wish to escape this myself, and especially to save my daughter from the charge of having abandoned to strangers, of whom she knew nothing, her own tender infant. Can we trust in your prudence? Will you not bind yourselves to us—you and your wife—by a new debt of gratitude?"

It was some time before Harding made any answer. His mind was bewildered by what Mrs. Beaufort said. Plain enough was it, that the angel of their household was to return to them no more; and the shadow already on his heart fell colder and darker.

"All does not lie with us," he remarked, scarcely reflecting on what he said.

"Why not on you?"

Mrs. Beaufort spoke anxiously.

"The dress-maker you saw at Mrs. Barclay's yesterday, directed my suspicions towards you."

"What!"

Mrs. Beaufort grew excited.

"Miss Gimp told me that you manifested a singular interest in us and the babe. I asked her to describe you, and knew you by her description in a moment. Therefore, I am here."

"Bad—bad. That is bad. I was imprudent."

Mrs. Beaufort spoke to herself.

"I have also seen Mrs. Hartley, of Overton."

The face of Mrs. Beaufort flushed.

"She knew you by my description."

"Well?"

"But refused to say who you was or where I could find you, unless I gave her my entire confidence."

"Which you?"

"Did not," replied Harding. "Every thing was so much involved in mystery, that I chose to be discreet."

"That was well. But Miss Gimp. Does she know of what took place last night?"

"No one knows it out of my family, except Mr. Long, the school-master, whose prudence is altogether to be relied on."

It was now Mrs. Beaufort's turn to be silent. For many minutes she sat revolving in her mind all the difficult aspects of the affair in which she had become involved. At length she said—

"Mr. Harding, all we ask of you now is, entire silence to every one for the present, in regard to what has transpired. We will offer you no personal inducement to secure this, for that would be an insult to your manliness of character. But, you have laid us, and can still lay us, under a heavy burden of gratitude. May we trust you?"

"As entirely as you can trust yourselves,"

was the unhesitating answer. "I see no good that can arise from bruising the matter abroad. Why then shall it be done? But there is one thing I must ask?"

"Name it."

"The privilege for my wife of seeing the babe. Ah, ma'am! you know not how she loves it. For many weeks it slept in her bosom, until it has grown to be a part of herself. You know not her distress at its loss. Her eyes have been full of tears ever since. To us all, the child has been as an angel. Strife has ceased in its blessed presence, and the lowest murmur of its sweet voice has been a 'Peace, be still,' to the wildest storm of passion."

"Bring her here to-morrow," said Mrs. Beaufort, with a good will in her voice that betokened her earnestness. "We would send our carriage, but for reasons that need not be suggested to you."

"Yes; bring her over," added Edith. "I wish to see her and know her. She has laid my heart under a debt of gratitude."

Harding arose. "Once more let me feel her in my arms," said he, as he fixed his eyes lovingly on the infant.

The timid mother did not hesitate, but resigned to him the babe, that looked up fondly in his face, and smiled its sweetest smile.

"God bless you and keep you," Harding spoke with deep feeling. He could say no more. Kissing the pure lips and brow many times fervently, he handed the babe back to her mother. As soon as he had recovered his self-possession he withdrew, formally, saying that he would see them, in company with his wife, some time during the next day. A few minutes afterwards, he was galloping homewards as fast as his horse's feet would carry him.

CHAPTER XIX.

Though removed from them, as to bodily presence, the Angel of their Household still remained with the carpenter and his family. Not a member thereof, from the rugged father down to little Lotty, but saw ever before the eyes of their spirits, the dear young face that brought sunlight into their darkened dwelling; but they saw her with tear-moistened vision. She was no longer theirs in physical actuality; but present as in a dream that is never forgotten. Subdued even to sadness, the intercourse between the members of the family was marked by a tender regard, the one for the other. Each felt the other's grief at the loss of Grace, and desired to lighten instead of increasing its pressure. As for Lotty, since Grace left them, she had sought to win for herself that regard in her mother's heart which the stranger had occupied. She was too young for reflection—and only obeyed a heaven-inspired instinct. And, as she knocked at the too long closed door of her mother's heart, that door gradually yielded, until at last the rusty hinges opposed no resistance, and it swung wide open to take her in.

The intelligence brought back from Clifton, while it set the tears of Mrs. Harding to flowing afresh, because it extinguished all hope of the babe's restoration to her arms, relieved her mind greatly. There was a certainty about this intelligence, that settled the doubtful question of its fate. It was, and would be well with the child. Her love for it could ask no more—though her heart was bleeding from the separation.

To the eager questions of the children—"Where is Grace?" "Have you seen Grace, father?" "Isn't she coming back any more?"—Mr. Harding answered with as much information in regard to her as he deemed prudent, assuring them at the same time, that if Grace did not come to them again, they should go to see her.

During the evening, Mr. Long, the school-master, called to learn the result of Harding's visit to Clifton. To him, as a friend fully to be confided in, the carpenter related the occurrences of the day.

"She has been such a blessing, such a comfort to us," said Mrs. Harding, as they sat talking of Grace.

"God has given you many comforts, many blessings," answered the school-master, as he glanced meaningly towards her children, who were all present, quiet, half-wondering auditors. Andrew, over whom Mr. Long had already acquired great influence, was standing beside his teacher, proud of the notice and gratified with the kindness ever extended to him by his judicious friend, while Lotty, who had climbed into her mother's lap, was lying close against her breast, looking contented—even happy.

It was on the lips of Mrs. Harding to reply—"If they were only like Grace." But her conscience rebuked her for the thought ere it found utterance, and she remained silent. But she took the lesson to her heart, and as she did so, drew her arm involuntarily tighter around Lotty, who, feeling the pressure, looked up at her mother with a smile of love. In return, the soft cheek of the mother was bent down until it rested on the sunny hair of her child.

The school-master saw that he was clearly understood, and did not mar the good impression of his words by seeking to enforce their meaning.

On the next morning, quite early, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, accompanied by Lotty, started for Clifton. They had to pass the door of Miss Gimp, the dress-maker, on their way, and she failed not to discover the fact that the carpenter and his wife were riding out together, an event too note-worthy to be regarded with indifference.

"What does this mean? Where are they going?"

Such were her rather excited questions, as she laid aside her work and took her place at the window, to note the direction they would take.

"Over to Clifton? Hardly. Yes—I declare! If they haven't taken the road to Clifton. Ah, ha! There's something in the wind. I wonder if they can be going over to Mrs. Beaufort's. I thought I could see deeper into the mind of Mrs. Harding than she cared for. I was sure she knew more about Mrs. Beaufort than was pretended. But whose child is it? I'd give my little finger to know."

Unable to work with this mystery on her mind, Miss Gimp drew on her bonnet and ran over to see Mrs. Willits, the store-keeper's wife, for just a minute.

"Our carpenter is getting up in the world," said she, as soon as she could thrust in the words, after meeting her friend.

"So I should think," answered Mrs. Willits, who had seen Harding go by: "riding out with his wife at a time when other people are at work. My husband can't afford such indulgence."

"They were always a shiftless set."

Miss Gimp spoke with some indignation. She could not forgive Mrs. Harding for the impenetrable reserve she had thrown around herself at their interview on the previous afternoon—a reserve felt to be both a wrong and an insult.

"And will come to beggary in the end," said Mrs. Willits. "It was only last evening that I heard Mr. Grant going on about Harding at a great rate. It appears that he had promised to call over early in the morning to consult with him in regard to a job that Grant, the farmer, wanted done. Mr. Grant waited at home until dinner-time, but no carpenter came. It made him terribly angry. He stopped at our store in the evening, and the way he talked about Harding would have done you good to hear. He gave it to him right and left, I can assure you."

"Didn't keep his promise with him?"

"Not he—Mr. Indifference or Mr. Independence, whichever you choose to call him."

"Mr. Shiftless, you'd better say."

"Well, Mr. Shiftless, then. And now he's playing the gentleman—riding out with his wife as coolly as if he hadn't lost a good job!"

"Mr. Grant won't have anything more to do him?"

Miss Gimp spoke with a kind of pleased enquiry.

"Not he."

"Serves him right."

"Of course it does. He said that early this morning he would go to Beechwood and engage a carpenter there; and he swore—for he was in a great passion—that if Harding starved, he'd never handle a dollar of his money so longed as he lived."

"I don't blame him," said Miss Gimp.

"Nobody can blame him," responded Mrs. Willits.

"D'ye know," remarked the dress-maker, lowering her voice, and speaking mysteriously, "that in my opinion something more than a

mere pleasure ride takes them out this morning."

"What are they after? Where are they going?" enquired Mrs. Willits, brightening up at this intimation on the part of Miss Gimp.

"They took the road to Clifton, I'm certain."

"To Clifton? Well, what great and mighty business takes them over to Clifton, I'd like to know."

"Something about that child they've got, I'll venture my existence," said Miss Gimp.

"What of it?"

Mrs. Willits brightened up still more.

"I think I can guess where it came from."

"Indeed!"

"Of course, it is only guess work; but, in putting this and that together, you know, we often get very near the truth. I've been sewing at Mrs. Barclay's in Beechwood."

"Yes."

"You've heard of Mrs. General Beaufort, who lives in Clifton?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never knew it before; but she's the sister of Mr. Barclay."

"Is she?"

"Yes. And she came over to see her brother about something while I was there."

"Well?"

"One day, when all the family were out, she came into the room where I was alone, sewing, and made herself quite sociable. After talking around awhile, she asked me if I knew Harding and his family. I said that I did. Then she wanted to know what kind of people they were. Of course, I couldn't give them a very exalted character, and didn't. It was plain enough to be seen that she had some secret interest in them. Who first spoke of that little foundling baby, I can't now remember; but the moment it was named, I saw that she knew a great deal more about it than she cared me to guess. In order to bring her out, I spoke of Harding and his wife in the strongest manner—taking good care to say, that in placing that child in their hands, it was like putting a lamb among wolves. She grew uneasy and excited at this: so much so, that she clearly felt that she was betraying herself, and left me abruptly. That afternoon she went away, very unexpectedly to the family. Depend upon it, Mrs. Willits, she knows all about that baby."

"Why don't you go to see Mrs. Harding, and feel around her?" enquired the store-keeper's wife, who had become much interested in the dress-maker's gossip.

"I've been already," answered Miss Gimp. "I came away from Mrs. Barclay's a day sooner than I intended, and on purpose."

"Ah? Well, what did you make out of her?"

"Nothing certain. I saw Harding and his wife, but they were as close-mouthed as ter-rapins."

"Did you speak to them of Mrs. Beaufort?"

"Yes; and it's just my opinion that they got

out of me all I knew, and didn't let me see below the surface of their thoughts. I was so provoked!"

"And so you learned nothing?" said Mrs. Willits.

"Nothing certain. But it takes sharper people than they are to hide things from my eyes. That both were greatly interested in Mrs. Beaufort, and knew far more about her than they chose to tell, was plain enough; and that their ride over to Clifton, this morning, is to see her, I do not in the least doubt."

"I shouldn't wonder at all," remarked Mrs. Willits. "Mrs. General Beaufort! That is news. Has she a daughter?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Gimp.

"Why didn't you ask Mrs. Barclay?"

"Just what I've said to myself twenty times over. I'm provoked to death at my own stupidity."

"How soon are you going over there again?"

"I can't tell. I don't think Mrs. Barclay will want me very soon."

"We must find out in some way."

"Yes, indeed. I'll not rest until I know all about it. You remember that Harry Wilkins saw a woman carrying a basket on the night the child was left at Harding's?"

"Yes."

"Very well. He told me that he's certain he saw the same woman, riding in a carriage, in the neighborhood of Clifton. Put this and that together, Mrs. Willits, and it isn't very hard to make out a case."

"I should think not. Depend upon it, you're fairly on the track. Harding isn't riding out, this morning, for nothing. Had they the baby with them?"

"That I couldn't see. I tried my best to look over into Mrs. Harding's arms, but her husband was on the side next to me, and though I got up into a chair, it was of no use. But I shouldn't at all wonder."

"I'll tell you how you can find out."

"How?"

"Just by running over to their house for a minute. Of course, nobody's at home but the children."

"That's it," replied Miss Gimp, starting up. "I'll go this instant." And she stepped towards the door.

"Don't forget to stop as you come back," said the store-keeper's wife.

"Oh! no. I'll be sure to call."

And Miss Gimp left with the sprightly step of a young girl of sixteen. In some twenty minutes, she returned.

"Well?" said Mrs. Willits, as she came in.

"No child there," answered the dress-maker.

"No? Indeed?"

"True as preaching."

"Where is it?"

Miss Gimp shook her head.

"Who was there?"

"Only Philip and Lucy."

"Couldn't they tell?"

"They couldn't, or wouldn't—which, I am at a loss to say. I never saw such mum, stupid little wretches in my life."

"Did you ask them where their father and mother had gone?"

"Yes."

"What answer did they make?"

"Said they didn't know."

"They lied, I suppose—instructed by their parents."

"As like as not," answered Miss Gimp.

"But isn't it dreadful to think of? Who can wonder they go to destruction?"

"Nobody. And so the child is gone?"

"Yes. No doubt they took it with them, this morning. But I'll find out all about it, by hook or by crook, see if I don't."

And with this assurance, the dress-maker, who had a good deal of work on hand, to be ready by a certain time, took her departure to renew her vain efforts at meeting her engagements. To promise was a part of her profession—and not to keep these promises to the letter, the other part. Having the interests of the whole neighborhood to attend to, it was impossible to be entirely punctual in such unimportant matters.

CHAPTER XX.

It was past midday when the carpenter and his wife returned from Clifton, each with sober but not troubled countenances. Their anxieties about the babe's welfare were fully satisfied; but they came back with the sad assurance that its sweet smile had faded from their home for ever—that an angel had departed from among them, and with it, they feared, the sweet, angelic influences that, in so brief a time, had made their desert to blossom as the rose.

A hurried dinner was prepared, and then Harding went to his shop, that had now been closed for nearly two whole days. It was his intention to go from there, immediately, to farmer Grant's to make arrangements about the new roof, which he had promised to attend to immediately. He was just on the eve of doing so when a neighbor stopped at the door, and said—

"Why, what's been the matter, Harding? I was about going over to your house, to see if you were sick or dead."

"I've had a little business to attend to, which has taken all my time for nearly two days," replied the carpenter; "but I'm through with it now, and at my post again."

"You've lost a job by it, I'm thinking," said the neighbor.

"How so?"

"I heard Grant abusing you right and left for not keeping an engagement, yesterday morning. He said you promised to come over and see him about a new roof to his barn; and that he waited in for you a greater part of the day. He was dreadfully put out, and, in the

afternoon, rode over to Beechwood, and engaged a carpenter there."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Harding, as his countenance fell.

"Very sure. I saw him riding over, myself."

"I'm sorry. If he'd known *why* I was unable to keep my engagement, he would not have acted so hastily. I was, this moment, about going to see him."

"It won't be of any use I can tell you. Why didn't you send him word that it was out of your power to see him?"

"I should have done so, but didn't think of it."

"And, what is more," said the neighbor, "Mr. Edgar was going to engage you to build an addition to his house; but Grant talked so strong about you—saying, among other things, that you were not to be depended upon—that he concluded to employ another carpenter. So you see, this 'little business' of yours has proved rather a bad business. But, good morning! I musn't stop here."

The neighbor departed. As he turned his back, Harding folded his arms, and, leaning hard against his work-bench, gave way to feelings of despondency, not unmingled with reproaches towards Heaven for the hardness, even injustice, of these cruel reactions.

"I've done nothing to merit this," said he, in partial utterance of his true feelings. "Nothing! nothing! Then why am I left without work, though my hands are strong and my heart willing? God never hedges up a man's way in one direction without opening it in another—so says the school-master—and so I began to think when Grant came with the offer of one job after I had lost another. But now the way that opened so encouragingly before me is closed, even before I had set my foot therein. I wonder in which direction it will now open?"

The bitterness of distrust was in both Harding's voice and countenance.

"There's no use in folding your arms and standing idle," said a voice, speaking within him.

"Of course, not. But what am I to do? There's not a single stroke of work on hand." The carpenter answered his own thought thus, speaking aloud.

"Do something—make something. There are lumber and tools in your shop."

As the inward voice said this, the eyes of Harding rested on a half-finished pine table, which he had commenced in an idle hour, and thrown aside for other work. It was suggested to him to complete the table rather than not do anything. This suggestion he resisted for a time, because he had no heart to work, particularly as the work promised no return.

"Finish the table. Somebody will want it."

The voice spoke again. With something like blind obedience to this inward monitor, the carpenter commenced working on the

table. The effort naturally relieved his mind from the heavy pressure under which it was bowed down. He felt better, but did not know why. He had yet to learn that in all useful work the mind rests with a degree of calmness; that there is a power in true mental or bodily labor, to sustain the spirit in doubt, pain or sorrow. Once engaged in his task, he pursued it with a natural ardor, and, at the end of two hours, a well-made table stood finished in his shop. He was looking at it with a certain degree of pleasure, when Stark, who had been very shy of him for some weeks, presented himself at the shop door.

"The very article I want," said the tavern-keeper, as his eyes fell on the table. "Is it to order, or on sale?"

"Three dollars of anybody's money will buy it," answered the carpenter.

"Enough said," returned Stark, drawing out his purse. "Here's the coin. I'll send my Tom over for it in half an hour. And, see here, Harding, if you've got time, I wish you'd make me two good, strong benches, about eight feet long. Some chaps got to skylarking over in my house, last night, and smashed one all to pieces for me. How much will you charge for them?"

The carpenter took a piece of chalk, and figured up the cost of the wood.

"Two dollars a-piece," said he.

"Very well. Make them. How soon will they be done?"

"As I've nothing particular on hand, to-day, I'll get out the stuff this afternoon, and finish them sometime early in the morning."

"That will do." And the tavern keeper went his way, leaving three dollars in the carpenter's pocket, and his mind something easier. The stuff for the two benches was got out, and the work on both nearly completed by sundown, when Harding closed his shop and returned home. On his way, the gloomy, desponding state of mind returned. As he looked into the future, only a wall of darkness loomed up before him. His best customers had left him—the season was advanced—and no ground to build a hope upon, was under his feet. Mrs. Harding saw the heavy contraction of his brows as he entered, and it caused a shadow to fall upon her heart. Had the evil spirit, which the presence of Grace drove out, come back to him again? Alas! alas! if it were so? Yes, the evil spirit had come back, but, as yet, its power over him was small. It lay in his breast, as a live coal, and only waited for the fuel of excitement to kindle a blaze of destructive passion. Happily, that fuel was not supplied. There was nothing in his home to fret or disturb him. His wife spoke to him so kindly, that he could not but answer kindly, and the children were so quiet among themselves, that no cause of annoyance or anger existed in that direction. Still, he remained gloomy, and almost entirely silent:

"I don't know what is going to become of

us, Mary," said he, as they sat together, after the children had gone to bed. The gentleness and kindness of his wife's manner, had gradually subdued the state of irritability that threatened so much of evil; and now he felt like drawing nearer to her—letting her share his anxieties, and offer him her sympathy.

"Why do you say this, Jacob?" Mrs. Harding raised her eyes to the sober face of her husband.

"I haven't a stroke of work."

"How comes that?" The interrogation was so gently made, that it encouraged, instead of repressing confidence.

"Dear knows! I don't just understand it. To me, it seems very strange, that just now work should all stop, when there's not been a day before, in ten years, that I hadn't as much as I could do. I promised Mr. Grant to call yesterday morning about putting a new roof on his barn. But, you know why I couldn't see him. He got angry because I didn't keep my appointment, and gave the job to a carpenter over in Beechwood."

"That's only a single job," said Mrs. Harding, without seeming to be in the least troubled by the gloomy prospect before them. "You're a good workman, that every one knows. And I've often heard you say, that a man who does good work, never need fear but what he'll have enough to do."

"Yes, Mary; but look how far the season is advanced. Every good job that I expected, has gone into other hands, and I don't know a soul that now talks of building, even a pig-pen, this year. I feel completely disheartened. If we were only a little beforehand, I wouldn't feel so bad. But, we are not. Every thing is run down, and I haven't ten dollars ahead."

Just then some one knocked at the door. Harding opened it, and found a strange man, with a large bundle in his hand. His own name was inquired for.

"I am the person," he answered.

"Mrs. Beaufort sent this letter to you"—handing a letter—"and this bundle to Mrs. Harding"—reaching out the package.

"Won't you come in?" said the carpenter, as he received the letter and package.

"No, sir. It is late, and I must ride over to Clifton, to-night."

The man departed, and Harding turned back into the house. Breaking the seal of the letter with unsteady hands, he opened it, and read—

"I wish to see you to-morrow. Come over early. If I am not mistaken, I can serve your worldly interests materially. I learn that you are a good workman, and faithful in the performance of whatever you may undertake. I am about putting up several outbuildings, and making some important alterations in my house. It is partly in reference to these matters that I wish to see you.

EDITH BEAUFORT."

Within this letter another, directed to Mrs. Harding, was enclosed.

"Oh, Jacob! Just see here!" By the time her husband had gathered the meaning of his letter, Mrs. Harding was in full possession of the contents of hers. As she thus exclaimed she held up two bank bills, each claiming the valuation of fifty dollars, while her face had a bright, joyful, wondering expression.

"Why, Mary!" ejaculated the bewildered carpenter, as he reached out for the letter of his wife. It read—

"Accept, dear madam, from one who can never forget, and never repay the debt she owes you, the enclosed as a first act of justice. Use it for yourself and children. Accept, also, a few small presents for yourself and them. I have talked much with my mother about you and your good husband since you left us this morning, and I think, if there is nothing to bind you to your present place of abode, that we shall soon have you near us. We are about making some extensive repairs, improvements and alterations in and around our home, and my mother thinks that your husband is just the man to whom she can safely entrust their execution. She desires him to see her in the morning. Urge him to come without fail.

Yours, with gratitude,

EDITH PERCIVAL."

"It is broad daylight, now," such were the carpenter's words, after sitting silent for some moments.

"The darkest hour is just before daybreak, you know," said Mrs. Harding, her eyes filling with glad tears.

"Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction, without opening it in another. So Mr. Long said to me; and so I tried to believe. But, how can one believe with a mountain rising up in his path, and thick darkness on either side of him? I cannot."

"But let us not forget, Jacob," Mrs. Harding's voice was subdued, almost humble, "what more the school-master said in his kind and earnest talks with us."

"What did he say, Mary?"

"That the hedging up of our way in life, and the opening of new paths, are not for the alone sake of worldly good."

"Yes, I remember." The carpenter bowed his head thoughtfully.

"But, for the sake of heavenly and eternal good," continued Mrs. Harding. "How much he talked of our mental wants, and of our mental sufferings; and as he talked, did we not both see and feel that mere bodily wants and sufferings were nothing in comparison to these? The natural event of finding a babe at our door, which we received with reluctance, how much delight of mind it produced! Now, it was in Providence, as Mr. Long said, that the babe was so left at our door; and does it not seem, that it was so provided for, in order that, through this natural event, our spirits might become better and hap-

pier? Surely, we are all better and happier for the presence of dear little Grace among us."

"Have I not said so a hundred times, Mary?" There was light in the carpenter's face as he said this.

"And will we not all be better and happier, if we can be where our eyes, every little while, may look upon her angel face? Oh, yes, I know we will; for the sight of that face will lift our hearts upwards, and make us desire that spiritual innocence of which, as Mr. Long so beautifully said, she was the perfect bodily correspondent. And the desire will prompt us to resist the evils of our nature. And if we resist evil, you know, it is said, that it will depart from us. Dear husband!"—and as Mrs. Harding, animated with her subject, leaned towards him, and laid her hand upon his arm, the carpenter saw, as of late he had seen so many times, the sweet beauty in her face that had charmed and won his love in the time gone by—"Dear husband! Let us believe that the hedging up of your way in the old direction, and the opening of it in this, is not so much for the sake of worldly prosperity, as for the higher good of our spirits. Oh! is not peace of mind more to be desired than all earthly benefits? It is, Jacob—my heart—your heart, replies that it is. Let us, then, in accepting the earthly good, look still higher, and claim the better portion that may be ours."

"You are learning these wise lessons faster than I am, Mary," said the carpenter, with a tenderness of manner that went to the heart of his wife. "In the school of good I shall be, I fear, a slow learner. But, the apter scholar must have patience with my poor progress. I am hasty, moody, and passionate by nature, Mary, as you know too well. As you overcome, give me aid. If you can keep your heart in the sunlight, mine will not long remain under the cloud. If your sky continues serene, the storm will soon pass from mine. Try and remember this, Mary, and in my darker moods, bear with me. You will surely have your reward."

"And in my darker moods, Jacob," answered his wife: "and they will come, for I, too, am hasty and passionate, you must bear with me. Oh, let us help one another!"

The pledges and promises of that hour were never forgotten, as the brighter, happier future attested. On examining the package sent by the mother of Grace, it was found to contain various articles of clothing for Mrs. Harding and her children, besides a handsome vest pattern, and a dozen fine silk handkerchiefs for the carpenter. They were gratefully received, coming, as they did so timely, and under circumstances that did not make the gift a burdening obligation. Tranquil was their sleep that night, and the morning of a new day found them looking hopefully into the brightening future.

CHAPTER XXI.

A month later in the progress of events, and we find the carpenter and his family residing in a small, neat house, on the estate of Mrs. Beaufort, happily relieved from all anxiety about the "bread that perishes," and surrounded with more of taste and comfort than they had ever known. Harding had already entered, actively, upon the execution of such work as Mrs. Beaufort first desired, and, thus far, was giving every satisfaction. Why should this not be? for he was quick and skilful in all the branches of his trade, and perfectly honest in the execution of whatever might be entrusted to him. All that could be done to make Mrs. Harding's new home a pleasant one was done by Mrs. Percival, who came over, almost daily, to see her, accompanied by her babe, whose visits to the carpenter's family ever seemed like the shining in of sunbeams. Grace was still the Angel of their Household, bearing back through her sweet presence to their bodily eyes, or, when absent, to the eyes of their spirits, the natural passions, which, like evil beasts, were striving to devour the innocent affection just born in their hearts, and which were daily gaining strength and beauty. Bright moments to Harding, in the day's circle of hours, were those in which the babe, borne in the arms of her nurse, came out to see him at his work. If he laid down his axe, his saw, or his plane, at such times, that he might take the happy little one, and hold her against his heart, who could blame the act, or deem him an idler from his tasks? Not a stroke the less was given for these moments of self-indulgence, if we may call them by so cold a name, for they sent new life through the carpenter's nerves, and fresh vigor to his willing hands.

Only a few weeks were permitted to pass ere the public announcement of Edith's marriage was made, accompanied by such evidence to all interested friends, as removed even the shadow of doubt or suspicion. The fact of the babe's abandonment by its mother at the door of a stranger, was never clearly understood. That it had been in the carpenter's family was known; but, under what peculiar circumstances it came there, was a matter of question even to the neighbors of Harding. Beyond this narrow circle, it was taken for granted, that in order to conceal the marriage and birth of the child, Mrs. Harding had been selected as the nurse, and pledged to secrecy in regard to its parentage. Even among the carpenter's old neighbors, this theory finally prevailed, in consequence of its adoption by Miss Gimp.

"I always said," so the dress-maker gossiped, after having settled to her own satisfaction all the difficulties presented by the case—"that Mrs. Harding knew a great deal more about the child than she cared to tell. I said this in the beginning, and I've never altered my mind. You can't make me believe that people like the

Hardings would take a strange babe into their house, and treat it even better than one of their own, unless well paid for it. It isn't in nature: much less in the nature of such people."

And this solution of the matter was pretty generally adopted, thus saving the young mother that crushing odium which must have followed the clear announcement of her act, even done as it was in a state of partial derangement.

Two months only had passed, since Edith was presented to her friends in her true character, when Colonel D'Arcy, not to be baffled in the pursuit of her hand, wrote her a long, earnest letter of sympathy and condolence; begging forgiveness at the same time for the ardor of his attentions at a period when she must have been bowed to the earth with sorrow—a sorrow of which he was "necessarily ignorant"—and asking the privilege of occasionally visiting at her mother's house as a friend. Not to leave the matter solely to her unbiassed decision, the gallant Colonel wrote also to Mrs. Beaufort, mentioning his letter to her daughter; and frankly saying to her, that, notwithstanding the secret marriage of Edith, and birth of a child, now that her husband was dead, he was ready again to offer his hand. Instantly, the smouldering ambition of this proud woman was fanned into a blaze: and, once more, she resolved to compass, if possible, the long desired marriage of her daughter. The acknowledgment of Edith's true relation—that of the widowed wife of an obscure, young adventurer—would, she had not doubted, at once settle all so far as D'Arcy was concerned, and this was why she strove so desperately to prevent its taking place. In consenting to publicity, she had abandoned her ambitious hopes. Now, they all started again into vigorous life. The hand of her daughter was yet deemed worthy of possession, even by Colonel D'Arcy—the marriage, so dear to her heart, might yet be accomplished—and she instantly resolved, that its failure should not be in consequence of any want of effort on her part.

The two letters came by the same post. Edith had just finished reading her's, when Mrs. Beaufort, the ardor of whose re-awakened purpose impelled to an immediate interview with her daughter, entered the room where she sat with the flush of outraged womanhood yet warm upon her cheeks.

"Is your letter from Colonel D'Arcy?" enquired the mother, slightly hesitating in the conscious conviction that the subject would be disagreeable.

"It is," was Edith's simple, yet firm response.

"He knows of your marriage?"

"Yes."

"May I see your letter?"

Edith handed the letter to her mother, who, after reading it, said—

"What answer will you make?"

"None," was replied.

"None! That will be uncourteous."

"He is entitled to no courtesy from me"—was the decisive answer, "and will get none."

"But, Edith"—Mrs. Beaufort's face was flushing, and her eyes beginning to glitter.

"Mother!" Edith interrupted her—"what I have said to you, hitherto, about this man, was said from the heart; and I give it a repeated utterance, hardly repressing a cry of abhorrence. His very name is an offence; and his presence here, if you permit him to come, will be to me an outrage. I understand the hidden import of his glossing letter clearly; but he writes to me in vain. No—not even as a friend will I receive him. Mother!"

A hurried step was heard this instant in the hall, and Edith, checking the utterance of what was on her tongue, started, with eager eyes, and changing cheeks to the floor. With hands raised and partly extended, and her gaze rivetted on the entrance to the room, she stood, her ear bent to the sounding tread of a man's approaching feet. An instant more, and uttering wildly the cry—

"Henry! Oh! my husband! My husband!" she threw herself upon the breast of a tall, handsome, embrowned young man, who sprang forward to receive her, and catching her eagerly in his arms, covered her face with kisses.

"Oh! Henry! Am I dreaming?" sobbed the bewildered young creature, as disengaging herself partly from his arms, she gazed into his face, pressing the hair back with both hands from his ample forehead.

"Not dreaming, Edith, dear," he answered. "The dream is past—this is the glad awakening."

"My husband! My dear, dear husband!" And, fondly, Edith laid her head upon his bosom. A moment only it rested there: then, starting up, she caught him by the arm, and, drawing him towards a door that opened into an adjoining room, said—

"Come."

He followed, as she led.

"Look!"

They had entered, and were beside a cradle in which their babe was sleeping.

"It is ours, Henry!—our sweet, precious one! Our darling Grace!" And lifting it tenderly, she laid it in his arms.

As if a blasting spectre had met her vision, Mrs. Beaufort fled to her chamber at the sight of Percival, and was now hidden from all eyes but those of her Maker. She had fully believed him dead, and had rejoiced in his death; his sudden appearance, therefore, was as of one risen from the dead. His coming, too, just as old schemes, so long cherished, were about being reconstructed, to scatter all her mad ambition to the wind, seemed so like Heaven's mockery, that, with a crushed, helpless feeling, she shrunk into herself, and bowed her spirit in the bitterness of forced submission.

Two hours afterwards—Edith, who knew her too well to intrude during the time, had not even tapped at her chamber door—she came forth, and received the husband of her daughter with a degree of cordiality altogether unexpected.

"We believed you dead, Mr. Percival," said she. "Can you explain why we were deceived by false intelligence? Mr. Maris wrote to us, first, that you were very ill, and, soon after, that you had died of a malignant southern fever."

"I was ill, very ill, for a time," the young man answered, "but not of a malignant southern fever. The physician at the hospital to which I was sent to die, and where, in Providence, I was permitted to recover, strongly suspected that I had been unfairly dealt by—some of my symptoms resembling in a marked degree the effects of poison."

"Poison!" Mrs. Beaufort looked startled as she gave almost involuntary utterance to the word.

"Yes; and I have now but little doubt that such was the case, for I learn, with no small surprise, that, after my reported death, Colonel D'Arcy renewed his offers for the hand of Edith."

"Colonel D'Arcy! what of him? What had he to do with your sickness?" Mrs. Beaufort's countenance became suddenly clouded.

"I know not that he had anything to do with it," replied Percival; "but, this I know, he was a friend of Mr. Maris, and visited him on the night I was taken sick. They drank wine together, and both urged me with such gracious kindness to take a glass of sherry with them, that I could not refuse. Colonel D'Arcy touched his glass to mine, and said, in a singularly altered voice, so it struck me at the moment—

"Your good health, Mr. Percival."

"I did not like the man, for out of his eyes an evil spirit had ever looked at me. On this particular occasion, that spirit seemed to glare upon me with a kind of malignant triumph. Soon after drinking the wine, I felt an unusual heat in my stomach, which gradually pervaded my system. My head grew heavy and painful, and my body hot and sluggish. On complaining of indisposition, Mr. Maris advised me to go home, saying that a few hours' rest would restore me. But, so far from that, I was in a raging fever all night, and early on the next morning, at the suggestion, as I afterwards learned, of Mr. Maris, I was sent to the hospital to die. An ordinary fever would have run to its crisis, terminating in favor of or against the patient, in a certain number of days; but the fever which had seized upon me was altogether different, and seemed as if it would never tire drinking at my vitals. When, at last, its fire abated, I was left so much exhausted that small hope of recovery was felt by either physician or attendants. It was more than two months before

strength sufficient to bear the weight of my body was gained. Then the life-current began to flow more freely; and a few weeks of rapid convalescence placed me so near to health that I ventured to make this homeward journey. Soon after I was taken to the hospital, a man, named Henry Percival, died in one of the sick wards. Mr. Maris, I suppose, took it for granted that my death was the one reported, and immediately communicated the fact to you."

For a considerable time after the young man ceased speaking, Mrs. Beaufort sat with her eyes upon the floor, evidently in deep and troubled thought.

"There's a dark mystery here," she said, at length, speaking partly to herself. "Mr. Maris, then, is a particular friend of Colonel D'Arcy?" she added, raising her eyes.

"They appeared to be very intimate. I often saw them together."

"It's a strange story." She again seemed speaking to herself. "And I can't make it all out. Colonel D'Arcy?—Mr. Maris?—poison?"

As Percival looked at her, fixedly, he saw a low shudder pass through her frame. A dark suspicion entered his mind on the instant, but he resolutely thrust it out; and, in doing so, he was but just to Mrs. Beaufort. If he had been dealt by foully, of which there was small reason to doubt, she was no party to the wicked deed.

A few days afterwards, Colonel D'Arcy, following up his letters with a degree of confident assurance, made a visit to Clifton, in order to throw the weight of his personal influence in the scale, and thus secure a preponderance in his favor.

Mrs. Beaufort, now that all blinding antagonism towards Percival was laid aside, and closer contact gave her a better view of his character and a clearer appreciation of his worth, began to find herself drawn towards him with a power of attraction, at first resisted, but hourly gaining strength. His intelligence was of a different order from that by whose glitter she had been attracted through life. It was not the obtrusive intelligence which is assumed for effect—illustrating only the pride of its possessor—but had in it a soul of moral wisdom—a beautiful humanity, warm with a higher life. Often, as he talked, she listened with something akin to wonder; and, as her eyes rested upon his animated countenance, she saw in it a manly beauty, caught from the inspiring soul, that compelled a half-reluctant admiration. Not unfrequently, at these times, would the face of Colonel D'Arcy present itself before the eyes of her mind with singular vividness; yet ever marred by an expression, well remembered as peculiarly its own, but now, as seen in contrast with the fine countenance of Percival, felt to be cruel, selfish and debasingly sensual. Almost with a shudder, at such times, would she close her bodily eyes, seeking to destroy the unpleasant

vision. It was on an occasion like this that the servant announced Colonel D'Arcy.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaufort, thrown entirely from her guard.

The name was repeated.

"Tell him that I will be down in a few minutes," she said, recovering herself.

For some moments the three looked at each other in doubt and irresolution. All of them knew well the object of his visit. Percival was the first to speak.

"Let us," said he, "go down together and receive him. He thinks I am dead, if he thinks of me at all. Should my suspicions be true, at sight of me he will be thrown from his guard and betray himself. Come! Let us go at once."

And he arose, moving on a pace or two in the direction of the door. Mrs. Beaufort and Edith followed, as if impelled by his will—the latter carrying Grace in her arms.

Side by side they entered the parlor where D'Arcy sat awaiting some member of the family.

"Colonel D'Arcy!"

Mrs. Beaufort inclined her body gracefully, and smiled upon her visitor with a bland smile. But he saw not the motion nor the smile, for his eyes were rivetted instantly on the calm face of Percival, who, with his young wife shrinking to his side and holding her babe against her bosom, looked at him steadily and sternly. Only for a moment did he stand in the attitude of astonishment assumed as the unexpected apparition confronted him—then, with a look of dismay and an exclamation of terror, he swept past the little group and fled from the house.

"I did not err in my suspicions," said Percival, speaking with entire self-possession. "He is guilty of having sought my life. Dear Edith!" he added, as he drew an arm around her, and pressed his lips to her pure forehead—"how thankful am I for your dear sake that his wicked purpose failed."

"My children!"

The arms of Mrs. Beaufort were flung suddenly around them both.

"My children!"

Her voice choked, and what she would have said further, remained unspoken. Pride could not suffer her to betray the strong agitation she felt.

There were a few moments of silence. Then she disengaged her arms, and turning from them, retired with slow and stately steps to her own apartments.

One scene more, briefly sketched, and the curtain must fall upon our characters.

A few months have glided pleasantly by. The nearer view that Mrs. Beaufort now had of the son-in-law accepted with such an intense reluctance, enabled her to see the higher qualities of mind with which he was endowed: as well as the sterling virtues already developed

in one so young. Her estates were large, and needed the intelligent care of a man who had some acquaintance with legal and landed affairs. This knowledge, the education of Percival had in a measure supplied; and his calm judgment and integrity of purpose were a guarantee for the rest that Mrs. Beaufort was very ready to accept; and the result involved no measure of disappointment.

So well pleased was she with our friend the carpenter, that she soon made a contract with him to remain as overseer on her estate, at a liberal salary.

It was a warm afternoon near the close of the ensuing May, that Mrs. Percival stepped across the broad green lawn that sloped gently from her mother's fine old mansion, and took her way to the pleasant cottage-home of the carpenter and his family, that stood only at a short distance. On entering, she found no one in the sitting room; but, with the familiarity of a friend who knows the awaiting welcome at all times, she pushed open the door of the adjoining apartment, when a sight met her eyes that made the blood leap warmer from her heart. A week before, had been born in that chamber, another babe; and it was to see the mother and enquire after her wants, if any were unsupplied, that Mrs. Percival had now come. She supposed that Harding was absent at work; but, this was not so. The fact was, scarcely an hour passed during each day, since the little stranger came, that he did not run in to look at its fair young face, or take it in his great, strong arms, and bear it about the room. He was sitting now near the bed, where lay his happy wife, with her face turned towards him and the babe; and he was holding the tender little one on his arm, and gazing with a look that could not be mistaken for love, down upon the sweet image of innocence. Around were grouped the children, and little Lotty, standing between her father's knees, was laying her white finger softly on the baby's cheek, and talking to it fondly.

As Mrs. Percival swung open the door, and at a glance comprehended the scene, she said, with a pleasant familiarity that her previous intercourse with them warranted—

"Ah! Nursing that baby again. Mr. Harding? Why, one would think you'd never had a baby in your house before!"

"We never knew the value of a baby," replied the carpenter, "until your's came to us and won our hearts. Ah! She was the Angel of our Household, and it was a hard trial to see her go forth never to return again. But God has given us another angel."

"And may she be dearer to you than the one you have lost," said Mrs. Percival, as she reached over and took the precious burden from the arms of Mr. Harding. "Have you chosen a name for it yet?"

Mrs. Harding glanced towards her husband. "It was chosen the hour of her birth," answered the carpenter.

"Is it Grace?"

Mrs Percival smiled as she made the enquiry.

"No other name would express our love for her. Yes, it is Grace!"

"May she indeed prove, as I am sure she will, the Angel of your Household," said Mrs. Percival, with touching solemnity.

An audible "Amen" broke the stillness that followed: and, as we repeat the word, the curtain falls.

THE END.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

What a change is this! there's something we miss

Of innocence, beauty and glee;
All scattered around, may the toys be found,
And the kittens are frolicking free;
But we hear no more little feet on the floor—
Soft patting of little feet bare;
Nor the calling voice, that made us rejoice,
Our names had such melody rare!

Ah! the babe is at rest on its mother's breast.
Come, now, while it yet is awake;
And the darling sweet, with kisses will meet,
The kisses we tenderly take.
Weary of play, through the long Summer day,
It turns from the merry, wild throng,
And closely it clings to the folding wings,
And lists to the lullaby song.

Now softly is hid, 'neath the fringed lid,
The loving and languishing blue;
So flowerets bright will close up at night,
Oppressed by the slumberous dew.
In repose so deep has the charmer, Sleep,
Enfolded the beautiful form,
That it seems like Death; but the blessed
breath

We feel on the rosy lips warm.

And a more divine and radiant sign
Of the living spirit we trace,
In the smiling gleam, which some heavenly
dream

Spreads over the innocent face!
By the smile we know, that sweet and low,
The "angels are whispering" near;
An invisible band doth about us stand,
To keep away evil and fear!

Oh! sleeping child, with the face so mild,
We think of the trouble and tears—
The wrinkles of care those features may wear,
In a few of these worldly years;
And resolves anew, in our hearts rise true,
And meekly to Heaven we pray,
That our lives may be safe teachers to thee,
To lead thee, in joy, on thy way.

To lead thee to go, where in purity flow,
The bright, living waters of Truth;
So thy placid brow shall keep, as now,
Unsoiled, "the dew of thy youth."
And when Time shall come, with the meted sum
Of weary old three-score-and-ten,
Thou shalt hear the song of the angel throng,
And smile, in thy slumber, *then*.

QUERIE.

LEAF FROM A HOUSEKEEPER'S JOURNAL.

The unadorned truth of this "Leaf from Ellen Eyrie's Journal," will awaken recollections in the mind of many a housekeeper.

Monday morning.—Baby fretful through the night—just fallen into a sound sleep:—sleepy myself—six o'clock; time for a good housekeeper to be stirring. Bridget left last night at five minutes' warning, doubtless in consequence of a promise I had made her, to inspect the kitchen and premises during the day. Own health bad, having been confined to my room for several weeks, during which time Bridget has been sole mistress of the mansion. Repair to the kitchen—stove choked with ashes and covered with grease. Make desperate use of shovel and ash pan, and strive to kindle a fire. Bad success—husband rousing himself, comes to my assistance. Fire burns—tea-kettle sought for, and discovered in the same state as the stove. After much time spent in reclaiming it, it is at length set down to boil. Coffee-pot filled with a black-looking liquid, and crusted with grounds of at least three weeks' standing. Coffee pot also reclaimed. Baby wakes, and cries to be taken up. Husband makes the coffee, while the baby is washed and dressed; then takes the baby, and begs the breakfast may be hastened, as his business is unusually pressing to-day. Cook the cakes, and set the table. Pantry closet minus two tea-spoons and one silver-fork. Table-cloth found half sunk in an uncovered pot of pickles. Sugar-bowl contains the dregs of a foreign substance, which closer examination, proves to be soft-soap.

Breakfast over—husband gone—baby sitting on the floor with a dipper to play with. Attempt to arrange the pantry, but find the confusion interminable. Baby tires of the dipper, and tottles along by the wall and chairs till she gets hold of my dress, and then screams to be taken. Let her scream till the breakfast things are washed, and then taking her on my arm, retreat to the parlor; fire burns feebly—coal-grate wants clearing—beds want making—parlors want sweeping and dusting—zines, oil-cloths, and door-steps want washing—baby peremptorily vetoes all these wants—get nervous—sit down with the look of a martyr, and try to rock her to sleep—succeed, after a whole hour spent in the effort. Lie her down, and repair to the wardrobe—find it minus one black veil. Laundry closet at sixes and sevens, with piles of sheets, towels, and pillow-cases, astonishingly diminished. Attempt to repair the disorder and discover what is missing—am too exhausted to continue the operation—shut the door upon the muss, and crouch dizzily upon the sofa.

Ring, ring, ring—girl wants a place—stands with muddy feet on the front steps, and attempts to force her way in through the hall—black patch over her eye, and any quantity of

dirt over her dress—order her off. Restore the kitchen to order, mostly with the baby on my arm—repair to the parlor, rouse the fire, and rock the baby to sleep. Find brush and comb, and make an attempt at dressing. Rap, rap, rap—hair over my shoulders won't go—vain resolution. Open comes the door, and tramp, tramp, a slow, heavy step across the dining-room—door opens—a woman with a big cloak—basket of essences and cotton edgings, and as much mud as her shoes can carry. Tell her I want nothing, and bid her go—woman hesitates—repeat the “go” with uncommon emphasis, and she starts, closes the door, and is still. Hasten across the room, and open the door to see what she is about. Woman feigns a limp to excuse the slowness of her gait, and disappears. Follow her across the room, and bolt the door, to be rid of further intrusion. Sit down again with another effort at hair-dressing. Ring, ring—keep my seat—ring, ring, ring, ring—person goes away; look out and see a girl leaving—sorry—she may have come from the intelligence office. Baby wakes—take her up. Ring, ring, ring—set her down to cry, and go to the door this time. Ladies calling—entire strangers, whom my previous call found not at home. Feel mortified, and bow them awkwardly in, thinking all the while of my dowdy double gown and half finished toilet. Front parlor neither swept nor dusted, and without a fire. Back parlor bearing strong token of the baby's burn and other nursery accompaniments. Take the baby up and try to quiet her in vain. Ladies remain a few moments, during which nothing can be said, because the baby's strong lungs have monopolized all the air in the room. Make an apology and bow them out, conscious that apologies can never do away with first impressions.

Rap, rap—girl from the intelligence office—Irish—just over—can she cook?

“Indade, ma'am, and I can cook, if ye'll tache me, well enough.”

“But can you do nothing without teaching?”

“Sure, an' how would I?”

“Can't you make bread?”

“No more than a child unborn; but if ye'll show me how, I'll make it asy enough.”

“Why, have you never seen it made?”

“Niver.”

“But how can you have grown to your age without ever seeing any bread?”

“Indade, ma'am, at home it was mostly praties.”

“You can wash dishes and clothes, I suppose?”

“I niver thried; but if ye'll thry me, I've no doubt I'll do whatever I'm bid.”

“But what have you done all your life?”

“Troth, at home I was in the field or bog jist, from one year's end till another, cutting peat, or digging praties with the gossoons.”

I sit down and write a note, requesting them to send me something less ignorant than the present specimen, and bid her take it back with her to the intelligence office.

Seat myself once more. Ring, ring, ring—take no notice—if it is the girl I want, she must come round to the back door. Rap, rap, rap—perhaps she has; open the door—book agent, with a large portfolio of *highly illuminated* works. Tell him I do not wish to buy—book agent does not care for that—crowds his way in, and unloads his wares on the dining-table. Tell him sharply, that I have no time to look at them—besides having seen them at least a dozen times—book agent mutters something about politeness and goes.

Return to the baby—baby considerably out of patience—mother ditto. Ring, ring, ring—do not hear. Rap, rap, rap—go to the door, hoping to find a respectable girl this time. Spruce young man with a fine voice, bowing, and presenting a small bottle.

“Have you ever the toothache, ma'am? sure specific—cure it in two seconds—only twenty-five cents.”

“No.”

Attempting to close the door—another bottle.

“Perhaps you're troubled with corns, an undoubted”—shut the door in his face and retire.

Rap, rap, rap—girl wants a place.

“Come from the intelligence office?”

“No.”

“Lived anywhere before?”

“No.”

What can she do?—Everything. Tell her to call again in the morning—expect a girl from the intelligence office, and don't like to take one without a reference. See her speak to Mrs. W.'s cook as she leaves. Call to Ann, and ask what she knows about her. Says she is just out of the workhouse for stealing from her last mistress. Begin to despair of a good girl.

Another rap at the door. Chinaman wants to sell me a distorted tea cup in exchange for my husband's best pants, with the privilege of stealing two or three vests while making the bargain. Shut the door upon him, half resolved to buy a big dog to answer such calls.

Nice looking girl passes the window as I recross the dining room—enters and hands me a note, saying, in a broad Irish brogue,

“Mrs. Hagan heard ye were wanting a girl, and sent me to yez with this. I was living with her several months, till my sister fell ill, and I was forced to leave to take care of her.”

“Well, Mary,” said I, after reading Mrs. Hagan's note, “did you do all Mrs. Hagan's kitchen work while you were there?”

“Dear me, that I did,” she replied, “and the chambermaid gone half the time, besides.”

“You think, then, that you can get along with my work, and keep things in order, do you?”

“Troth, an' I'd be sorry if I couldn't, with your little family.”

“Can you come immediately?”

“Sure, I'm come now.”

So Mary is set to work about the tea, while I retire once more to the parlor, glad to arrange things a little, and clear the clouds from my brow before my husband's return.

HOME PICTURES FRAMED.

OR, LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

No. III.

Never laughed a gayer, sweeter girl in the woody shades of Sylvan Dell than the heroine of my story—Grace Harris. Little as a fairy, bright as a butterfly, and sweet as an angel, was our Grace, the village belle and village school-teacher. Her mother was a widow, and the avails of her daughter's labor helped to support the family of little brothers. Everybody said, if Grace could have the advantages that Deacon Hall's homely daughters had, or Dr. Pratt's, she would far excel them, for already she could write a better essay; and it was shrewdly hinted, by the old ladies of the Benevolent Sewing Society, that the occasional poems which appeared in the "Visitor," and simply signed "Sybil," were none other's than Grace Harris'. A truant blush, one day, betrayed her identity. The little troop of scholars were dismissed at noon, and, as they went bounding and skipping on the green-sward, Grace tied on her pink sun bonnet and walked towards home, but just as she passed the village post-office the simpering young post-master threw her a late copy of the "Visitor," with a marked poem in it, "To Sybil." Her little heart bounded, and the surprise and blush that followed was a revelation.

Grace walked hurriedly on until she came to a clump of maples; then, flinging off her bonnet, she sat down in its tempting shade, and read the poem addressed to her. No wonder her little heart fluttered like a caged bird beating its trembling wings against the bars, for the words were warm and impassioned, and glowing with praise of her own sweet songs; but the simple signature, "Edward," gave her no clue to its author. Many times that afternoon was the thoughtful Grace seen with her eyes fixed on the floor, in a fit of abstraction, and her lips moving and whispering something to no visible person.

Poor human Grace! Flattered and elated with the tribute paid her, she wrote another and a sweeter song than had ever gushed from her young heart, and then followed another from her stranger admirer.

"He could not love me," mused Grace, as she looked into her little mirror, and saw no trace of that spiritual loveliness the poet-dreamer had invested her with. Then she looked at her red hands, both so familiar with the mop and duster, and her plain brown hair and cheap calico dress; and the tiny germ of vanity in her heart made her sigh and brush her hair back from her eyes, even though it was not near them.

The editor of the "Visitor" informed Grace that her unknown admirer was the only son of a wealthy planter in Kentucky, and that he designed visiting the Dell, purposely to see the gifted one whose songs had made such an impression on him.

"He worships genius like yours," he added; "but I trust he may not deprive us of our singing bird."

Very happily did the short, bright Summer glide away to the little teacher, whose routine of duties were varied by an occasional picnic, or quilting party, and many of the simple amusements that are enjoyed in the country and its nestling villages. A specimen of one quilting frolic is so closely inlaid with my story that it is entitled to a hearing.

Fan Ray came bounding into the widow Harris' little home, one evening, in September, her eyes and cheeks all aglow, with—

"Dear Grace! Kate Butler is to give a quilting party, on Thursday, and invite all the girls in the Dell, and as far south as the Cove, and over to Cedar Ridge, and even away up to Greentown, and she wants us all to wear white dresses and flowing hair, and we are to take tea in the woods on Table Rock! Oh! I am so glad!" and the gay Fanny clapped her hands and snatched a half finished poem from the writing-stand, where Grace sat, and capered around the room, holding it above her head.

"As I live, Grace Harris!" said she, stopping short in her pirouetting, and beginning to read the first lines of the song.

Grace blushed deeply as she caught the offending missive, and destroyed it.

"I'll not tell that you were—" but, before she could finish the sentence, a hand over the rosy little lips sealed them, and Grace drew her attention to the anticipated party.

"All to wear white dresses and flowing hair, and take tea in the woods?" said Grace.

"Yes," said Fanny, "won't that be grand; and the swing is to be put up in the barn; and the four farm horses are to be at our service; and then the skiff is lying in the Bend, newly oared, too!"

"I had rather, Grace, you would not wear your white lawn dress, if you are all to go racing like a parcel of wild colts," said Mrs. Harris, raising her glasses above the snowy frill of her cap, "for you know you have to work for all your own clothes."

"Why, mother, I can wear my old jaconet, even if it is low-necked and old-fashioned: a new pink ribbon will make it look quite pretty," said Grace, who was delighted with the novelty of the proposed party.

On Monday, before the great-expected Thursday, I do believe, from every clothes-line, for miles around, there swayed in the breeze, whitest of all the white washings, a snowy dress; and then, when Thursday morning came, the flaxen, and golden, and auburn, and red and black hair was let loose from curl papers, and allowed to flow over fair, and fat, and brown and bony shoulders, all just as the romantic Kate Butler had desired.

Kate was an only daughter, and the pride of her parents, and had just returned from Steubenville, where she had been sent to boarding-school. She was a good, true-hearted girl, and

the conventionalities of society had passed over her and left her the same wild, glad, free Kate that they had found her.

Her home was in a secluded nook, among dark evergreen trees, and, away in the distance, the tall, way pines seemed reaching from their rocky footholds up to the clouds. The beautiful stream of Clear Creek wound among the rugged hills, and a graceful bend in it was visible from Kate's residence.

The afternoon found them all gathered together in the spacious rooms of the old cottage among the pines, and it did one's heart good to listen to the merry gushes of laughter that rang out on the Autumn air. The quilting was quite forgotten, except by Deacon Wallace's girls, and Judith Weston, and Hannah Mills, and Mr. Gray's maiden sister Letty, who all worked as though their reputation was at stake. Letty declared she never could make merry after she saw aunt Polly Hughes die, and Judith thought if they came there to work why let 'em work, and not play. Good old auntie Butler said they might enjoy themselves as they pleased, she didn't care, for Kate had invited them more for their company than their work.

Fan Ray tied on auntie's big sun-bonnet, and winking slyly to those nearest her, they all followed her bounding steps to the great roomy barn in which was a stout swing that would easily hold nine. Then a noisy, laughing troop went down to the Bend, and gathered their white dresses up around them, and got into the skiff, and rowed down the stream, and in and out under the willows and pines that drooped their swaying limbs quite down to the water's edge, while Kate, who was passionately fond of singing, sang some of her sweetest songs in her own clear, ringing, bird-like way.

Kate and Grace plied the light oars with a skill well known to country girls, whose homes are near to streams, and after they had rowed far down to where it grew narrow, and where the rocks jutted, all mossy and strongly laced over with the clutching and finger like roots of the pines, and where it seemed a place for the gambols of the wildest goddess that ever haunted the forest recesses—just then, Grace dropped her oar and lightly sprang out, enraptured with the deep, unmarred beauty of the sylvan spot.

The little chain in the end of the skiff was thrown around a gnarled root, and the merry ones brushed the leaves from off the mossy rocks and seated themselves.

That was a picture an artist might yearn for! Grace was the crowning feature, sitting as she did, with her fingers interlocked in her rapture; her hair carelessly pushed away from her brow, and her "old fashioned dress" seeming the very garb appropriate. One arm was half hidden in the moss as she reclined, her eyes fixed upon the fleecy clouds and blue sky, and sombre trees reflected in the clear bosom of the stream.

"And who is Edward, the unknown lover of our Grace's?" said Kate, leaning over and gathering up a handful of curls from the bare shoulder of the dreaming poet-girl.

"If reports are true, we shall see him before this Autumn has passed away, and I should not wonder, judging from the fervor of his last production."

Just at this moment a boisterous laugh was heard, ringing and echoing among the hills, and a splashing in the stream caused the gay party to spring to their feet.

No wonder more than a dozen ha-ha's gushed from out the mossy nook from a dozen girl mouths, for there, scattering the foamy water at every step, came Fan Ray and Belle Gorham on Mr. Butler's old farm-horse Ned, and right behind them was Lillie Burton and Jessie King on one of the bays, and bringing up the rear on quiet Doll was Em Bennett and Jessie Reed and Cal Newman, all riding just like boys, with their horses' heads trimmed off with tufts of evergreen and tassels of pine.

"True as hounds on the track, ain't we?" said Fan, reining up old Ned, and ordering her file of horsewomen to stop.

I never saw such a ludicrous scene, and if all Bedlam had been let loose, there could not have been more noise and louder peals of laughter than we merry ones kept up for a few minutes.

"Where are the other girls?" said Kate, pausing for breath.

"Oh! they are working away like bees in a flower garden, commenting on indolent habits, and moralizing on the frailties of human nature, and our maiden friend Letty Gray is telling about the death-scene of her aunt Polly, and the time they all had the measles, and thinks likely the coming Winter will be the severest we ever had," said the mischievous Fanny, with a winsome dimple playing about her little rose-bud of a mouth.

Leaving our gay ones to rest or romp awhile, we will take up another feature in our "ower true tale."

"Oh! she must be an angel," for her songs are seraphic," said Charles Turner to his sister Ida, and he laid down a copy of the "Visitor," and thrust his jewelled fingers through his soft hair.

"Why, Charlie! I am astonished at your unbounded admiration of a stranger, who, perchance, is much your inferior in birth and education. I warn you not to rely too much on the mere matter of the lady's poetry, and perhaps give yourself cause to regret the unguarded warmth in which you speak of her," said his sister, as she affectedly reclined on a luxurious sofa, with the last novel lying open beside her.

"I could never be happy, Ida, unless one like the unseen 'Sybil' were my ministering angel. She is pure and gifted, and I intend to win her for my own. I shall be proud to introduce her as my wife, and I doubt not she will honor the

aristocratic circle in which she will move with grace and dignity. She must be lovely—so fair a gem cannot rest in a casket less fair," said Charles, rising and pacing the floor impatiently.

"How would you feel brother mine, if the peerless 'Sybil' was of plebeian birth, graceless and unlovely in person, and—"

Ida Turner, the proud heiress, heard only a "pshaw," and a hurried tread resounding on the marble steps of their beautiful mansion, and with a haughty curl of her queenly lip she rang for her maid to wheel the sofa nearer the window, and resumed her novel.

"I will put an end to this suspense," said Charles, knitting his fine brow with vexation, "and show Ida the fallacy of her opinions," and in a few hours Sambo and his young master were driving along in a handsome carriage with two spirited grays, to the steamboat landing.

"'Spouse young mas'r's got some new notion in his head now?'" soliloquized Sambo, as he drove back to the elegant mansion of his owner.

Charles and Ida Turner were the only children of a wealthy Kentucky planter, and no sacrifice had been spared in endeavoring to give them an enviable standing in society. Charles was a dreamer, unfit for the real and practical, and stern in life; his mental and physical energies never having been called into requisition. Poor Charles prided himself on his handsome face, figure and worldly attainments, and never did the high-spirited young Kentuckian once dream that his unknown enslaver was a poor village school-mistress, compelled to earn her own livelihood, and help support the family of fatherless brothers. And often too in the Winter months, if sewing was not to be obtained, Grace freely went out to service, doing all kinds of labor pertaining to housewifery, and little did Charles think that the poetess whose songs had unconsciously won his love, was in nothing save intellectual culture more than the clever cook in the kitchen at his own home. The proud aristocrat loving a menial, a village school-mistress, whose wide, little hands knew how to make nice biscuit and white loaves, and coats, and shirts and vests, and smooth the pillows of the sick and dying, and by their good works win warm blessings from warmer hearts! Never! he had rather court beggary than thus fall from his high estate!

Charles reached L—— and hired a conveyance to take him to the residence of the editor of the "Visitor." It unfortunately happened, or rather fortunately, that his road lay through the neighborhood of Sylvan Dell, and to save going a circuitous route, the driver went across the pine hills in an unfrequented road that lay directly across Clear Creek, and in sight of where we were all lounging, laughing, swinging and watching Fan prick old Ned and make him kick up in the water. Poor Belle pleaded piteously, as she was in danger of being thrown

off; and at the very moment Ned was kicking up, and Belle clinging round Fan's waist and threatening to fall off and be drowned, a carriage drove into the stream, while the burly driver with a "whoah," leaned out and loosened the checks, that the horses might drink.

A fair face was seen to look out with an expression of mingled surprise and pleasure, a face so fair that it seemed the sunshine had never beamed on it, or the winds ever played with breezy fingers in the soft auburn hair, that made it the more beautiful.

"Naiads and graces people this wild spot, it seems," said the stranger, in a low voice, but not so low that Fan's ready ear did not catch it up, and just as the carriage drove up the craggy bank on the opposite side, Fan sternly said to her clinging companion, "Now, Belle! if you don't kiss your hand to him, I'll prick Ned and make him throw you off."

Poor Belle saw the lurking devil in the hoyden's determined black eye, and with a desperate effort she performed the task very gracefully.

Then rose a united laugh, led off by one of Fan's merriest shouts.

There was much speculation as to who the fair faced stranger could be, and many hopes were expressed by the girls on horseback, that we should never see him again, and then we resumed our seats and oars and returned to the cottage.

Thanks to the sedate ones and the old maids, the quilt was half done, and the appearance of Table Rock was exceedingly inviting, for our exercise had given us a relish for the waiting supper.

We all sat down on the moss and leaves and the glossy winter-greens, and partook of the repast.

Letty Gray sat up very prim, and reprimanded Fan for her unlady-like conduct, and said when she was seventeen she was just as much of a woman in behavior as she was then.

Fan sat down her saucer of cream and berries, and while she unconsciously poised the little spoon on her dainty finger, she looked up into the yellow, skinny face, while her black eyes said as plain as talk—

"Was you ever seventeen?"

"Was it before you had the measles, Letty?" said Fan, with imperturbable gravity.

"One year lacking two months," she replied, without feeling the pointed sarcasm aimed at her.

After tea the brothers came with horses or wagons for their sisters; but we who had not more than two or three miles to go, walked home. Nothing transpired to mar the pleasures of that day, but little remembrances of it were left to many of us, in shape of unfortunate rents in our dresses, but that was deemed a natural consequence.

The following Monday morning Mrs. Harris and her children were at breakfast, when

Grace looked up into her mother's face, and said—

"Why, mother, I do pity Mrs. Wilson, for it is now quite three weeks since little Willie was first taken ill, and he has never allowed any one to take him, or do anything for him, except his poor, tired mother, until last night he came to me very willingly, and leaned his little head on my bosom, and let his hand rest in mine. Mrs. Wilson said she was so glad, for it was a great relief to her to move about and know that he was not fretting after her."

"I think," said Mrs. Harris, "I can get along with the baking to-day, and finish Nat's shirt besides, and let you spend the day with poor Mrs. Wilson. I have felt indebted to her ever since that Winter she let us have milk, and then you know how kind she was when your father died. I expect she would be glad to have you wash for her this week, for I don't see how they are to get along when she has to be bending over Willie's cradle half the time."

Mrs. Wilson was glad of Grace's kind offer to do the week's washing; and, in the evening after her task was completed, Grace kissed Willie's feverish brow, and when the poor woman's "God bless you, my kind girl!" fell on her ear, she felt that not for all the honors of this earth would she exchange the consciousness of having done good, and the wealth of happiness that the humble blessing carried home to her spirit.

Then Grace was not ashamed of the splashed gingham dress, or her bare, brown arms, and wide, red hands and plain face, for a blessed joy illuminated her whole being, and she tripped lightly home, with gratitude warming her heart towards her Heavenly Father, who had given her a good, little home and loving mother and brothers, and an appreciation of the true and beautiful.

She had reached home, and was seated on the low stool at her mother's feet with her long, rippling hair unloosed, and ready to comb, when a rap at the door startled her.

"I hope it is uncle Frank," said she, bounding to open the door.

"Is this the residence of Miss Grace Harris?" said a fine-looking young man, as he pushed aside a trailing honeysuckle that drooped down quite on his shoulder. The abashed Grace bowed, without raising her timid glance to his beautiful eyes again.

"Give her my card, then," said he, and the delicately gloved hand dropped one into the little palm that was half extended.

One simple word, "Edward," was on it, and Grace involuntarily started as her eye caught it.

"I am Grace Harris," said she, calling all her pride to her aid, and fixing her eyes full upon his face, for her woman's intuitiveness read all the haughty Southerner's pride in that one deep glance; but she extended her hand

kindly, as though she saw no dire disappointment portrayed in his blank astonishment. He merely touched it with the dainty tips of his fingers, as he looked on the rustic girl before him, seeming only to see the splashed dress and the plain, human face, and stout arms.

When Grace introduced her mother, he rose not from his seat, but gazed on the good, old mother's blue calico apron, full frilled cap, and neat neckerchief.

Oh! that was a dread awaking from the sweet dream that had followed him as his shadow, ever since he had first read her songs! He had pictured her a living angel, fairer than any woman his searching eyes had ever rested on—a willowy form—graceful and queenly, and a face fair as unsullied snow, and the bitter mortification almost prostrated every faculty.

In the evening he rose and said an engagement in L— would deprive him of the pleasure of Grace's society, but that he should embrace the earliest opportunity of calling again. Grace drew the clustering vines away from the window, and looked after him until he was out of sight, and then she bowed her head on the sill, and lingered there long, forgetful, in her bitterness of heart that her fingers had tightened, and were crushing the greenest morning-glory vine, even though it was full of closed bells, that the morning, with dewy kisses, would open into full flower.

Her mother read a revealed secret in that gush of tears and the bowed head, and with her own eyes folding their lashes to crush the rising tears, and her lip trembling, she stole softly up to her darling young Grace, and pilowed her head on her bosom, and gathered back her lengths of hair, and kissed her brow, and called her pet names, and told her that they all loved her because she was a good girl. She told her, too, that she was happier far than though wealth and advantages had been hers, to make her proud and haughty, and less loveable.

"Won't my Grace be such a woman, now?" whispered the kind mother, hopefully, and then she drew the trembling little arm within her own, and led her out to the waiting tea-table.

That was Grace's first sorrow, but it left no misanthropic poison in her young, trusting heart, for she judged not harshly of others because of the conduct of one idle dreamer.

When the girls in the Dell learned that the object of their sport at the Clear Creek hills was the young Southerner, Fan Ray clapped her hands and wished outright that it had been him behind her instead of Belle, on old Ned. The twinkle in her dark eye made some wicked threats, but I will not repeat them, lest the language of a bonnie eye might be questioned.

His engagement in L— must have been one of long continuance, or else Ida must have

teased him to death, for he never returned to Sylvan Dell again.

Grace is a very happy girl now, and does not regret her first glimpse at real life, and if you could look into her glad face, and listen to her ringing laugh, you would never dream that she had once looked from a vine-wreathed window after a tinselled puff of vanity, and bowed her head, and wept in bitterness of soul over her first sorrow.

ROSELLA.

Sylvan Dell, Ashland Co., Ohio.

ITALY.

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

I.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose?

Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the vernal trees;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.

Beloved!—speed we from this sullen strand
Until thy light feet press that green shore's
yellow sand.

II.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet
thyne eye

But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved! toward that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore.

III.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair:
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their
curled

And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

IV.

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty
palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
And there are forms in which they both con-
spire

To whisper themes that know not how to tire:
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of
flame—

The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved!—hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

MAY'S BABY.

A LEAF FROM NINA'S PORTFOLIO.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Then Annie left me. I opened the letter and read it—a tiny gilded sheet it was, written closely down on every page. Dear May! her careless, blotted writing brought her vividly before me. In “the crooked Y's, and the crazy H's,” I seemed to see a little picture of the past. A village school-room, with its long, pine desks, and painted maps—a blotted copy-book spread open on the teacher's table, and over it bending many rosy faces; a slight, girlish figure, with long, shining curls, and tearful, blushing face, standing in the centre of the room;—looming up grim and dark before her was the tall form of “the master,” and I heard him say slowly and solemnly—
“May Charlton, it has this day become my painful duty to disgrace you in the presence of your schoolmates, by exhibiting to them your copy-book. Your negligence and lack of progress are glaringly evident in the present specimen of your writing—in short, though its exhibition is disgrace sufficient for you, I cannot refrain from saying that your H's, N's, and Y's are like nothing human.” After which terrific announcement Master Norton sat gravely down, the rosy faces lengthened, and the fairy figure in the centre of the room hid her eyes, and burst into a violent fit of weeping. Poor May! when she came to her seat beside me, I, her most loving and sympathising cousin, Nina Grey, put my arms around her neck, and mingled my tears with hers, telling her amidst my sobs that her writing was not so awful, and vowing at the same time dire vengeance against Master Norton, which vengeance, by the way, was but in word, and not in deed. That evening as we walked home together, May talked long and earnestly about her trouble. She thought no mortal had ever borne heavier sorrow than hers.

“Such a disgrace to be reproved before all those village children; but I tell you, Nina,” said she, with flashing eyes, “I am determined that I never will learn to write nicely, just to spite Master Norton.”

And May kept her word most faithfully, as the blotted scrawl in my hands attested. How far away in the past those blurred and hurried strokes from a careless pen had carried me.

Almost two years May had been the wife of Pierre Verrian, one of the best and handsomest young lawyers in the West. I had never seen May since her marriage, for our homes were far distant.

But May's letter,—when Annie placed it in my hands, she said, laughingly—

“Nina, don't get wearied with May's praises of her baby—they are very fervent, but you know her enthusiastic heart.”

Yes! I knew it well, but I could scarcely restrain my smiles as I read. What did not May say about her baby in that letter! He had a mouth like a rose-bud, shining blue eyes, and such lovely silken hair, and the dearest little feet and hands, and his face was so fair and dimpled. Oh, Charlie was such a beauty indeed, he was more like a little cherub than a child of earth, and they were most afraid the angels would come down and take him home again. He was so smart and sweet, too. And I gathered this from my cousin May's letter. Never, since "mother Eve" sat beneath the tall palm-trees, and sang her first-born to sleep, had a lovelier baby opened its eyes on life than little Charlie Verrian. And Pierre and May were coming home speedily—that very week uncle and aunt Charlton were to look for the first time upon May's baby—their unknown, yet darling little grandson—and I would see May again. I almost wept for joy when I thought of that.

I found Annie in the library—she was reading, but she quickly laid aside her book.

"I am so glad, dear Nina," she said, taking May's letter from my hand. "I am so glad that Pierre and May are coming now, just when you are with us—how nicely timed your visit is, and yet without previous planning, for we did not know, until this letter came from May, that she would be with us this season. You and May love each other so much, Nina, it will be sweet for you to meet again; but, don't get jealous," added my cousin, with a smile, "should Pierre and the baby seem to encroach upon your rights; they make up May's world now."

"So it seems, and you have never seen little Charlie, then, Annie?"

"No: May's home is too far away for her to come often to see us. She has not been here since Charlie's birth, and he is almost a year old, now. My poor sister May! her very life is bound up in her husband and child. She fairly bows before them in the excess of her tenderness. Ah, Nina! when May worships these idols of clay, I tremble for her. You know grief has made me wise," and Annie glanced sadly at her deep mourning dress.

Dear Anna Wilmot! her wisdom had been truly bought with tears. Early in life she came back to the home-hearth, with a crushed and sorrowing heart—a widow and desolate—one only of her fair group of children left to her—and little Lucy was a pale, delicate child, ever watched with fear and anxiety. Uncle and aunt Charlton gladly threw open their pleasant and luxurious home to their sorrowing daughter, and Annie, comforted by their tender and loving sympathy, had grown calm, almost cheerful.

"Now, Lucy, run and feed your canaries, and then you can take that walk in the meadow with your grandpa;" and when aunt Charlton had kissed the little girl, and sent her from the room, she turned to me. "I don't

know, Nina, what we would do without our poor Annie and her sweet child. If they were not here we would be so lonely and sad; and though one of my blossoms is far from me, the other is left; and Annie will never go from us again: this house is her home and Lucy's, for their lifetime. Your uncle and myself are growing old, and we could not be happy now were both our children away, but May is coming so soon, now,—May and Pierre, and little Charlie," and aunt Charlton laid down her knitting with a pleasant smile. "I have such a yearning to see that baby—the child of my precious little May—but come here, Nina. I want to show you something," and the old lady led the way into her room; then she unlocked the wardrobe. "These are Annie's gifts and mine to May's baby," and aunt Charlton held up some exquisitely worked robes. "This necklace and armlets are from your uncle, so is this tiny blue hat, and the corals and bells. Oh, that is little Lucy's present to her unknown baby cousin," and my aunt replaced the beautiful gifts with no small care and pride; and Annie just then calling me, I left her bending over them.

What an excitement May's coming made at "Cherry Bank!" Every one was busy scrubbing and cleaning, polishing furniture, rubbing silver, putting down new carpets, and bringing fresh flowers from the green-house. The old house was one scene of bustle and confusion. As I passed the half open door, Annie saw me.

"Come in, Nina: I was just wishing for you. I want you to see how nicely everything looks. You know this is to be May's room, and I have taken especial care in its arrangement."

I saw that at a glance—from the new curtains which draped the wide windows, from the lofty, canopied bedstead, with its snowy pillows and rich silken quilt, down to the pretty vases which stood on the little ebony stand. Had Annie's skilful fingers been engaged?—all was her work.

"But here is something I never saw before. Why, Annie, how beautiful! where did it come from?"

"That cradle you mean. Ah, Nina, May and myself were rocked in it when we were babies. It has stood for a long while in the garret, but this morning I had it dusted and brought down for May's baby. Many a sweet sleep I hope he will have in it."

I lifted up the embroidered coverlet, and looked closely at the cradle. It was made of rich, dark wood, of antique form, and heavily carved; a canopy of lily-bells, roses and doves, exquisitely inlaid with ivory, ran along the top. Annie knelt down beside the cradle, and replaced the little quilt; then she buried her face in her hands, and I knew she was weeping. And I did not speak, but went quietly to the window, and stood there looking out. The sun was setting behind the blue hills, and his last rays fell upon the river like a golden path.

I pointed this to Annie, when she came and leaned her tearful face against my shoulder.

"There, Annie, you see all is not dark yet, though the sun is dying away; some pleasant gleams are left."

"Thank you for your comfort, Nina, but I must tell you why I wept. When I knelt by the cradle, I thought of my own lovely child who slept so often there, now lying in a far-away grave-land—my little angel Rose. And somehow or other, very sad fancies came in my head about dear May's baby! Now I am crying again: how foolish! Ah, Nina! I have learned to look on life with such mournful eyes."

CHAPTER II.

"Push the curtain back, Nina dear."

So I did, and aunt Charlton drew her rocking-chair closer to the window. Still she dropped stitches in her knitting—still the yarn would tangle.

"I don't know what can ail me, this evening," she said, letting her work fall on her knee: "my eyes every once and a while get really dim and misty, and my fingers will tremble. Very strange isn't it, Annie?"

Annie smiled: I did, too. We did not think it so very strange. May was coming home that evening. No wonder, then, aunt Charlton's skilful fingers forgot their cunning. No wonder her dear, warm heart beat just a little quicker.

But it was growing dark, and Morris lit the lamps and closed the windows. Annie and I lingered upon the piazza. Aunt Charlton sent out shawls; she thought the evening air was cool; so we wrapped them around us, and sat down on the broad stone steps to listen for the carriage. Annie heard it first; away from the other side of "the ford," her quick ear caught the sounds of wheels.

"Run in, darling," she said to her little daughter, who just then came to her side, "tell your grandpa and grandma that aunt May is coming; I hear the carriage now in the lane." And Lucy flew off like an arrow from the bow.

Nannette and Morris brought out lights, and the other servants clustered round with smiling faces, for they all loved "Miss May," and were eager to welcome her home again. Uncle Charlton hurried down to the carriage as soon as it stopped, and May sprang, with a ringing laugh, into his arms: it changed into a sob directly after, though, when she flung herself upon her mother's bosom. What a tearful group we were! Why May and all the rest of us cried, I cannot exactly tell: I only remember what Pierre said as he brushed the tears from his handsome face—

"It is foolish to cry, isn't it, Nina? but really our happiness seems too great for smiles."

But May's baby? Be patient: he is here.

"Now, Winny," cried May, rushing up to the neat-looking servant girl, and literally

dragging from her arms what seemed to be a great bundle of pink merino, surmounted by a little hat, "give me the baby. I must show him." And May, with her bonnet hanging half way down her shoulders, impatiently threw off Charlie's hat and cloak. "Go back all of you—I must show him in my own way. Will you sit down, mother?" Then May knelt beside aunt Charlton, and gently laid the little child upon her lap. "Here, mother, this is my baby—my sweet Charlie," and the tears came in her shining eyes, but 'twas only for an instant. "Look at him, every one—father, mother, Annie, and Nina. Yes, you too, Lue; tell me, is not my baby lovely? Laugh away, you teasing Pierre, but I know you think so, too."

And Charlie was lovely. His golden hair hung in tiny silken ringlets round his dimpled face, and his lustrous blue eyes were full of a dreamy beauty. He looked shy and grave at first when he saw so many strange faces, but when May bent over him, her coral lips parted with a sweet, bright smile. May caught him to her heart.

"Oh, Charlie," she said, "how could I live without you? Nina, look at him again."

May held up her pretty babe so proudly before, that, whilst I looked, I could not help but smile. I went back in memory to the evening when, in that very parlor, almost three years before, I had, for the first time, seen Pierre Verrian. May presented him to me with such loving pride.

"Cousin Nina, this is Pierre, my chosen husband; isn't he a prince?" at which question, Pierre looked down, and smiled. I blushed, of course, saying—"Yes."

"Nina is thinking of old times," said Pierre, seeing me smile, and guessing my thoughts. "She finds you are not much changed since then. Still the same charming, enthusiastic, boastful little—" But May put her snowy hands over his mouth, and ran up stairs after Annie and Charlie.

After supper, and when Charlie had been put to sleep, Pierre and May sat down to tell us of their plans.

"Pierre is going to be very good," said May, taking a low seat beside her mother; "because I have not been home for so long a time, he has promised to let Charlie and myself stay with you all winter. Just think of that, dear mother."

Aunt Charlton did think of it, and the thought was a sweet one to her, but she only answered by stooping down and kissing May's white forehead.

"But what will Pierre do?" asked Annie, looking enquiringly, in her young brother's face. May's eyes grew tearful, but she was silent, so her husband answered for her—

"Ah, Annie! I have made up my mind to be very heroic and unselfish, and bear the separation from May and Charlie as bravely as possible; but I have so arranged my business

that I can well afford to spend some six weeks here now, and during the winter I can at least come twice to see May; then, in the early Spring, as soon as the weather gets mild, I shall come and take May and Charlie home; so the separation will not be so long."

But May went to her husband's side.

"I don't believe, after all, Pierre. I will let you go away from Cherry Bank, without me."

"Yes, you will my sweet little May; Charlie could not bear the exposure of such a long journey in cold weather; this will be his second winter, too, and you know it is important he should spend it in a warm climate."

When Charlie was mentioned, May grew silent. I recalled the little fellow's exquisite transparency and fairness of complexion, and this, with Pierre's remarks, made me ask the question—

"Is Charlie delicate?"

"Oh, no, no," said May, quickly, "but then he is so young and so precious, Nina, we like to shield him from every wind that blows."

For a few minutes Pierre looked grave—almost sad, so did May, but directly the shadow passed away. What a happy evening that was at Cherry Bank—every heart seemed so joyous, and May was as blithe as any fairy. She took her seat at the piano, and played and sang all uncle Charlton's favorite songs; whilst he, dear old man, leaning back in his arm-chair, dreamed with waking eyes that May was little May again—May Charlton as of yore. But the tall, manly figure by her side, joining in each chorus, with such a rich, mellow voice—who was that? Only young Verrian—May's lover, it is true: but it will be very long before he takes her away. Good uncle Charlton! now, indeed, you dream. He knew it, and he shook off the pleasant fancy with a sigh. May belonged to another. She was May Verrian, now, and she took her seat by the old home hearth, only as a visitor.

"Don't sing any more songs, May—they are very pretty, but they make me feel half sad. When I hear you sing, I dream and wish you were a child again, little May Charlton once more."

May left the piano, and going to uncle Charlton, laid her head caressingly upon his shoulder.

"Always little May to you, my dear, dear father."

Did Pierre look grave? May fancied so—at any rate she went to his side and stood there clinging to his arm. The action was eloquent, it said—"Be at rest, oh Pierre; in my heart arise no repentings, though I have given up all for you."

Uncle Charlton's eye followed May, and he smiled.

"That is the way of the world—cherished birds will choose mates and fly away."

But to this, I, Nina Grey, said what I now write.

"No, uncle, mine, it is not the way of the

world, but the way of the heart, the sweet chosen path in which the confiding affections of a woman's soul delights to walk."

The trust of woman is proverbial; giving up tried early friends for one of whom she knows comparatively but little, she goes forth with him from the home-roof, blending for ever more her interests with his. Some call this pure confiding faith, "woman's folly." Be it so. I am sure it is a folly upon which the angels smile, and nothing under the blue sky touches my heart half so much as this. I wonder if the men with their "clear, vigorous minds," fully understand this loving faith. I wonder if they are worthy of it—I wonder. Oh, I did not sit down to war with the "lords of creation," only to write a simple story about May's baby.

CHAPTER III.

"Charlie will look sweetly in this blue hat and these lovely dresses—this necklace and armlets are beautiful, too; so are dear little Lue's corals and bells. Oh, everything is exquisite, and you are all so kind and good to give them to my baby."

And May ran on like some merry child over her pretty presents.

"I cannot help smiling, May," I said, as she looked enquiringly at me. "You have not changed one iota since we were school girls together, just as impetuous as ever."

"So Pierre tells me, and sometimes I think I will be a child all my life. Indeed, Nina, nothing but some terrible grief will subdue me."

"God shield you from such, dear May;" but she did not hear me, she had bounded into the other room, where Winny sat with Charlie on her lap.

Directly I heard May calling, "Nina, come here."

So I followed her.

"Oh you mad-cap, May," said Annie; yet she laughed too.

May with her long fair hair unbound, and floating wildly down her shoulders, knelt before Winny, and Charlie was stretching out his tiny hands to catch the silken curls which swayed to and fro in the yellow sunlight. How the little fellow laughed and jumped; for him it was pleasant play, and Winny looked on with a quiet smile, as though such freaks were nothing new to her.

The dinner bell rang—still May lingered on her knees before Charlie.

"Do hurry, love," said Annie, laying hold of her arm, but May scarcely heeded the gentle admonition. And when the second summons passed unheeded, Pierre's ringing voice was heard at the foot of the stairs—"Have some mercy on me May, and don't keep dinner waiting any longer. I have been riding over the hills all morning, and I have come home just as hungry as a hawk."

May sprang to her feet when she heard that,

and quickly knotting back her curls, she darted down the stairs, followed by Annie and myself.

"Oh, Pierre, don't eat me," she cried merrily, putting up her pretty hands to his face. "I was only playing with Charlie."

Pierre smiled. "Just like you, child, May."

"But you would not have me change? You do not want me to grow grave?" asked May, clinging tightly to her husband's arm, and looking in his face so anxiously.

"Bless you, my May! no indeed. I would not have your light heart beat one throb slower."

May laughed joyously, so did Pierre; but Annie gravely walking behind them, looked down and sighed. Poor Annie! she could not forget how fleeting her own happiness had been.

Winnie looked up. "Oh, indeed, Miss Nina, I have an easy, pleasant life. Mrs. Verrian won't let me do half as much for the baby as I ought. She will dress him herself, and she often puts him to sleep:—sometimes I think there is no use in my staying there and being so idle; yet I love Mr. and Mrs. Verrian and little Charlie too well to leave them. But oh, Miss Nina, I never saw anybody love a baby the way Mrs. Verrian does Charlie. She sits and looks at him by the hour—I wonder if it is just right?"

And with rather a thoughtful look shading her face, Winnie turned away to pick up Charlie's playthings.

Was it right? Was it wise? May's idolizing tenderness for her child. I heard Annie and Pierre talking about it that evening, whilst May was singing for her father.

"Now, Annie, you can't persuade me that we love Charlie too well—dear little fellow, how can our hearts help worshipping him?"

"But what if your idol should be taken from you?"

Pierre started, and his fine face flushed deeply; then he sighed. "You are very grave, Annie."

"Yes, Pierre, but not too much so. I tremble for May's happiness and yours, when I see it so bound up in Charlie. And why? Oh, brother, because mine was once the same error, and how fearful was its punishment."

Then Annie spoke earnestly and tearfully of her own blighted happiness—her own heavy sorrows.

"Be wise, Pierre, take warning by me, and do not suffer May or yourself to build up idols of clay."

Pierre's warm heart was touched; he bent his head over Annie's hand, and when he looked up his dark eyes were full of tears.

"I thank you, dear Annie, for your kind interest in us, and I am sure all you have said is right and good—but, ah, it is hard for us to love Charlie any the less, and really I don't know that our love for our baby leads us to neglect any important duty. Perhaps May,"

—and here Pierre laughed and shrugged his shoulders—"No, I won't tell tales on her either. But here comes Charlie himself."

And as Winnie passed the window, he called her to him, and took the baby from her arms. Charlie, always so good and merry, laughed and clapped his tiny hands; then he nestled his sunny head sleepily upon Pierre's shoulder. And Pierre walking gently up and down the long parlors with his precious burden, pillowed on his breast, paused more than once before Annie, and said to her with a pleasant smile, "Look at Charlie again, Annie; now is it any wonder that we love him so dearly?"

Such days of peace and delight as those were at Cherry Bank; all of us so happy, from uncle Charlton down to little Lucy and Charlie. In the mornings we sat in the pretty breakfast room—aunt Charlton with her work, and May close beside her, telling us pleasant tales of her Western home, and breaking off every now and then to peep at Charlie and kiss him as he sat on the cushions at her feet. Sometimes Pierre would read to us. And in the afternoon and evenings we had merry gatherings in the wide parlors. May would play whilst Pierre sang with her some sweet old ballad. Then Charlie in his rich embroidered robes, radiant in his baby beauty, would be carried about very proudly by Winnie for the company to admire, and uncle and aunt Charlton were so pleased and happy in those days, they seemed to have grown young again.

"Now, Annie and Nina, I am afraid you will think me a sad heathen, but to tell the truth, I don't often go to church. I send Pierre in my stead—I cannot bear to leave Charlie so long; dear little fellow, it would almost break his heart should he awake and not find me by his side. Oh, how solemn you both look! Is it any crime for me to love my child?"

"Yes, May," returned Annie, gravely: "it certainly is when that love tramples upon duties high and holy."

"What do you mean, Annie?" asked May, starting from her chair and going to her sister's side. "What duties do I neglect? None to Pierre, I am sure: I love him too well to forget his happiness."

"Duties to your God, my May, to your never dying soul. You have no time to think of these things, you say. Ah, only because you have no love for them: your heart is so crowded with earthly idols, you cannot lift it up to aught higher and better—and only yesterday you told me you had scarcely any time now to read your Bible; but, Pierre sometimes read you a chapter or so when you were dressing Charlie. Ah, May, I would not check or dim your love for your child and husband, but I entreat you, do not neglect your God for them; love Him supremely."

May lifted up her face wet with tears, from Annie's lap.

"I know it is wrong, dear Annie, yet some-

how or other I cannot help but love Pierre and Charlie above everything else. I will try not to hereafter, but indeed they are the world to me."

"I know it, and I am grieved for you, my sister. Do you remember God's command? 'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.' Oh, May, I am earnest with you, and so have I been with Pierre, for I love you both. I erred once even as you do now. May, you know how heavily I was chastened for it." And Annie wept.

May flung her arms around her sister.

"Dear suffering Annie!" and she pressed her lips again and again to Annie's brow.

In a little while Annie looked up.

"I will not say much more now, May, only I entreat you neglect your God no longer, lest one or both your idols be taken from you. Should Pierre or Charlie die. What?"

"Should Pierre or Charlie die!" and May sprang to her feet with a half scream; it would seem she had never thought of this, for she repeated the words wonderingly. "Should Pierre or Charlie die? Oh, Annie, in mercy never say that to me again."

Yet Annie had said it to her in mercy, for Pierre and Charlie were mortal.

May knelt down beside her baby, and kissed his dimpled face passionately.

"Should you die, darling, my heart would be broken!"

But Charlie laughed and murmured in his baby way, sweet sounds, and May laughed too, and her light heart quickly shook off its sorrow.

When Pierre came in soon after, so bright and happy looking, and took Charlie in his arms, May watched them with exulting eyes, and the glance which she gave Annie, seemed to say—"Behold my idols, how firm and beautiful they are—they will not fall."

CHAPTER IV.

"Just four weeks to-day since we came to Cherry Bank. How time does fly! I have but two more weeks, May, to be with you and Charlie, and then I must set my face westward."

"No biscuits, Annie, dear, thank you. Oh, Pierre, you have quite taken away my appetite for breakfast."

And May sat balancing the spoon across her coffee cup with an exceedingly grave and thoughtful air.

Pierre looked sorry, but uncle Charlton laughed.

"Eat your breakfast, May, time enough to think of the parting when it comes; and by the way, when will Charlie's birth-day be here—very soon now, won't it?"

Wise uncle Charlton! how skilfully he chased away the cloud.

"Charlie's birth-day," answered May, instantly brightening up, "comes this day week, on Thursday, the 10th of November, then he

will be just one year old—dear little fellow, he is so smart and bright for his age."

"Uncommonly so, May. Why, doesn't everybody acknowledge Charlie to be a prodigy? He has been standing and walking alone this long while, and at creeping, no baby ever beat him; and let me see, the rest of his accomplishments are various. Here are a few. He can say 'mamma, papa, and Winny,' besides a host of pretty, unintelligible words. Then he can show how his grandpa reads the paper, and how tall he is. He plays peep with Lucy, pulls your curls, and not exactly admiring my nose, tries to drag it into better shape every time I take him. Anything else? Oh, yes, but the rest of Charlie's accomplishments are too numerous to mention!"

"For shame, Pierre," cried May, shaking her finger laughingly at him. "Charlie is very smart and good—you think so too, even if you do make so much fun. But about his birth-day—now it must be celebrated in some way or other. Come, mother, Nina and Annie, lay your heads together and plan with me. I shall not ask father and Pierre, they will do nothing but laugh."

"Hear my counsel; have the cannon brought from Liston, and bonfires lit. What do you think of that, May?"

But she would not listen, and Pierre and uncle Charlton left the room laughing.

"Doesn't he look like a little angel, Miss Nina?"

Winny had caught something of her young mistress's enthusiasm, but I scarcely wondered at her question, when I stooped down and looked at Charlie. He was sound asleep, and his face and golden hair gleamed out from the dark canopy of the heavily carved cradle, like a pleasant ray of sunlight. Charlie's rosy little mouth was dimpled with a smile. He was very, very lovely, and with a murmured blessing, I knelt beside him and kissed his snowy arm.

What made us all at Cherry Bank love Charlie so dearly? Somehow or other he seemed to have crept into every heart! Dear May! how pleased she was when we told her she had not written one word too much in praise of Charlie in her letters.

"Well then, Annie, listen. Father and Pierre are determined to have their dinner party on Charlie's birth-day, and we will have our company in the afternoon and evening—a nice large party—everybody I know and love. Charlie shall wear the dress you gave him, mother, and those embroidered stockings, Annie, you worked, and the little white shoes which Nina made, and pearls shall be around his neck and arms. Oh, won't he look lovely?" and May's eyes sparkled as she spoke.

And preparations were quickly commenced at Cherry Bank for the entertainment of a large company on Charlie Verrian's birth-day. Neither trouble or expense were heeded in the

arrangements of this party. Aunt and uncle Charlton were giving it in honor of their baby grandson, and they were determined it should be brilliant.

I had promised May to stay by Charlie whilst she was gone—so I took my writing desk in her room—there Charlie lay in his cradle asleep. I sent Winny down stairs, telling her I would ring the bell if anything was wanted. After I had written awhile, I sat down by the window, and looking out upon the distant hills and gleaming river, fell into a sort of pleasant reverie. Still Charlie slept on; time went by, and the little French clock upon the mantel told the hour of five, and I watched with dreamy eyes the long evening shadows stretching over the lawn—the sun was slowly sinking behind the pines. But what ailed Charlie that he moaned and tossed in his cradle? I went to him. His cheeks were almost crimson, and when I touched the little hand which lay upon the silken quilt, I found it was burning hot. Charlie opened his eyes and looked at me—they were very bright, unnaturally bright they seemed to me. Poor Charlie! I knew he was very sick. When I spoke to him he would not smile, but hid his face in the pillow, asking in his baby way for “mama.” I rang the bell quickly.

“Winny, send aunt Charlton up, directly: something ails Charlie,” and Winny, sadly frightened, ran down stairs.

Aunt Charlton looked very grave when she lifted Charlie from the cradle.

“He seems so sick, Nina. I think his head must hurt him very much: he tosses it from side to side, and his hands—oh! feel them: they are scorching hot. Why, what can ail this precious baby?” and Winny was sent down stairs again to bid a servant hurry for the doctor.

In the midst of all this confusion, and whilst aunt Charlton and I yet bent over Charlie, the carriage drove up, and I heard May’s merry voice calling—

“Winny, Winny, bring Charlie here to see the horses.”

Then I got up, and went to meet May. May grew exceedingly pale.

“Charlie sick, and I away. Oh! Nina, what made me leave him?”

Pierre, scarcely less agitated, threw his hat and gloves upon the floor, and followed her. Annie lingered to ask me a few questions, and then we joined the anxious group in May’s room.

Poor May! she was hanging over her child with such tearful eyes, every once and a while turning to Pierre, and asking him if he thought Charlie so very ill; and Pierre would answer with a faint attempt at cheerfulness—

“Oh! no, May; I do not, but you know this is the first time Charlie has ever been sick, and I suppose that is the reason we feel so badly about him.”

But Charlie lay upon his mother’s lap,

moaning and fretting, often stretching up his hands and calling her; and, when she bent over him, he would turn away with a sad, restless cry.

“He does not know me, Pierre,” said May, her tears fast falling: “see, when he calls me and I speak to him, he turns away and cries:” and May leaned her head upon her husband’s shoulder, and wept bitterly.

And we all remembered how dull Charlie had been that day, often turning away from Lucy when she came to play with him; but we had thought he was only cross and sleepy.

Doctor Lee asked many questions, and then he quickly prescribed remedies so powerful and energetic in their nature as left me no reason to doubt that he was more alarmed about my little cousin than he chose to tell. Yet he encouraged Pierre and May.

“You have a very sick baby there, it is true, but he has naturally a good constitution, and I hope will get through this spell finely; so keep up your spirits.”

But to Annie and myself, Doctor Lee said, in the hall—

“This is one of the most violent and fearfully sudden attacks of brain fever I ever saw. Charlie has a strong constitution, though, and, poor child, all his strength will be needed in this struggle, but I hope we will save him:” and, with a promise to return soon, Doctor Lee left the house.

Charlie grew worse. Two days of sharp suffering, which wrung one’s heart to witness, passed—then dawned the third. May sat constantly by her baby’s side, refusing to leave him for scarcely an instant. How pale and wretched both she and Pierre looked. And when Charlie, in his feverish pain, would moan out their names, they would kneel so quickly beside him.

“Darling child, we are here.”

But he did not know them. He would turn away with a wailing cry which almost drove May wild.

And, now, how sad we grew at Cherry Bank. Every one was so anxious and troubled. May and Pierre were miserable. Aunt Charlton stayed always with them, and uncle Charlton was too restless and unhappy to be contented long in any place. Annie! Oh! how sad she was. She watched over May with a strange, touching tenderness. Was the veil lifted? Did she, indeed, look into the future and see the bitter cup which her young sister was to drink? It may be so: at least, she lingered by May with an almost painful anxiety.

Two whole days since Charlie’s fearful illness had begun: now it was the third, and the afternoon had nearly waned away. May smiled brightly.

“Go, dear Pierre, and walk upon the piazza. You need some fresh air, your face looks so pale; and Charlie is better now—we all think so; his little hands are cooler than they were.”

Pierre left the room for a while, and Charlie slept on.

"We think Charlie better within the last few hours, doctor. He does not moan and throw his head about so. Oh! there certainly is a change."

Doctor Lee took Charlie in his arms, and carried him to the window. He looked in the little fellow's face intently and felt his pulse for some minutes. Then he brought him back to his cradle, saying, very gravely—

"Yes, May, there is a change."

Doctor Lee left the room, quickly, but not until he had motioned Annie and myself to follow him.

"A change, indeed," he began. "Poor, poor May! before morning her darling will be dead. This change which has stolen over him is even now death, and—"

May opened the door suddenly, and came up to the doctor's side. The old man's lip quivered. He would have turned from her, but she grasped his arm.

"Doctor Lee, I know you do not believe Charlie any better. Tell me, tell me, then, what you really think."

"Can you bear to hear it? May, is your young heart strong?"

May grew deadly pale, but again she murmured—

"Tell me all, all."

"May, said Doctor Lee, gently, "at such a moment I dare not deceive you. Charlie even now is dying. Before morning your child will be at rest in Heaven."

No tears from May—no sobs—so still—so calm: could this, indeed, be her?

"Tell Pierre what you have just said to me, Doctor Lee. I am going back now to my baby;" then, with a firm step, she crossed the hall, and re-entered her room.

"Put the pillow on my lap, mother. Now lay Charlie on it. Oh! darling, no other arms but mine shall hold you when you die."

And May smoothed back the silken curls from her child's forehead, shedding no tears—all the while so strangely calm. I shuddered to look at her.

Pierre drew a chair before his wife: and, sitting down, he buried his face in his hands.

"No hope, Lee?" said uncle Charlton, in a low, husky voice, to the doctor. "Do but unsay those words. Save this child—my poor May's baby—and I will give you all I own."

Doctor Lee shook his head.

"No power on earth can do what you ask, Mr. Charlton: but be calm, be calm."

Uncle Charlton moved away, sobbing like a child, and going to a dark corner of the room, sat down—he could not bear to see Charlie die.

We sat in the fading sunlight—a sad, sad group. The crimson flush had gone from Charlie's cheek. He no longer tossed and moaned upon the pillow. He opened and shut

his eyes half dreamily; but his breath came in quick, short gasps.

Nannette placed the lights on the mantel, and with her apron to her eyes went softly down stairs.

Such a hush—such a stillness as was in that room. What made May start and press her arm closely around her child? Did she hear the rustling of angels' wings, as they waited for Charlie?

Time went by. Still Pierre hid his face. Still May gazed upon her dying child. And now Charlie began to breathe more gently. His tiny breast ceased its quick flutterings. He opened his eyes.

"Will not my baby live?"

"Poor May! even now death is here;" and, with a sigh, Doctor Lee turned away.

May shuddered. "Go back, death," she cried, wildly; "go back, and do not take away our darling."

"May!"—she turned towards her husband—

"May, oh! love, be calm."

Pierre Verrian drew his hands from his face and looked intently at Charlie. So did May. And whilst the two thus gazed upon their dying child, he opened his eyes, stretched out his tiny hands towards them with a smile, and moved upon his pillow.

"Pierre, our darling knows us."

But Charlie's hands fell gently by his side, the little breast heaved quickly, the blue eyes closed. One faint sigh. How very still. Had Charlie gone to sleep?

Through my falling tears I saw it all—Pierre and May still bending over Charlie, the three mute and motionless; many weeping, kneeling figures in the room; Annie, with uplifted eyes and clasped hands, silently praying; little Lucy, pale and tearful, clinging to her mother's dress.

Doctor Lee lifted Charlie from May's lap, and laid him upon the bed. Then he gently pressed his hand upon the closed eyes, and walked away.

May got up from her chair, and knelt beside her husband. He drew her closely to his bosom, and they wept bitterly together; and one by one we left the room.

And Pierre and May Verrian were alone with their dead child.

CHAPTER V.

Two days of wretchedness, heart-misery and terrible gloom passed by. Then another morning's light shone on earth. It was the tenth—Charlie's birthday. Dear little fellow! he kept it in Heaven.

Rigid and motionless, Charlie lay upon the satin bed of his rosewood coffin: his golden hair swept back in silken ringlets from his sweet, pale face; his little form shrouded in the same lovely robe which May had laid out so proudly, not a week before, for that very day; the same pearls upon his snowy neck and arms; all as his young mother had plan-

ned it; but—but death had come. Yet no tears. Oh! May, the stream is crossed—the golden gates unlocked. Charlie's birthday is fairer and brighter than even your love could have made it. One little year on earth—an eternity in Heaven.

In no "grave-land far away" was Charlie Verrian laid. A lovely spot was chosen within the wide grounds of Cherry Bank, where the pines waved and the forest birds sung. There was Charlie's grave. And many came, that morning, to see May's baby buried—many who had been "bidden" for his birthday feast upon that very day. May received their tearful sympathy with the same strange calmness she had watched Charlie die, and when day after day went by, and she continued so fearfully serene, sitting in her room with a mute, fearless wretchedness, noticing and speaking to no one, Pierre and Annie grew seriously alarmed.

"I have said it before, Annie; my sorrow has crushed me to the earth. I have no tears to shed—no words to speak."

But at last the unnatural spell was broken. One evening, when May sat mute and wretched upon the sofa, she heard Winny singing, in a low, sad voice, a cradle hymn, one which Charlie loved, one with which she herself had often lulled him to sleep. A flush on May's cheek—a quivering sigh; then the tears rained down and she threw herself in Pierre's arms.

"Oh! Charlie," she kept murmuring through her sobs, and it was long before her passionate grief was soothed.

When the time came for Pierre to return to his Western home, May would go with him.

"I cannot bear my husband to leave me now. No father, mother! My place is by his side. We will go back to our desolate home together; but I will come every year to see you—a sad pilgrim to my baby's grave. Annie, you will watch that precious spot for me. Let the flowers grow there, just as Pierre and I would do;" and Annie promised tearfully.

"I know repinings are vain," said Pierre, brushing the tears away, "but, Annie, they will arise. Struggle as I may against it, the memory of my beautiful boy, so suddenly, so terribly stricken down, will come back and fill my heart with the saddest yearnings for him and—"

Pierre's voice was smothered in a sob. May wept with him.

"Oh! Annie, you warned us of this dark hour. You told us to beware; and now, indeed, our idol has gone. Have you no comfort for us? But how wild is my question. Nothing can ever bring peace to our hearts."

"Yes, May," gently returned Annie, "the God whom you neglected, the God who has chastened you so heavily. He can pour into your aching hearts a sweet and perfect peace. Read His precious Word, my May," continued

Annie, placing in her sister's hands a richly bound Bible. "I have marked many promises for you and Pierre. Here alone can you find comfort for your sorrow, and this my own heart has proved."

May and Pierre took Annie's gift with tearful thanks.

And the morning came for Pierre and May Verrian to leave Cherry Bank. Poor May! how sad and sweet she looked in her deep mourning dress—her radiant beauty so subdued, so chastened. She went from one to the other with a kind of wild tenderness, even as if she wished to drown thought, but memory was powerful: and when May flung her arms around me, she said—

"Oh! Nina, Nina, six weeks ago I came to Cherry Bank so gay, so happy. Then Charlie was with me. I go away now, but—"

"But Charlie is in Heaven."

Pierre spoke these words very softly, but May heard them, and they fell soothingly upon her heart.

Winny, faithful Winny, her ruddy face grown pale and grave, went back with Pierre and May. She had loved and nursed Charlie, and they would not part with her.

Years went by, and again I sat by the hearthstone at Cherry Bank. But few changes there. Uncle and aunt Charlton, it may be, more stooped and feeble, a few more furrows on their brows—but that was all. Dear Annie Wilmot was as lovely and as placid as ever. Time seemed to have softened her sorrows. Her child was no longer little Lucy. She had grown up a tall, fair girl, with much of Annie's gentle loveliness about her.

Pierre and May Verrian were at Cherry Bank, that Autumn; not, indeed, so exultingly joyous as when I met them before, but serene and happy. The two pretty children, which now gladdened their hearts, they seemed to love—not so wildly as they had done Charlie, but more wisely. Ah! the lesson bought with such a fearful price was not forgotten.

"Yes, Nina," said May, raising her fair, thoughtful face to mine, "our punishment was just. We loved Charlie too well—better than our God. Do you remember how dear Annie used to warn us? I would not listen to her. I went on bowing down before my idol till it was shivered to the very earth; but all in mercy—all in mercy—for do you know, Nina, whilst my baby lived, I never thought of God? I shudder when I think how great was my sin. But, in the hour of trial, when earth failed us, Pierre and myself sought a comforter, enduring and faithful. We turned to God—such peace and strength He granted us. We love our children fondly, yet with fear and trembling. Can we now ever forget God's command? 'Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.'"

I knew where May was leading me, but I walked by her side in silence. Tears were in

May's eyes, yet she looked up with a beaming smile.

"Here, Nina, I learned a blessed lesson."

And, standing with May beneath the tall pines, I saw upon the fair white surface of that little tombstone a broken bud, and I read with misty eyes these two words—"May's Baby."

THE WORKIES.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I love the worn hand, and the honest bronzed face,

If the wear, and the bronze, come by earnest free toil;

I never yet thought a soiled shirt a disgrace,
If by cheerful hard labor it gathered the soil.

The weather-worn farmer, who brings me his store,

Finds ever a welcome, as free at my board,
As I'd give to a father or brother, and more—
I'm proud, for I feel that I'm dining a lord.

The cheerful mechanic, who whistling comes,
With his hammer and nails, his saw and his planes,

To aid the convenience or comfort of homes:
Oh! how can we thank him too much for his pains.

The shoemaker beating Saint Crispin's old song,
From me shall have ever a smile and a nod.

I'll join in the chorus and help him along,
As my children dance round me so cosily shod.

Our dear-working sisters; ah! what should we do,

If they in our labors and toil did not share?
Our comforts and pleasures in life would be few
If woman's kind hand did not lighten our care.

Every hand that works true, be the trade what it may,

Is aiding earth's progress in some way or other;

Wherever ye meet them on life's fitful way,
Oh! fail not to greet them as sister or brother.

'Tis the heart and the life make the man after all:

Not titles or honors, or houses or lands;
And he who is noblest, whatever befall,
Is he who works truly, with heart, head and hands.

That honor and fame, bought with silver and gold,

Is scarce worth its cost; for who owns it to-day

To-morrow may find that his stock is all sold,
And himself but a lump of contemptible clay.

Look up—when the drones of the hive flutter past

In their broadcloths and silks, though they sneeringly flout you;

They will have to acknowledge you master at last,

By asking your help—for they can't live without you.—*Illinois Journal.*

ON THE TOBACCO PLANT.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

Tobacco (*Nicotiana tobacum*) is prepared principally from the dried leaves of this plant, and also from the leaves of several other varieties of *Nicotiana*. These dried leaves, having been previously moistened with molasses, are sometimes pressed into cakes, or beaten until they are soft, and then twisted into a sort of string. These preparations are used for chewing and smoking. Cigars are formed out of the dried leaves of the different varieties of *Nicotiana*, which are deprived of their medrills, and wound into a spindle form. The dried leaves and stalks of the tobacco plant are also ground into powder, baked and roasted, and formed into snuff, which is scented to suit the different olfactory tastes.

It is impossible to say to what accident the use of tobacco is to be attributed, but it is probable that it was first chewed by some half-starving savage, in the desperation of hunger, and its remarkable effects in allaying the cravings of appetite would be instantly appreciated.

In 1492, Columbus and his companions first saw the natives of Cuba smoking cigars; and since then this practice has rapidly spread over the whole civilized world.

In 1586, Sir Francis Drake introduced tobacco into England, and Sir Walter Raleigh and a few other great names rendered its use fashionable in the court of Queen Elizabeth, the courtiers priding themselves in apeing the practice of the hardy adventurers who had trod the wilds of Virginia.

A curious and well-authenticated anecdote is related of Sir Walter Raleigh. This celebrated man was accustomed to indulge in a private pipe, after dinner, which practice, from prudential motives, was concealed from the domestics about his establishment. Sir Walter would light his pipe, but, on hearing the footsteps of his servant man on the stairs, would lay it down. This man usually brought him a tankard of ale and a supply of fuel, and, after adjusting his room, left Sir Walter to his pipe and his meditations. On one occasion, the servant ascended the stairs unheard, and, opening the room, beheld to his astonishment his master enveloped in clouds of smoke, which he perceived issuing in copious volumes from his mouth. The poor man saw all, and the next moment Sir Walter got the contents of the tankard in his face, which were very innocently thrown there to check the progress of what appeared to the man to be a most dreadful infernal combustion. The whole household was immediately summoned to the rescue of their beloved master, by the affrighted servant.

The use of tobacco appears to have been at first strongly opposed by the governments of every country. In Russia, it was pro-

hibited, and the smoker was threatened with the knout for the first offence, and with death for the second.

Pope Urban VIII. fulminated a bull against the use of tobacco, but the anathema fell to the ground. The priests and Sultans of Turkey and Persia declared smoking a sin against their holy religion; but the Turks and Persians became the greatest smokers in the world. In England, James I. wrote a treatise against smoking, entitled "A Counterblaste to Tobacco;" but, instead of checking its use, it probably introduced it to the notice of many who would not have been aware of its existence but for this publication, and who afterwards became habitual smokers. The practice seems to have been only extended by the efforts which were made to resist its progress, even ladies indulging in it use.

We have an amusing proof of this in the following letter, written in 1700 by the humorous writer, Tom Brown:—

"TO AN OLD LADY THAT SMOKED TOBACCO

"Madam:—Though the ill natured world censures you for smoking, yet I would advise you, madam, not to part with so innocent a diversion. In the *first place*, it is healthful, and, as Galen rightly observes, is a sovereign remedy for the toothache, the constant persecutor of old ladies. *Secondly*, tobacco, though it be a heathenish weed, it is a great help to Christian meditations, which is the reason, I suppose, that recommends it to your parsons, who could no more write a sermon without a pipe in their mouths than the concordance in their hands: besides, every pipe you break may serve to put you in mind of mortality, and show you upon what slender accidents man's life depends. I knew a dissenting minister who, on fast days, used to mortify upon a rump of beef, because it put him, as he said, in mind that 'all flesh was grass;' but I am sure that much more is to be learned from tobacco—it may instruct you that riches, beauty, and all the glories of the world, vanish like a vapor. *Thirdly*, it is a pretty plaything. *Fourthly*, and lastly, it is fashionable: at least, 'tis in a fair way of becoming so. Cold tea, you know, has been a long while in reputation at court, and the gill as naturally ushers in the pipe as the sword-bearer walks before the Lord Mayor."

As an illustration of the truth of one part of this letter, we give the following anecdote of the celebrated Robert Hall, the most eloquent writer and preacher of the last century. This distinguished divine was completely enslaved by the narcotic weed, and was accustomed to compose his sermons whilst smoking. Having been requested by the leading members of another church to preach for them on an especial occasion, an unwonted number of pastoral duties left him only a little time for preparation. On arriving at the place, he requested to be allowed the use of a room and to

have a pipe and tobacco. The lady addressed expressed her regret that she had no tobacco in the house, and, as it was Sunday, of course, could not think of purchasing any. Then "give me the pipe and show me the room," said the preacher. His request was complied with. Mr. Hall, on entering the room, immediately sat down, and, placing the empty pipe in his mouth, desired to be left alone. The lady retired, highly amused with this piece of eccentricity; and Mr. Hall went on smoking and meditating until apprised by her that the congregation had assembled and were awaiting his appearance.

The ladies of Portugal and Brazil are habitual smokers, even at the present time; but, in other countries, the practice is generally discontinued amongst females.

Medical men are much divided in opinion as to the effects of the habitual use of tobacco. The evidence *pro* and *con* appears to be pretty equally balanced. But many physicians who speak favorably of its effects are inveterate smokers themselves, and, therefore, incapable of giving an unprejudiced opinion, whilst it is undeniable that it frequently exercises injurious effects on the digestive and secretory functions of many constitutions.

Tobacco is much cultivated in Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky.

THE HEART OF PEARL.

BY MELTA.

It is not set with jewels fine,
This precious, little heart of mine:
No shining guerdon, rich and rare,
To favored knight from ladye fair,
In tournament, or banquet-hall,
This gift so simple and so small.
It was a fair and gentle girl
Who gave to me this heart of pearl.

I met her in that fragrant land
Of laurel bloom and silver sand,
Where the sea rocks on sounding shells,
Like the faint peal of wedding-bells—
Where the low myrtle, clustering bright,
With its red boughs, shines thro' the night.
There, in that land, a fairy girl
Flung on my neck this heart of pearl.

I met her when the dawn of youth
Had laid its seal of hope and truth
Upon her brow; nor weight, nor care,
Had ever left a shadow there.
Like a frail harp, her soul seemed strung
With melodies for ever young.
Beautiful maiden! dark-eyed girl!
Who wore this simple heart of pearl.

Her sweet, young face reminded me
Of twilight scenes in Italy.
With its deep eyes of pensive brown,
And the pure brow unlearned to frown—
While the Madonna-braided hair
Framed in the picture-beauties there.
Such was she then, that angel girl,
Who gave to me this heart of pearl.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Let us learn upon the earth those things which can call us to Heaven.

Bacon says, justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

To place wit before good sense, is to place the superfluous before the necessary.

Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests on truth.

Fortune does not change men, it only unmasks them.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

Some men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice; whereas a child can clemish its fist the moment it is born.

He is a wise man who learns from every one; he is powerful who governs his passions; and he is rich who is contented.

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with work as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

Right humanity taketh such a hold on the multitude of men, that you can move mankind more easily by unprofitable courtesies than by churlish benefits.

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

Happiness is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you.

All clouds of sorrow are but the voices of angels, which are attuned to the deaf in ear and the hard in heart, that they may touch and make vibrate the chords of the inmost soul.

Love has often more influence than talent. The last appeals to the reason, the first to the affections—the last appeals to the intellect, but the first goes straight to the heart.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation: for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

Sir Isaac Newton, at the age of twenty-five, discovered the new principles of the reflecting telescope, the laws of gravitation and the planetary system.

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil when uncultivated, shoots up in the rankest weeds; and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant crop of poisons.

Nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

We are all creatures of one Creator—who has placed us upon this globe, and surrounded us with the means to sustain life and preserve health; or restore it when lost; and given us minds to investigate and ascertain the properties and effects upon our organization, of the various substances and elements within our reach and under our control.

Take the title of nobility which thou hast received by birth, but endeavor to add to it another, that both may form a true nobility. There is between the nobility of thy father and thine own the same difference which exists between the nourishment of the evening and of the morrow. The food of yesterday will not serve thee for to-day, and will not give thee strength for the next.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband happy, and reclains him from vice, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

Property left to a child may soon be lost; but the inheritance of virtue—a good name—an unblemished reputation—will abide for ever. If those who are toiling for wealth to leave their children, would but take half the pains to secure them virtuous habits, how much more serviceable would they be. The largest property may be wrested from a child, but virtue will stand by him to the last.

The ties of family and of country were never intended to circumscribe the soul. Man is connected at birth with a few beings, that the spirit of humanity may be called forth by their tenderness; and whenever domestic or national attachments become exclusive, engrossing, clannish, so as to shut out the general claims of the human race, the highest end of Providence is frustrated, and home, instead of being the nursery, becomes the grave of the heart.—*Channing.*

"Beauty," says Lord Kames, "is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of the wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection, without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces do not lose their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

A MODEL LAWYER.—Every profession can boast of some who have adorned it. A few weeks ago we presented for admiration and imitation some of the prominent features in the character of one who was remarkably exempt from the vices and delinquencies which appear so often in the class of politicians, and who soared so far above the level of the common herd in point of honesty integrity, and independence. We wish now to present a brief notice of one who was as much elevated above the mass of the profession of the law as our former example was exalted above the majority who devote themselves to politics, and office hunting. We refer to the late Judge Sherman of Conn., now several years deceased.

Roger Minott Sherman was born in Mass., in 1773. He was educated at Yale College, where he was chosen a tutor in 1795. He studied law with the Hon. Simeon Baldwin and other distinguished men of that age, and was admitted to the bar in New Haven, in 1797.

He had practised law but a short period of time before his eminence in his profession was universally felt. His mind was of the highest order, and his character of great integrity and weight. He soon rose to the first rank in his profession. This rapid rise to eminence we are inclined to ascribe as much to his moral as to his intellectual characteristics. For in the practice of law his course was marked by the strictest integrity and conscientiousness. He has stated his principles thus:—"I have ever considered it as one of the first moral duties of a lawyer, and have always adopted it as a maxim in my own practice, *never to encourage a groundless suit, or a groundless defence*, and to dissuade a client from attempting either of them in compliance with his animosities, or with the honest prepossessions of his own judgment, and I ever deemed it a duty in a doubtful case, to point to every difficulty, and so far as I could, discourage unreasonable anticipations of success." He was distinguished for honesty, fidelity, truth; for general uprightness of character. On all these points his standard was high and severe. He could endure no deviations from this high standard.

May not one of whom all this may be truly

said be entitled to the name of *Model Lawyer*? We would that every village in the land had one or more such as Judge Sherman.

A WORD FOR THE UNSUCCESSFUL.—The world judges of a man by success or failure; and here, as in most other instances, the "wisdom of this world is foolishness," for it often happens that the very qualities that stamp the individual with the nobleness of true humanity, are those that least fit him for a successful struggle with men in the contest for wealth. Mr. George Hilliard of Boston, uttered a truth in the following sentences, that does honor to his head and to his heart; and we place them in our columns as worthy to be treasured in the memory:

"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men, who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth: and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arise from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I do not go so far as to say with a living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness or at least of excellence which 'die and make no sign;' these are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."

So far as our observation goes, the preponderance of good qualities—we mean those that bring a man sympathisingly nearer to his fellows—that make him a better citizen, neighbor, husband and parent—is possessed in a larger degree by the unsuccessful than by those who have met with no reverses of fortune; and we presume that the observation of most persons runs parallel with our own.

CAPITAL FOR YOUNG MERCHANTS.—An old merchant recently retired from a successful business, which he built up from a small beginning, calls our attention to the following brief paragraph in the March number of Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, as containing invaluable suggestions to young men in business:—

"It is a consolation for all right-minded young men in this country, that though they may not be able to command as much pecuniary capital as they would wish to begin business with, yet there is a moral capital they can have, that will weigh as much as money with people whose opinion is worth having. And it does not take long to accumulate a respectable amount of this capital. It consists in truth, honesty, and integrity: to which may be added decision, firmness, courage, and perseverance. With these qualities there are few obstacles which cannot be overcome. Friends spring up and surround such a young man as if by magic. Confidence flows out to him, and business accumulates on his hands. In a few years such a young man is in advance of many who started with him. Moral capital is the thing after all."

How often do we hear young men, just starting in business, say—"Oh, if I had a little more capital, success would be certain." In most cases, success would be far more certain, if the moral capital, above referred to, were possessed in larger quantity. With this kind of capital, few who start in business need fail; without it, failure is almost certain, be the cash capital what it may.

TWO PORTRAITS FROM THE CROWD.—Charles Swain draws the following portraits, the originals of which we meet almost daily:—

"Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,
Find nought to please, or to exalt,
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

"While others, in the ceaseless round
Of daily want, and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
And twice enjoy the joy they share.

"Oh! happy they who happy make,—
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!
Who something spare for others' sake,
And strive, in all things, for the best!

FREAKS OF FASHION.—The New York Sunday Times, in commenting upon the strange peculiarities of fashion which every now and then show themselves, mentions one, at present prevailing, that, to delicate gentlemanly ears—of such ears there are a respectable number, we are bold to say—is particularly unpleasant. The fashion is that adopted by a great many young ladies of "screeching" in stead of talking, in conversation. "Any person," says the Times, "who has been unfortunate enough to be confined among five or six youthful and anxious waiters for 'beaux' for an hour or two, will understand our meaning.

Was ever such a cackling and giggling and screaming heard among well-behaved lasses before! each one bursting in upon her neighbor's speech, and striving to overpower her by force, and outrun her by velocity of tongue! each sentence commenced with a rush, and concluded with an indescribable exclamation, something like the syncope of a little screech! Fashion has assumed vulgarity as her latest oddity, and surely the force of fashion can no farther go! At any rate, it ought not, in that direction, or 'that excellent thing in woman' a soft voice, will soon be unknown."

BROTHERLY KINDNESS TO THE ERRING.—A young woman, some time ago, entered a dry goods store and wished to look at several things, and among others at kid gloves. After looking at ribbons, laces, and sundry other articles, she made a purchase of some small matter for five or six cents. A gentleman in the store noticed that she had concealed one pair of the kid gloves which had been put on the counter for her examination. While the clerk was making change, the gentleman managed to notify the merchant of the theft. While many would have spoken very harshly and reproachfully to the young woman, or perhaps have charged her double for the gloves, a better spirit moved this excellent merchant. Wishing to speak with her aside for a moment, he told her that he was aware that she had yielded to a base temptation, and had taken a pair of gloves. She acknowledged her guilt, and would make any required compensation. But he would neither take the gloves back, nor take any compensation for them. Kindly and brother-like, he desired her to keep them as a warning, hoping that no such temptation would ever overcome her again. Who could have done anything more noble, or more likely to reform or save from future errors? * * *

A BOSTON NOTION.—A correspondent of the New York Musical Review gives the following rather free description of what he calls a new Yankee notion:—"The Germanians now give rehearsals Saturdays as well as Wednesdays. These rehearsals are a Boston 'institution,' a Yankee 'notion,' decidedly. As a principal attraction, the orchestra play their best music at the rehearsals; but is it listened to? Decidedly not. The house is always crowded; and of the 3300 people composing

the audience 3001 are ladies. The remainder are members of the 'Shanghai Society,' and may be distinguished by corkscrew pants and bobtailed coats, a little feathery down upon their upper lips, and a 'love of a shawl.' About half of the women are in love with some member of the orchestra—those splendid creatures, with such elegant cravats, such spotless vests, and marvellously white hands, such magnificent whiskers, such Apollos in form, and such adepts in love as well as in music. One half of the remainder go to the rehearsals to meet some friend, and the rest go to see the fun. With such an audience, it would be wonderful if there were not some whispering, giggling, and carryings-on, not exactly appropriate to the concert room. The rehearsal is a regular *conversatione*, and everybody has a good time. That is what people go for; and those who want to hear the music had better stay away. We have a great many 'notions' here, in Boston, that are not so profitable or so pleasant as the afternoon rehearsals."

DEATH OF SERGEANT TALFOURD. — Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, so well known as the friend and biographer of Charles Lamb, and as the author of "Ion," the "Tragedy of Glencoe," and other dramatic works, died recently in England, of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-eight. He leaves behind him a son, who inherits in a large degree his father's genius.

Donald G. Mitchel (Ik Marvel) has resigned the Consulate at Venice. The fees of the office won't begin to pay expenses. When literary men are complimented by our Government with official stations abroad, it should not be after this beggarly fashion.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Planter's Northern Bride. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan, (successors to A. Hart.) The popularity of the various novels and nouvelles written by Mrs. Hentz, rests upon a firmer, purer and altogether superior basis to that of many of her cotemporaries. She uses no clap-net, she indulges in no mad flight of language; she does not deliver her heroes and heroines from impossible positions by the use of impossible means, and if we find her at times a little ultra-romantic and a trifle more sentimental than agrees with our sedate taste, we know that

her characters are in the main natural, and that her descriptions of social life at the South are transcripts upon the truth of which we may depend. "The Planter's Northern Bride" is perhaps the most ambitious work Mrs. Hentz has yet produced. It is, in our opinion, the most excellent. It is freer from her usual faults, and evinces a broader grasp and a more matured expression. Mrs. Hentz is intellectually progressive, and each succeeding novel gives us a higher sense of her powers.

— *Mellichampe. A Legend of the Santee.* By William Gilmore Simms. New York: Redfield. (For sale by Henry Carey Baird.) The frequency with which we have referred to the excellence of this uniform and revised edition of Mr. Simms' novels, and to the great and varied ability of their author, precludes more than an acknowledgment of the reception of this work, with the brief remark that it will be found of equal interest, and to exhibit equal power.

— *The Sunshine of Grey Stone. A Story for Girls.* By E. J. May. New York: Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) This is the republication of a book which has already acquired some popularity in England. As a story written expressly for girls, as teaching duties and morals, and as carrying with it a certain quiet and pleasing interest, it may be safely recommended to American parents.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

—The French army is composed of very small men, the average height not rising above 5 feet 5 1-10 inches. They are wiry and sinewy men, encumbered with no extra flesh, capable of performing long marches and enduring great fatigue. The small stature of the men of the present day, in France, is attributed by some to the wars of the first Napoleon, which consumed all the tall men of the country.

—There is a general sentiment, both in this country and in Great Britain, strongly adverse to that licensed system of freebooting and murder, known as "privateering." Turkey has set the honorable example to Christendom of refusing to issue Letters of Marque; and we cannot but hope that England and France will pursue a like policy. As for Russia, nothing is to be predicated on her national honor or humanity. The European Times justly remarks that some of the darkest crimes ever committed on the general highway of nations, the sea,—dark as many undeniably have been—occurred during

the privateering mania, when murder and plunder were synonymous terms, and private individuals, who remained at home to pocket the proceeds of the nefarious traffic, sent forth their marine assassins to perpetrate crimes which would have disgraced fiends.

—The celebrated violin which Paganini bequeathed to his native city, Genoa, after having been for many years under lock and key, was recently brought again to "sight and sound," in presence of the syndic, of some municipal authorities, and of Signor Sivori, who identified the instrument, and exhibited its extraordinary powers. The church war, which has been carried on for some time, regarding the final sepulture of that extraordinary and eccentric *virtuoso*, is not yet brought to a close. So says the Musical Review.

—What next? Among the new patents announced is one to Adolphus Theodore Wagner, of Berlin, in the kingdom of Prussia, professor of music, for the invention of a "psychograph, or apparatus for indicating a person's thoughts by the agency of nervous electricity."

—We see it stated that the Abbe Roquete, of New Orleans, is engaged in translating the poems of Alice Carey into French, and that his version will be published in Paris in the course of the present season.

—Many people sleep with the head considerably elevated on the pillow. This, one of our medical journals pronounces a dangerous habit, and gives the reason thus:—"The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus to avoid danger."

The spirit-rapping mania has reached Persia, and the spirits are doing their work at Teheran, the capital of the empire.

—A gentleman writing from Vienna, says:—"The 'Tischklopfen' (table-rappings) have also found their way to the imperial city, although they do not operate upon the slow and deliberative Germans in the same manner as they affect the more excitable Americans. On the whole, there is something in the 'Geisterklopfen' (spirit-rappings) which exactly suits the

transcendentalism of the Germans. A few days since, I had a long sitting with Bibesco, the oracle of those things in Vienna. I hear of no other results, good or bad, from the same than that a few fortunate lottery tickets have been bought after consulting the spirits, and that certain ladies, more than a 'thousand weeks old' (the German of sweet seventeen), have consulted them upon questions concerning their future."

—Mr. Dickens is about commencing a new story, in Household Words, with the title of "Hard Times." Recent examinations into the effects of English "strikes," it is said, suggested the story. It will be completed in five numbers.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE MONTH.

The steel engraving in this number—"The Sisters," needs no words of commendation. It is a picture that will at once please the eye, and suggest sweet thoughts to the mind.

The subject of our second engraving is taken from Goethe's "Faust." It illustrates the following passage:—

FAUST. (*MARGARET passing by.*)

"My pretty lady, may I take the liberty of offering you my arm and escort?"

MARGARET.

"I am neither lady, nor pretty, and can go home without an escort."

(*She disengages herself and exit.*)

FAUST.

By heaven, this girl is lovely! I have never seen the like of her. She is so well-behaved and virtuous, and something snappish, withal. The redness of her lip, the light of her cheek—I shall never forget them all the days of my life. The manner in which she cast down her eyes is deeply stamped upon my heart; and how tart she was—it was absolutely ravishing!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

FAUST.

"Hark, you must get me the girl."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Which?"

FAUST.

"She passed but now."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"What, she? She came from her confessor, who absolves her from all her sins. I stole up close to the chair. It is an innocent little thing, that went for next to nothing to the confessional. Over her I have no power."

"The Matrimonial Tiff," it is plain to see, is no very serious matter; and will soon end in tears and smiles, throwing a rainbow of gladness on the receding cloud.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLING.—Prepare a rich paste of sour cream and soda: roll them thin, cut them out and prepare the same as for boiling: place them upon tins and bake until the fruit is thoroughly done. To be eaten hot, with any sauce prepared.

TO RENEW A BLACK COLOR.—Black garments frequently lose their lustre and become brown by use. Their original color may be restored by making an infusion of logwood, and applying the liquor with a sponge, so as to saturate the rusty parts of the garment, when it may be dried and pressed off with a hot iron.

TO MAKE CRACKERS.—One quart of flour with two ounces of butter rubbed in; one tea-spoonful of saleratus in a wine glass of warm water; half a tea-spoonful of salt, and milk enough to rub it out. Bat it half an hour with a pestle, cut it into thin round cakes, prick them, and set them in the oven, when other things are taken out. Let them bake till crisp.

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—A friend has just informed us of a plan he adopted to get rid of rats. His premises swarmed with them. He took a small fish hook, attached to a fine wire, and suspended on it a piece of cheese, letting it hang about a foot from the ground. One of the rats leaped at it and was hooked, and set up such a squeal, noise and rattle, that all the rest forsook him and fled. Not a rat remained on the premises.

TO BAKE MEAT.—In baking meat, see that the oven is of right heat, so as to bake quickly without scorching. Rub salt, and if desired, sage or other herbs upon the meat, and put it in the dripping pan, with water in the bottom, so as to absorb the juices of the meat which would otherwise be dried and burned upon the dish. Beef should be cooked "rare," other meats thoroughly. When the meat is taken up for the table, set the dripping pan on the fire, remove the extra fat, add more water and make gravy as for fried meat.

GRAVIES AND FRIED MEATS.—If fried pork must be used as an article of food, to some extent, do not suffer the drippings or fat to be ever placed upon the table for gravy. Turn it out, leaving but a spoonful or two in the skillet, then pour in water or milk, and thicken while boiling, with a little flour and water rubbed till free from lumps. With the addition of salt, this makes a wholesome and palatable gravy. Gravy should be made in the same way for all fried meats. Fried meats usually, however, absorb too much fat to be strictly healthful. Meats broiled on the grid-iron or baked in the oven, are more digestible.

BREAD CHEESE CAKE.—One nutmeg, one pint of cream, eight eggs, one half pound of butter, one half pound of currants, one spoonful of rose water, one penny loaf of bread, scald the cream, slice the bread as thin as possible, pour the cream boiling on to it—let it stand two hours, beat together the eggs, butter, and grated nutmeg, and rose water, add the cream, beat well, and bake it in small pans on a raised crust.

CODFISH TOAST.—Shred it in fine pieces, and soak it in cold water until sufficiently fresh, then drain it well, and stir into it a table-spoonful of flour, half a tea-cupful of sweet cream, and two-thirds of a tea-cup of milk, and one egg if convenient. Season it well with pepper, and let it scald slow, stirring it well. Make a moist toast, well seasoned, and lay it on the platter with the fish over it, and it is ready for the table, and is a nice dish. Made as above, without toast, is also good; with vegetables, butter may be used instead of cream.

MEATS WARMED OVER.—Cold meats need never be wasted, nor a half dozen useless cats and dogs kept to eat them. Most baked or boiled meats are good sliced neatly and put upon the breakfast table cold; and less meat is required in this form than any other. Or the meat can be sliced thin and fried in a trifle of fat till just warmed through.

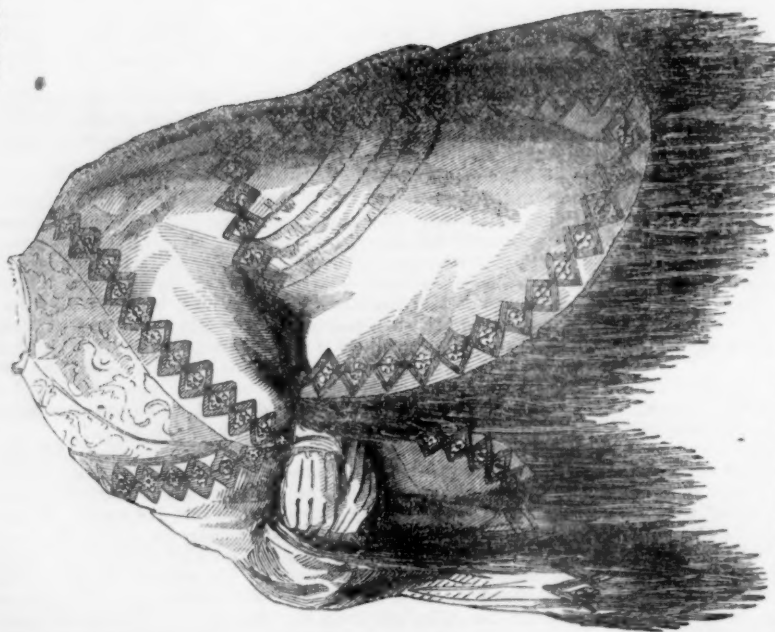
Another excellent mode is, to cut the cold meat in mouthful pieces and warm slowly in the gravy left from the day previous, or if there is none, in water with a little fat, salt, and thickening, then dish up the meat and gravy all together.

Or, a dish of hash can be made, by chopping the meat fine with an equal or greater amount of potato. Then warm the whole with milk, salt and pepper.

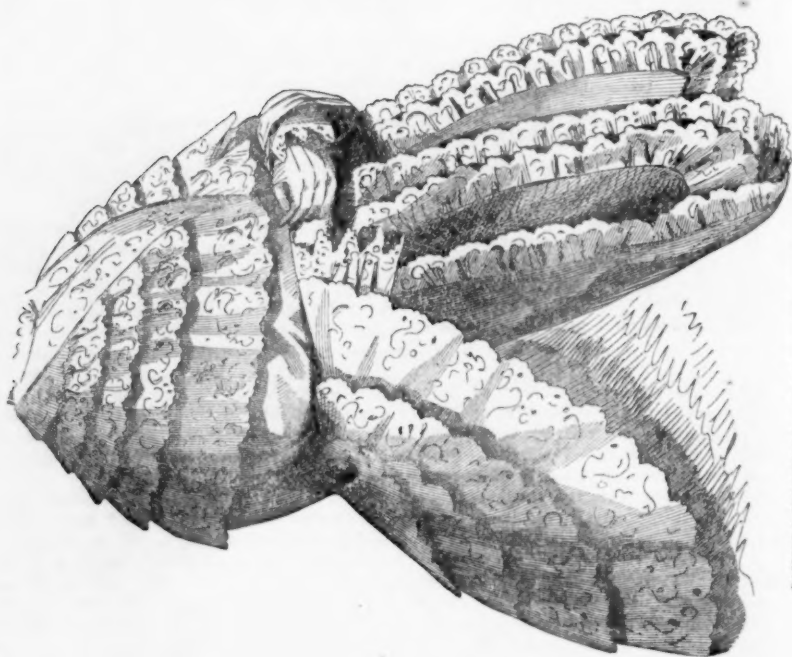
BOILED MEATS.—Boiled meats are healthful, but as much of their juices escape into the water, they are less economical than when baked, unless the water be saved for soups or other cooking purposes. To boil meat, drop it into water already boiling briskly—the albumen near the surface will thus be coagulated, and less of the juices will escape. Let the heat soon subside and the meat boil slowly, as the slower it boils the more tender it will be. Rapid boiling does not cook meat any more quickly, but tends to harden it.

Hard water, or else water with a little salt in it, is considered preferable for boiling most kinds of meats and vegetables than soft, as less of the juices escape into the water. It is a good rule for all substances boiled for food, that they should not be suffered to stop boiling until it is done—if you wish to add water, add it boiling hot. Boil meat in as little water as will cover it. After the meat is cooked, a part of the liquor can be converted into gravy, and the remainder be left for soups and stews.

MANTILLAS.



LE PRENTEMPS MANTILLA.—Lavender or pearl-colored silk. The yoke and point cut in one piece. The trimming is a rich fringe of the same color.

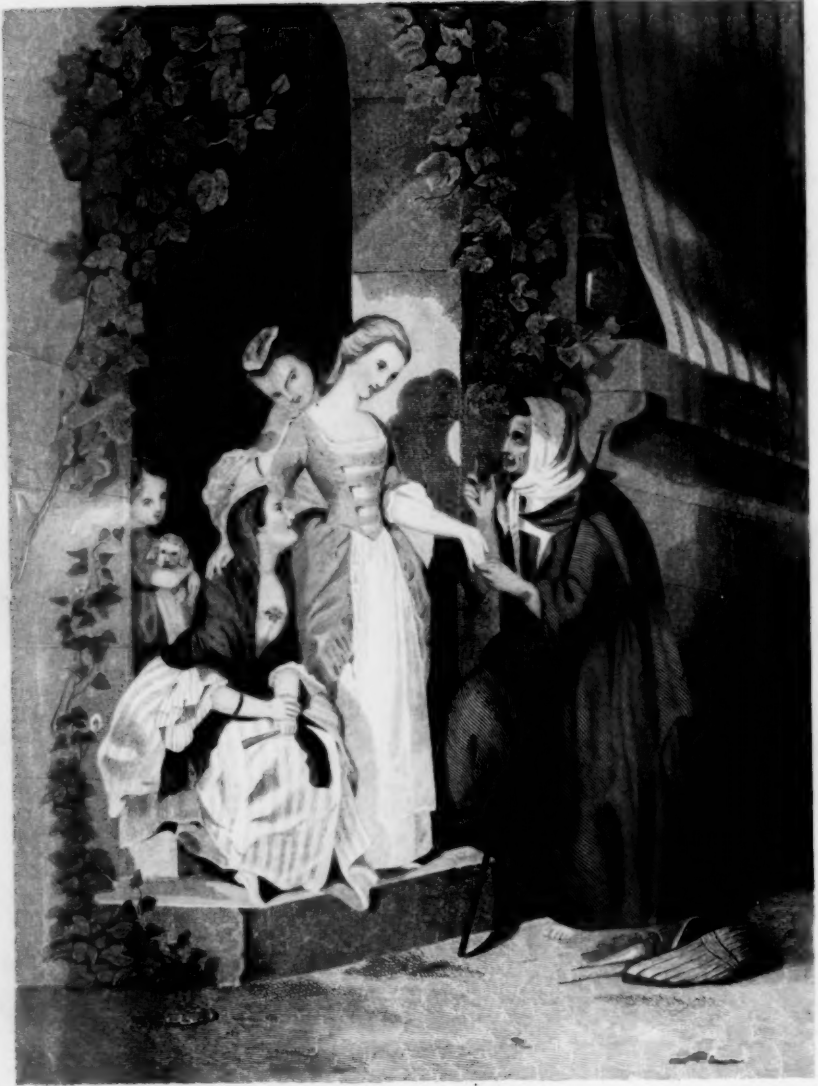


CAMILLA MANTILLA.—light green silk, trimmed with Honiton lace.

LE PRINTEMPS MANTILLA.—Lavender or pearl-colored silk. The yoke and point cut in one piece. The trimming is a rich fringe of the same color.



CAMILIA MANTILLA.—light green silk, trimmed with Honiton lace.



FORTUNE TELLING.



THE POULTRY-YARD.

See page 411.



FORTUNE TELLING.



THE POULTRY-YARD.

See page 417.

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

THE WORDS SELECTED FROM

CODEY'S LADYS' BOOK.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MISS G. A. A., BY JOHN G. WHITEMAN.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1883, by T. C. ANDREWS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Allegretto Grazioso.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto Grazioso'. The piano part starts with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'I have seen them by the for - est shade, And by the sun - lit stream; In child-hood's walk in man - hood's years, they're min - gled in our dreams,'. The score consists of five staves. The first staff is for the piano accompaniment, and the following four staves are for the vocal parts. The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a gentle melody.

They are mingled, mingled in our dreams: And oft they win our mem - 'ry back, To some far - got - ten thing, To seek the joy our childhood found A

mong the flow'rs of spring. . . A mong the flow'rs of spring, The flow'rs of spring, of spring.

D. C. for Sym.

2

And ah! they win us back in vain,
 No after spring renews,
 That gift of golden sunshine, which
 Our hearts so early lose.
 The world is drearier than our dream,
 The birds more wistfully sing,
 But friends we lov'd have pass'd away
 Among the the flow'rs of spring.



A RURAL SCENE.